

40 Rules of Love

By Amin Z. Mir



THE DWELLERS IN CLAY

**O habitants of homes of clay,
Why lift ye such a swelling eye,
Ye are but as the beasts that die,
What do ye boast of more than they?**

**It is for us the wiser part
To know ourselves for worms whose doom,
Is in the clay to find a tomb,
Nor, falsely proud, exalt our heart.**

**What shall aught profit mortal man
Whose latter end adjoins the grave?
Here wert no change, though Nature gave
A thousand years to be his span.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL

A Tale of Two Worlds:

Mankind was a force, whose shadow's dread demands made it so that no one knew truly its role in destiny's grand plan. I was no exception, and in my young life, I was forced to confront many hidden, mystic sides of historical and spiritual aspects. My story is unique, and each small anecdote, though it may sound bizarre, is vital to my tale to justify their actions and give reason for their expression. The saintly figure I had the privilege of meeting was virtuous and kind, and in her darkest hours, she was indifferent to scorn and praise, and in my restless curiosity, I tried to record as many episodes from her life in order to celebrate the unique person that she was, and, in these pages, I attempted to recount from my humble memories the miraculous episodes which took place, but I am well aware that any reader would likely find this narration utterly dubious, and I would not wish for anyone to believe in any of the stories within, because had anyone asked me to believe in these strange episode, I would never have believed in it, unless I saw it with my own eyes, and then too, I would have to look twice.

As I embarked on the arduous journey of regurgitating my tale, I do not wish to place a claim upon the reader's trust or sympathy for I do not have the right to demand anyone believe a word of it, nor do I feel that by communicating my sentiments and stories of this saint to the oblivious world would make the heroine of my story any more real or my experience any less lucid.

The tale I am to recount with caution and care, had for long, hijacked my senses and overpowered all peace from my young years. But I wished to narrate this story fully and plainly, hoping to avoid any presentiments of doubt or deceit, for although only truth is presented here, I had resigned myself to the inevitability that my story may be doubted, but no reader shall I ever hold in contempt should they doubt or dismiss my words, for I had been once the greatest sceptic of what I had seen and experienced myself.

I was born in a suburban town in New Jersey during the mid-90s, and moved soon after to New York, when I was only nine, and my family and visited India and Bangladesh during those early years.

A few years prior to the trip abroad, my youngest aunt came to visit us, and throughout her stay in our locale, she spoke vigorously about a young 16-year-old girl, and bantered endlessly about how whatever that young maiden wished for came true, and how every small difficulty around her vanished the moment she glanced at it, and this aunt continued to describe miracles after miracles which took place in the presence of the teenage girl. Her words struck me with awe, and although I was only seven or eight, the stories about those miracles wowed my young heart that had never before heard of such wondrous things.

Few people in my household attributed any credibility to my aunt, and dismissed her saintly stories as tales of the old, but in my heart, I sensed an unalterable truth in every syllable she uttered, and without realising this myself, I knew that whoever that 16-year-old girl was, she was none other than a saint of God. While my family thought my aunt was absurd to think that a teenage girl could perform miracles, I knew better, and while they did not pay any attention to what she said, with even her husband dismissing her tirades of glorifications to be extremely stupid and no one valued any of her words, but I stayed glued to my aunt, asking her many questions about the young woman's identity and where she lived and also her father's name. I become besotted with the idea that miracles still happened in this world and despite living in a technologically advanced era, there were saints in our midst, and that too, in the form of a teenage girl, whereas ancient tales of saints and sages were centred solely around centenarian or men whose very existence was in question. But this young maiden was real, and she lived inside present day India, and my very own aunt knew her personally. How could life offer me a more lucid sign of miraculous antecedent.

I immediately fact checked everything with my mom and my heart longed to see that girls face. Although I was only around 7 or 8, I asked my mother endless questions about the young woman, and in my heart, I vowed to meet her, face to face, whatever it takes.

Since that day, I conversed with anyone and everyone who hailed from her town, and from them, I have heard scores of wondrous tales about her, and she was in my young mind, a fantasy from fairy tales and my heart became restless for a chance to meet with her in person.

My quest was not realised at once, as I gently coaxed older family members and guardians to visit India so we could all go and see the saintly woman whose miracles were nothing short of magnificent.

I asked my father day after day about when he would take me to visit that historic city of India, because I knew the only way I would be able to placate my heart about her miraculous wonders was if I saw those astonishing events in person and that would be the only way I could confirm the imagination of my young mind.

I have heard so much about her that for a while, I felt as though I knew this young maiden more closely than those I was personally acquainted with.

Restless as I was to meet, the opportunity to travel across the Pacific was not forthcoming, and I was unable to avail myself of a chance to embark upon the much-sought journey.

After 2 long years, my father made my unattainable dream come true and the sole reason for my sheer joy and excitement was this trip would make my dream come true by visiting India to behold the woman who blessed my memories and haunted my dreams from the day I heard my aunt speak of her. Soon after landing in India, I badgered my mother endlessly and exhorted her relentlessly and even made my aunt call my mother to take me to visit the miracle laden maiden.

However, my parents saw no reason to go so farther away from our destined location to meet the young woman whose very name evoked pure joy in my heart.

My aunt corresponded with me regularly, and upon further investigation, she notified me that the young woman spoke fluent Arabic, so in order to cajole my reluctant parents to visit her, I came up with a brilliant plot in my childish mind to convince my over achieving parents to allow me to be tutored by her because where else would they find a native Arabic speaker with Saudi dialect inside India and perhaps in several months, before returning to the States, my Arabic would become fluent. Education was foremost in my parents' mind and they saw this as a genuine opportunity for me to learn a new language. This excuse was enough for both my parents to immediately take an invitation from the young woman's family and visit her.

I was almost intoxicated with joy by the thrill of plane's descent, as I knew I would meet the wonderous women soon.

The journey to India was a memorable one, although I was so lost in excitement of the upcoming visit with a living saint that I hardly recall the intricacies of this travel episode, but from the moment I embarked upon the airport, and gazed freely at the tarmac, I knew that my heart had arrived home. I was in the land of hope and happiness, as my only earnest dream was about to be realised. I would soon meet the saintly maiden whose miraculous wonders were known in home and abroad and whose piety and saintly reputation preceded her.

My parents were able to secure an invitation from her home, and soon, we arrived at her doorstep.

I remember waiting anxiously in her dining area, eager to see the young teenager, and speak to her of whom I heard miracles which shook my heart and made me disbelief my own mind.

At last, I saw her arrive in our presence bearing in her arms a tray laden with fine food as she sat on the couch opposite to myself, and the moment I saw her, my eyes widened in awe, and I lost words to greet her in my admiration.

I remember not eating anything and forgetting all the perfunctory questions I had memorised for the last 2 years, planning to put forth to her.

Every article of faith and religion was imbued within her and for her, the sublime and the mundane related to different dimensions, and so she was not ashamed of either her faith or her identity. This young woman was not remotely disturbed by any confusion between opposing beliefs for she simply did not recognise those divisions, and considered all of humanity to be her kinsmen. For this young beautiful girl, her worship and her manners of dealing with daily functions, and her moving search for holiness were elements in an indivisible whole which, like creation itself, acknowledged no fissures. Her eyes were glowing bright orbs, that flashed with such peace and serenity that it would seem that they were the very gateways of heaven.

Philosophers told us that alchemy transforms copper into gold, but there was no one to tell the world that in her midst lived a young saint who could transform grief to glory, and make the pain of hapless ones become pleasure, as from my knowledge, I did not see anyone who was ill in her presence not get cured instantly as soon as she uttered the lord's prayer and invoked God's compassion upon them. She lived among men, but her heart was removed from reality, and her humility was so profound that it seemed as though she was seeking lowness like a stream, treading through the path of selflessness into the eternity of God's love.

Her mother greeted us warmly. She had dark hair that had in it streaks of grey; but she showed marks of having been in early youth a beauty, notwithstanding the premature wrinkles caused by the years of hard work.

The saintly maiden I met was a rather sweet and strange creature. Having no prejudices of any kind, she never gave way to hate, or went out of her way to seek anything but her God and it seemed that in this life, she hardly desired complete satisfaction. Her intellect was at the same time inquiring and compassionate; her doubts were as nonexistence as her forgetfulness, and they never grew strong enough to distract her.

There was not a moment of her life where she wished to obsess over the world, or muse on the nothingness of life, the sorrow of love, the futility of labour, or the malice of existence. Her soul was filled with the light of heaven, and love and faith flowed with generous ardour, across her very veins. Her life proved ramifications for Rumi who had once declared: Let the caller and the called disappear; be lost in the Call.

My first look on her face was like one's first glance at the endless galaxy. Her voice was utterly gentle and there was a gentle strength in her eyes, and firm wisdom in her words, that echoed hope and reflected the pain of the heart that had endured so much. She felt deep pity for all, and always faced the world with love and hope, and whenever she heard of someone who had fallen ill, her bright eyes would water, but there would be determination in her eyes to overcome it all.

The saintly young woman whose very existence on this planet was a boon, soon passed away from the earthly abode. What a dreadful calamity it was... She died far too young, but perhaps we were too sinful to deserve her existence amongst us in this worthless cruel world.

When she died, I was too young to properly appreciate the terrible ordeal that preceded her demise, but I later came to know that she perished from heartbreak, and her soul left for the heavens as soon as she found out her father wanted her to enter the bonds of matrimony with a youth. Perhaps her father didn't know the worth of his own daughter and her heart was too broken to be able to fight for this life any longer once she heard that her father had given his word to the man, and though a saint she was, this woman lived in a dark and unfulfilling world where no mortal was meant to be happy forever, for if there were such a thing, however distant, however faint, it would impugn the perfection and the totality of the termitary abode we call earth.

Life was not easy for her, though she was well-off at times, and went on passing day after day with prayers and deliberation, but was never in a hurry. She was a mystical hue, like a heavenly dream, where hopes shimmered in rainbow colours before her eyes but she breathed more freely when they died away, and did not regret them, for her life and her imagination soared above the realm and she gladly overstepped the limits of what was reckoned ordinary by conventional scruples. Even in her darkest days, she was fascinatingly graceful, holding her tranquil body aloft in prayers and fasting.

Perhaps the people of the 21st century were too unfortunate, too unlucky or too selfish and too impious to have the privilege and fortune to have such an angelic saint breathing amongst them any longer. Those who were accustomed to particularise and locate individuals in a sociocultural matrix would never have been able to categorise the purity and saintliness of this young woman, whose very existence seemed to make the air molecules flow with faith and power. She was a unique and beautiful individual who refused to acquiesce with the general norms of specification in her lifestyle and characteristics. Her home consisted of a humble abode, but had all necessary amenities required for a young maiden, and inside, the sitting room contained a respectable library, and also had a spacious reading-room, and functioned as a literary resort of her home.

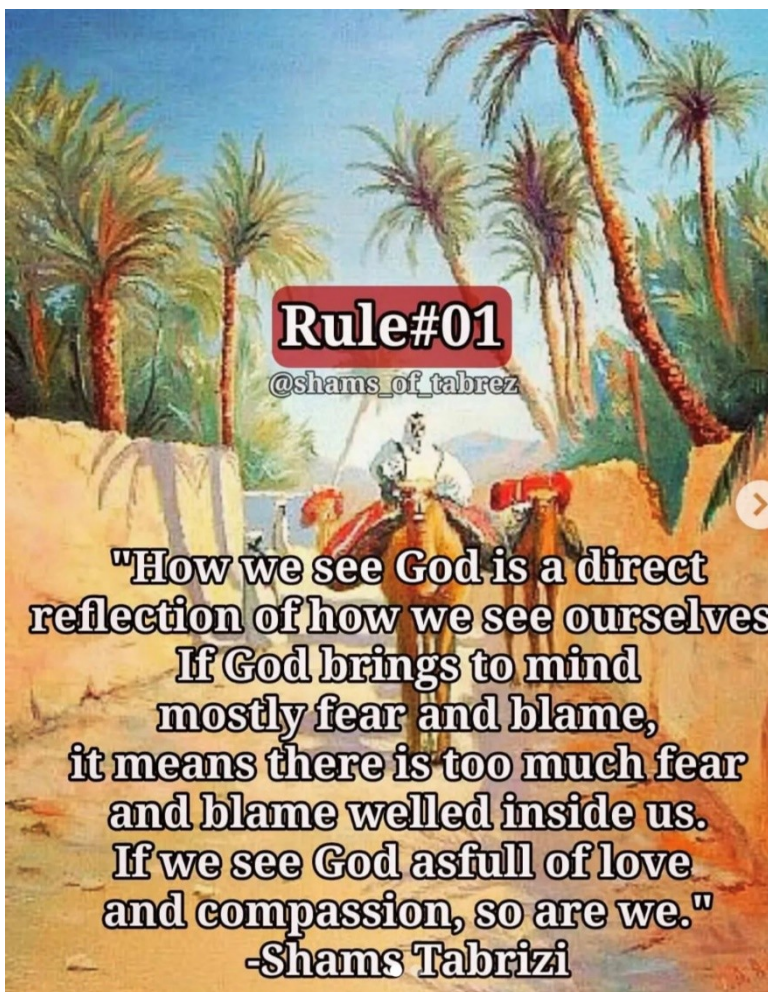
This young woman did not wear a crown or brandish silken robes but her beauty was unearthly and her compassionate characteristics was filled with God's grace. From the very first moment, I was in awe of her resilience and strength and when I heard how she had faced the world and travelled into strange lands, I exhaled with admiration and when I told others about her saintly prowess, their eyes glowed with wonder when they heard about the love and compassion. Meeting her changed my life, as a newfound sense of resolution and joy filled my young years. In the process of learning of her piety and seeing her miracles, I too found a deeper sense of fulfilment and purpose.

When my mom told her to teach me Arabic, because I couldn't speak anything but English and because I was so very Americanised, I saw her turn to me for the first time and smile, and O, how her smile made me feel as if I had received the crest of sainthood from the heavens itself!

And I remember trying to understand what she was saying although she could barely speak in the Indian language and I barely understood anything but English. For some time, I tried

to understand her feelings within carefully dropped words, but when I looked into her eye, I couldn't hold her gaze longer than a few seconds, because it felt as if her eyes were torches of floodlight that could see deep into my soul, so despite many attempts, I couldn't hold her gaze and ultimately abandoned my endeavour.

During the day, her small library was filled with grave-looking personages, who were deeply absorbed in the study of religion and science. These women were inspired by this saintly young maiden to strive for purity and piety and tried to spend some time of their day in her companionship.



ALMIGHTY GOD

**Almighty God, who sufferest Thyself
To be entreated, at Thy eternal door,
And Who payest heed unto the poor,
How long wilt Thou from me -
Be far and hidden, O Almighty?
Night and day I turn for Thy mercy,
And with a steadfast heart I call to Thee,
And pour incessant thankfulness
For Thy Excelling goodness!
O my King, with pain I am beset,
For Thee my all is rent in regret;
My heart is torn, but in Thee it trusts,
For Thou, O Lord, art Good and Just,
Dreaming this shut-in dream,
It looks to Thee, God Supreme
For life's goal and interpretation,
This I ask, and receive Benediction,
This is the plea to which I beg assent,
My sole petition, neither more nor less.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL

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A Saint in the Flesh:

I was mesmerised by her beauty, and struck by her impeccable poise. Her soft smile was in perfect sync with her bright and expressive eyes, but it was her humility and simplicity that distinguished her from a million other woman. Ethereal in her looks, she was untouched by earthly cares, and was not focused on anyone and was not capable of asking anyone any form of personal questions. Human kind to her was a tapestry of art suspended on a cloud, and she was the fairy floating in the empyrean, living in her pure sphere, communing only with her God. She appeared to me as to always be the state of prayer with her lips moving in silent whispers. Occasionally, I noticed she would pick up the holy scriptures, and would leaf through pages of the Holy Koran to remember a line whilst reading.

I couldn't forget her from that day onward and all my dreams were premised around her being.

She became my obsession and my ambition, and in all my dreams and visions, I only wished and aspired to be like her. I hungered to eventually accomplish my goals to do what she did and say what she said and to be like her. Even to resemble her became my greatest dream and conviction.

This saintly woman resided in the Settlement of Nizamuddin for several days, and my family rented a villa nearby, where I lived, and although daylight offered pristine view of the land, it was after nightfall that I noticed the real beauty on India, the home of the young maiden saint. At night, I stared awestruck at the skies, and saw the body of clouds advancing higher up the Indian sky, smothering the whole quiet Settlement with an impenetrable and comforting darkness, in which the sound of the falling summer showers could be heard beginning but those gentle droplets of rain came like a sprinkle of mercy, and I remembered the saying, that God is in the rain, and as I hastened to make an earnest wish, the showers ceased abruptly, but the peaceful aura remained. I contributed this peacefulness with the presence of this young woman, whose beauty and piety had no par or peer... I inquired her name, and received a warm smile in return. Breathless with admiration, I drew back with an involuntary feeling of veneration. This, then, was the saintly author of miracles, I thought. So, this was that mysterious young woman whose miraculous stories have gone forth to the ends of the earth, and about whom I learned intricately even while living in the solitudes of America. Accustomed, as we were in my part of the world, to know saints only by their tales in old and ancient texts, we could not conceive of them in flesh and blood, living in our midst in this modern century with all available technology. We were not accustomed to seeing saints in this menial life, engrossed by trivial and sordid pursuits, or jostling with the crowd of common minds in the grated paths of life. In general, saints are an idea in our minds, and they remain in our imaginations like superior but unreal beings, radiant with the emanations of their piety and chastity, and surrounded perhaps by a halo of miraculous glory. But this young woman was entirely different from the theoretical characters we often read about in scriptural texts, because once I met her and saw her glowing smile, my heart knew at once that this was a saint and beloved of God especially when I saw how she endured thesitical behaviour without complaints.

As I was visiting this refuge of this pious maiden, and was waiting in the sitting room, my attention was attracted to a fair and bright person just entering the room. She was prime in life, gracefully tall, and of a form that was at once elegant and

commanding, but due to humility, her head was a little bowed. She had a noble Grecian style of countenance, with a delicate face which would have pleased a skilled painter; and though some slight furrows on her brow expressed some unspoken worry that was troubling her, her bright eyes beamed with the light of a poetic and pious soul. There was something in her appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling race round her, and even a blind person could tell that they are come face to face with a miraculous and holy woman.

Every minute that I spent in her presence was memorable and even when I departed from her home and headed to my hotel suite, I could not help appreciating the glamour of the city which she called her home. There were beautiful incidents in every alley of this city, which could not fail to interest the curious mind, and I absorbed the natural beauty of India as much as I could. Although the parting from her home made me sad, and touched upon my warmest feelings, I did not want to impose upon this saintly woman, because I knew she loved to pray in solitude and reading holy scriptures and prayers were the only circumstance that could provoke the notice of her muse. The saint only knew how dear these spiritual, yet eloquent, companions of pure thoughts and prayers and meditative hours become in the seasons of pain and adversity, because when she faced any calamity, she stood in prayer until that harm had passed. When all those humans who were worldly at heart turned wealth and fame, and friends grow cold, and abandoned those comrades in distress, it was she who beseeched to her God for mercy and love. Her prayers could save thousands or even millions, so poignant and heartfelt words she communed with her Maker.

I spent several days in her company, and was surprised to see her walking on tiptoes when walking on the grass or if she tread near an anthill, and that was when her aunt told me that this saintly maiden never stepped on an ant in her entire life, lest it should be crushed under her feet, as she could not bear to see those little creatures of God suffer.

When the converse of intimates languished into vapid courtesy and commonplace, she removed herself from the presence of irrelevant socials and discussions, focusing instead on her prayers, and retained for us all the unaltered countenance of happier days, and cheered her acquaintances with that true friendship which never deceived hope, and a spiritual companionship that never deserted sorrow.

New Delhi was but one glamorous place in India. I knew I had much to see. Indeed, these cloudy nights in India were proverbial with the seamen along the whole east coast of this

great continent. As I watched, the sky, land, and sea disappeared together out of the world when the wisping shades of the moon finally went to sleep under its covert poncho. It amazed me to think how much a place can affect your senses, as I noticed that each day seemed more beautiful than the last, for the very reason that the young damsel I admired lived within the alleys of this potentially obscure Indian settlement.

So strong was her faith, that she seemed to embody God's compassion and honour in her daily life. I once noticed there were numerous mice scurrying in an alley outside her alley, and I asked her mom why they did not purchase extermination equipment and killed the rodents, but the saintly woman's mother complained that her daughter would never allow anyone in the house to kill or maim mice, or even kill the smallest insects or bugs, and so, even when they trapped mice, she insisted upon releasing the rodents, due to her innate compassion. I was stunned to hear about her warm heart and affectionate feelings towards even house pests. Perhaps, this was what saints of God were like, because they believed in a Benevolent God.

The philosopher Pascal was strong proponent in God's existence, believing that to have conviction that God is real was Good.

He once said, he did not know what the world was or what he was himself, adding, "I am terribly ignorant about everything. I do not know what my body is, or my senses, or my soul, or even that part of me which thinks what I am saying, which reflects about everything and about itself, and does not know itself any better than it knows anything else. I see the terrifying spaces of the universe hemming me in, and I find myself attached to one corner of this vast expanse without knowing why I have been put in this place rather than that, or why the brief span of life allotted to me should be assigned to one moment rather than another of all the eternity which went before me and all that which will come after me. I see only infinity on every side, hemming me in like an atom or like the shadow of a fleeting instant. All I know is that I must soon die, but what I know least about is this very death which I cannot evade."

This saintly maiden who I had the privilege to meet was more content with her future, and she had a lot more peace in her heart.

Hurt and pain, she embraced with happiness. She knew of something I did not know. She did not work for a mortal world; she did not gain to achieve anything from this mortal world. Her power, her fame, her honour, and her love were in that

eternal world beyond our own. A hope that blessed her frail body with the strength to fast throughout the year, through heat waves and cold winters, and pray for hours at night standing and bowing and at peace with herself and at peace with death, freeborn as the bird that flies up above the sky, unchained to human desires and unbound by human love, she was like an angel or a spirit flying above -only her body and her feet touched the ground but she and her soul- her heart was immortal- known only to that immortal God. To me, she had gained true success and true happiness. And my life was torturous and it tormented me into half insanity. I couldn't drive, I couldn't study, I couldn't even sleep sometimes due to hopelessness that was so extreme that I couldn't even enter home from my garden, because it would confine me and make me think of my end or my grave or an old home where I may be rotting away in old age, and these thoughts petrified me to the point that I would start weeping without an end.

I wish I could know God as she knew God. I wish I could love humanity the way she loved humanity. I wish I could be as sinless as her soul and have a heart as purified as her heart.

I thought death may come any minute and take my loved ones away forever. I thought death may come and destroy all my plans and plunge me into a world I knew nothing about, I thought this life will end one day and suddenly take me to a place I had nothing prepared for. And all that I worked for in the world will become obliterated and fade away into nothingness as soon as I passed away. And I would become as invisible as the wind around me. A name that some may remember and some may not. And if that was the end of my existence and if that was the outcome of all my hard work then what purpose was there to live this life and to work so hard in it and try to make a difference in it if that difference didn't make any difference at all either to myself or to those around me who will also leave this world.

Down to its most remote echoes on the very periphery of existence, her presence could be felt in this land, and as I gazed upon the infinite skies, and marvelled at the stars that were vanishing at the juncture where existence touches on nothingness, I recalled the miracles and wonders that happened in her presence and my faith in the Unseen God renewed, as I was certain that in this known universe, there was a mystical reality which allowed nothing to have independent reality outside its orbit.

Nighttime reminded me of the boon I was given, and it gave a feeble reassurance to the vast world that there were still many prosperous days in posterity, as long as the saintly maiden lived

among these unworthy humans. With each star that shone overhead, I made one more wish so that humankind could benefit from her miracles and draw faith and festivities from her sheer presence. The few stars floating below the seaward crevice of the vault shone feebly as though blinking haphazardly at the mouth of a mystic cavern. In its vastness, I felt as if I was on a ship floating unseen under its feet. But in this Settlement of Delhi, within the narrow alleys of Nizamuddin, I felt utterly safe, for the eye of God Himself was here, and no harm could befall me or anyone in this land so long as this saintly woman lived here. No malice or diseases was there which could not be defeated by the miraculous piety of this young and beautiful woman.

How could I ever take any other role model after seeing a pristine and delicate woman like her. Yes, I was only 9 years old, but I was way too mature for my age often startling my parents with the latest update on current events and political news which I learned by tuning to various radio stations and during the years I lived abroad, I was habitually reading at least 3 to 4 Dailys per day. I looked much smaller than my age but my mind was maturer and I found no happiness in trivial sports and frivol playing but found all my inspiration in saints and faith and the unseen world beyond.

No man or woman could impress me or catch my attention or admiration after I met her. She was my one and only role model, the saint who lived in the modern era, who was present in flesh and blood, who looked more beautiful than the day, and whose world fell like precious pearl from her angelic lips. How could I ever have managed to have any other role model or find myself respecting any peers of my gender after beholding her unmatched beauty and power and greatness?

She was young and yet so holy, and I believe it is this combination that astonished me, for most young women I knew were increasingly engrossed in shopping and dancing, parties and makeup, but she was in her late teens, but cared naught for trifle offerings of the world, for she was an angelic damsel, who gazed dreamily ahead, as though not noticing any significant changes about her. How could any other women her age bear any respect in my eyes after my standard were set upon been exposed to so lofty a being?

I could never, till now, find myself respecting anyone but her, for she was one whose kind never comes to this world twice. What an ethereal and beautiful being! No sin, no makeup, no vanity or pride, no anger, and most strikingly, absolutely no

focus on humans. I met her multiple times, and saw in her no dishonour and no faults; only virtues of a kind which is unfathomable for the humans of this century to even appreciate.

Her chastity and her purity could be felt by all those around her. No human being could be vainly passionate or focus on human physicality when in her proximity, for she reminded oneself of a supreme God, and her speech, and her prayers and her tears made all hearts around her forget everything and turn towards God's greatness. It was as though she was the in the cloud where God was the rain.

Eminent as are her pious merits, I wanted to imagine that she was but one among the many distinguished saints of this vast nation, but alas, this was not so, for never in my life have I ever heard of a living saint. She was selfless and merciful, and lived but for others' gains and not her own pleasures. She was detached from the primordial world, but in her delicate manners and fineness, she neglected no one and was as courteous as the nobles of ancient empires. I was but a little girl, but she did not consider me little or insignificant, and when I asked her about her age and she somehow understood my question to which she replied in Arabic and I understood nothing of what she said. Perhaps my ignorance of her native tongue vexed her but she instantly endeavoured to ensure I understood what she said, and then demonstrated with her fingers her age that it was 18.

And from that age, I, as a 9-year-old child, I longed to one day become that age for I thought all angelic saints of God are 18 years of age. I loved that number thenceforth and waited and counted my days to one day become her age. Such emotions of admiration and affection this young saintly woman could evoke with her mere smile and words, and I knew it was because of her pious nature that made her glow with grace.

For many years, I recalled every moment of my time spent in her company, and in those brief days, I had witnessed more miracles than any mortal could imagine, and I knew that sceptics would doubt my narration, so I kept those incidents largely to myself, but I was also aware that believing and understanding complemented and supported one another, so it was easier for me to comprehend this young maiden's celestial ways and spiritual power, for she was undoubtedly a saint of God. I understood that key to her piety was the affirmation of the divine Unity, and of all that followed from this affirmation, was a living manifestation of her grandiose life.

Maybe people don't know but inwardly, every female child adores and worships a young woman and wants to be like her, imitating their clothes or their speeches and their styles, and as every child has a hero and that day onwards, she became my heroine.

Every syllable she uttered were gems to me, and I remember the replies she gave my mother when asked if she could teach me Arabic, because I was American. Her reply which was quite unexpected for me to hear as her words were very few and she seemed to be always distracted and unfocused, but her words were worth all the world to me and I never knew she would proffer such a delightful response.

She smiled upon hearing my request, putting into action the age-old adage that a smile is worth a million dollars and told me that she would be happy to teach me Arabic if I would teach her English as she loved Americans. These words rang like unearthly music in my ears.

Dear readers, how could you know what my heart felt at that moment?

My eyes welled with unshed tears and my world orbited the Milky Way a hundred times in those few seconds and no words can I ever find to accurately describe a millionth of what I felt that moment. O she told me she loved my country at a time when the actions of my government had made me feel ashamed to admit being one among them. She was not infected by the post-9/11 hysteria about my nation. As a pious saint, it seemed to me that she was immune to propaganda and myths and blind to all stereotypes, and admired all her fellow humans without reserve.

It was only upon meeting her that I knew I had come face to face with a power determined to eradicate the miseries of mankind, as such to convert all from infidelity to faith, for this young woman before me was a saint in the making, whose every prayer and tears were answered by her God.

The area around Nizamuddin Settlement was littered with the tombs of great men who believed this to be a very holy place because of the ancient saints who resided here and left behind a legacy of peace and tolerance. Perhaps it was the century old holiness of this land which enabled a young saint to live upon this land in this modern era. The young woman who I sought to see here rarely exited her home, and occasionally, when there were mere hours for the sun to set, she would prepare herself to go to the garden with her companions and they would slowly walk towards the garden where she became often busy in worship. Many months later, I would learn that she had died,

but no one knew the actual cause of her death, although physicians contributed her demise to utter and inexplicable grief. Some even remarked how she was taken by a spirit of spiritual prayers and ecstasy and fell down dead. She was above faith and fear, as she lived the life of a spiritual mystic, whose creed and principles were mercy and humanity, and therefore, she never indulged in debates or polemics. The essence of her religion was love, and she lived for atonement. India was an exotic place, and everything was unrecognizable to me, but being in the presence of this pious and beautiful young woman made this trip worthwhile and exhilarating.

The Asian sweltering summer clime scarcely suited her, and it was her bitter grief that broke her heart and devastated her frail body, for she wanted to live in solitude, and remain a lifelong celibate, but her father wished for her to be betrothed, and she was heartbroken by such notion. But even in her sadness, she was saintly and even in her most pained and weak hours, she struggled to preserve her faith, and to preserve the principles and customs of her monotheistic beliefs, despite almost constant pain, despair and even discreet persecution.

Before she fell deathly ill, I was in her presence for several days, and in all this time, I saw that she received no effective support from the city community whose right to call itself her neighbour was prudish. Prior to meeting this saintly woman in India, the nation held no great memories for me, as I was averse to hot climate and excessive rain, but after meeting her, my views changed, and the part of India on which this saintly woman lived became dearer to me than my own home.

I was humbled and delighted to see that when she heard I was American, she expressed joy and interest, because and oftentimes, some locals repeatedly shamed foreigners or criticised US policies openly, but she had only good thoughts of my country. She was a pacifist and prayed so that peace would prevail and mankind would pursue mutual tolerance, respect, and partnership that would mark every period in their history. I hoped her prayers and message of peace, reconciliation, and coexistence between all of mankind was realised.

During my adolescence, world politics took a twisted turn and wars and skirmishes along the Middle East increased, and I remember the feelings of shame and guilt which engulfed me and drowned me into despair when I heard random people criticising my country although the government policies were hardly something I could then comprehend, but indeed, those few years I was quite ashamed of my nation, although it was the

only country I considered to be my own, and faults as it had, I still couldn't help loving what was my very own. But to hear this beautiful woman express delight at the very mention of my birthplace made me experience instant euphoria, and to hear that she, the saint of all the worlds and whom the angels of the heavens envied, despite knowing very well all the evil things that the media spewed because of our government's unwise policies in the Middle East, she still had the compassion and the greatness to say a good thing despite all that, and actually wanted to learn the English language from me! Oh, how could the world know what passion and what feelings electrified my soul and my heart leapt up to the seven heavens, and from that day onwards, I knew I did not require any other person's approval or positive jibes from any other soul for she, the angel of the greatest heavens, loved my country! Never had I felt so proud of my birthplace, and never had such ecstasy rippled through my soul, and never again had a felt ashamed of my nation, for I had known from that moment onward that so long as she lived, nothing bad could ever happen to my nation, and if my people were as bad as the media portrayed us to be, then would she have shown such happiness when she spoke of my country?

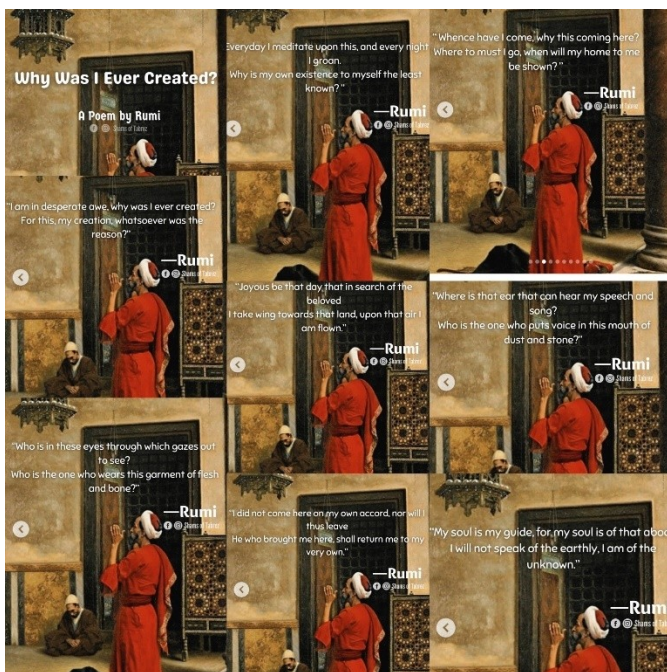
I was a little girl from America, but this saintly woman with all her intelligence, beauty and grace, was glad to speak with me, and met with sensitivity and understanding all my small concerns. I felt a feeling of deep connection on an emotional level, as if a spiritual contact was happening in my soul. The validation and acceptance from her had a profound, reparative effect on me as it allowed me to reclaim my pride in my nation, and even empower, heal, calm, and open up my heart. Unworthy as we may be, but to have her prayers and her approval, my confidence skyrocketed, and I kept thinking that who were the people of the world or what do they think themselves to be to judge my nation when the most sinless of God's creation found us worthy of her good wishes and words?

I know the events I mention may sound ludicrous or even unbelievable to some, but I also firmly hold that the essence of learning with an open mind is testing one's ideas, assumptions, and values. I noticed unexplainable miraculous events taking place in her vicinity which had no human explanations, and could only be attributed to a saint of the universal Creator God.

For foreign tourists, Nizamuddin neighbourhood's main attraction was the devotional music played at the shrine on Thursday and Sunday nights, after the evening prayer, but for me, the only place worth visiting was the humble abode of the young saintly woman, whose inexplicable miracles impressed me and my peers alike.

On the busy streets leading to her home, I noticed that vendors sold rose petals, while crowded restaurants offered free samplings of dishes that had been once prepared for the legendary Mughal emperors, but none of the amenities of life could distract the saintly young woman from her prayers and supplications, and it was in her abode that she spent restless days and nights wondering what would become of her people.

We left soon afterward and it would be 3 more years before I would get a chance to behold her.

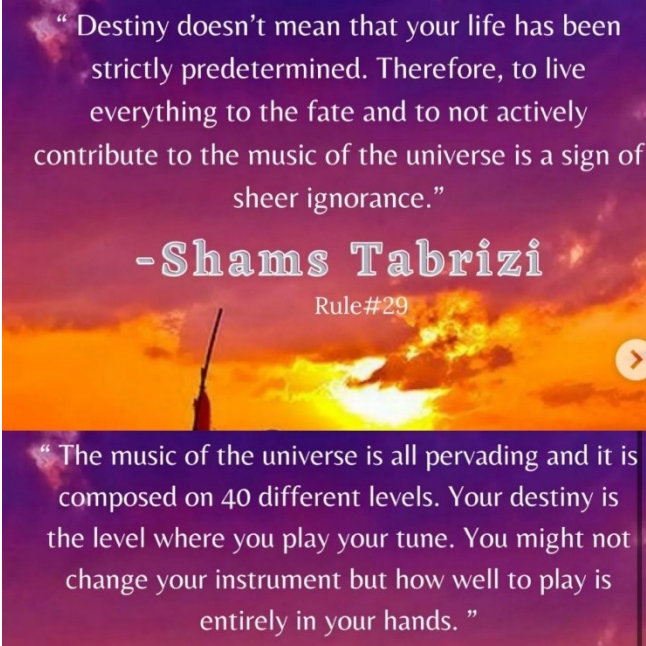


Angels of God:

God and His angels bless the believers,
With love flowing like rushing rivers;
His bands of ministers gleam and flash
Like living coals or with features awash,
Squadrons of four-winged cherubim dash,
By the steps of His throne are the mystic ash,
With their chariot-wheels, and at His behest,
They run in His service with holy zest,
All united together run,

**One in song, and in service, one,
Every being of all the compassion blest
In a loyalty naught can sever nor arrest.
Wherefore sing to Him every breast,
Tranced in His adoration rest,
And bless the Lord who is blessed forever.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



“Destiny doesn’t mean that your life has been strictly predetermined. Therefore, to live everything to the fate and to not actively contribute to the music of the universe is a sign of sheer ignorance.”

-Shams Tabrizi

Rule#29

“The music of the universe is all pervading and it is composed on 40 different levels. Your destiny is the level where you play your tune. You might not change your instrument but how well to play is entirely in your hands.”

Cheerful Sun and Brightest Day:

Despite my eagerness to behold her, I only had the opportunity to meet her at the age of nine. It was fate and sheer chance and a thousand days of desperate prayers which made her our companion in a vacation journey inside India in the locales bordering the towns in Bangladesh, as the saintly young woman had relatives who lived there, near New Delhi where we were to visit Humayun's Tomb, a grand mausoleum and an early example of Mughal architecture. And later, we all were scheduled to pay a visit to the Sufi shrine in Nizamuddin Settlement.

When I first visited India, I was but a child of nine, and understood little about the exquisiteness of arts and treasures, but this time, when I arrived in India, I was older and wiser, and when I met my heroine, I tried my best to observe all the saintly qualities the best I could, documenting everything I witnessed about her and never letting her evade my sight even for a moment. In fact, I barely even slept for two days in my enthusiasm to learn what she did every minute of every day. When I was in America, I learned about her miracles from my aunt, and only thought that she was a saint, but I could not picture her face, and considered her far above the reach of imagination. But I knew she was a holy young maiden, who lived in a spiritual sphere and strove for the hereafter, while people like us who lived only for the world, and in the world, were affected by human worries and cares, and were often cast down by the frowns of adversity, because they did not have a plethora of prized prayers to purify their troubled hearts; but a woman like this saintly maiden was pious and would not ever be overcome by the reverses of fortune. She did not care if she lost all her wealth in an instant, and neither did sickness and sorrow cause her anguish. She praised God for all her misfortunes for she loved to live for God alone. Physical and spiritual hardships did but drive her in upon the resources of her own pious heart where she dwelled amongst the superior society of God and His seraphs, and in her own thoughts, she remembered only her Creator. Prayer and chastity were things which even the best of men was apt sometimes to neglect, and to make up for personal woes and societal troubles, they roamed abroad in search of less worthy causes and less trouble associates, but this pure maiden was independent of the world around her as she lived with piety and antiquity, and dwelled with posterity. While my feelings were yet alive on the subject of her piety, I became enthusiastic to share my stories with my friends and family members and informed all those I met that the young maiden was truly a remarkable woman, and it was my fortune to light on further traces of her while travelling leisurely to view the environs of New Delhi, because in every alley of this historic city, I sensed aura of her pureness.

Within the sweet communion of her spiritual surroundings and in the generous aspiring of her ways, and the promises of future renown, I saw that this maiden sought only solitude for she had such a mind that achieved a state of highest enjoyment in weeping before her Lord and praying day and night. I was in the right place at the right time to see this saint and witness some of her miracles. Often, it seemed she was visited by elevated prayers which are the appropriate aliment of noble and saintly souls, and whatever she required for her earthly days, she took from God, and like manna, sent from heaven, her God granted her celestial and miraculous provisions in her very home, within the wilderness of this world. My family was open minded and never insisted on blind obedience to societal or religious authorities. This allowed me to freely explore the life and miracles my heroine was displaying in every step of her path. She was one of the few saints in this universe, and I knew they are the chosen ones whose prayers are solely responsible for the survival of humanity and mystics say that when each of these saints die, a huge calamity descends on one part of the world and when all saints die, all of humanity shall be destroyed along with the planet earth itself.

It is the piety and the prayers and the pure hearted tears of love and mercy of these saints which single handedly saves the world from all calamity and both natural and unnatural disasters and warfare. I noticed her spiritual power in every echo of her words, and when I toured her city, I realised that the entire settlement of Nizamuddin became enlightened because of her. I was warmly welcomed by her family members and treated like a minor celebrity. Most of the young girls and youths in her neighbourhood adored me, and treated me like a celebrity.

They said they had never met an American and were only familiar with the colourful and exaggerated characters they watched on American films and Hollywood movies, and they helped me become acclimated to this town.

I felt saddened by the contrasting behaviour those locals showed me and how they interacted with the saintly young woman.

She was lantern of heaven, yet they mistreated her, and looked up at me as though I was a celebrity, as if I was important or mattered more to the world.

The injustice meted out to her pained me deeply.

Why should they consider me a celebrity when she was the one who loved them most earnestly?

What was I compared with her? She was everything. She was pious, pure and perfect, but still, they viewed her with suspicion, and talked about her with dismissal and dishonour. Her religious prayers and piety were often dismissed as extremism, although she was an icon of chastity and the pillar of purity.

I felt a wrenching pain in the treatment which was so different towards her versus towards me. Who was I to deserve preferential treatment by the Indian locals just because I was born and raised in the United States?

Young shallow minded woman admired superficial perfections and outward appearance, and they forget the soul, and in their ignorance, they forget the real thing, because they decide who to worship and adore predicated on the outer looks and languages. They see whose makeup are blended, who says the right word and who have earned more degrees.

Rather than respecting and admiring those who spend all their teenage years crying and sobbing for humanity, the shallow youths find it sensible to hero worship singers and celebrities who live in faraway nations and disliked them, whereas the saints of God, like this young woman, who wept for each country in the world, was ignored, even though she did not offer tearful prayers for the media attentions, and neither did these saints weep to gain any celebrity status. They prayed and sobbed secretively. At night, secretly, they cried to save the very people who hated and disliked them. They wept for the success and betterment of the very countries that defamed them constantly and that cursed them, vilified their prophet, dismissed their laws and desecrated their holy book. Still, these saints of God prayed for everyone, equally, all the time. What a heart! No hate and no vengeance. What a heart she had!

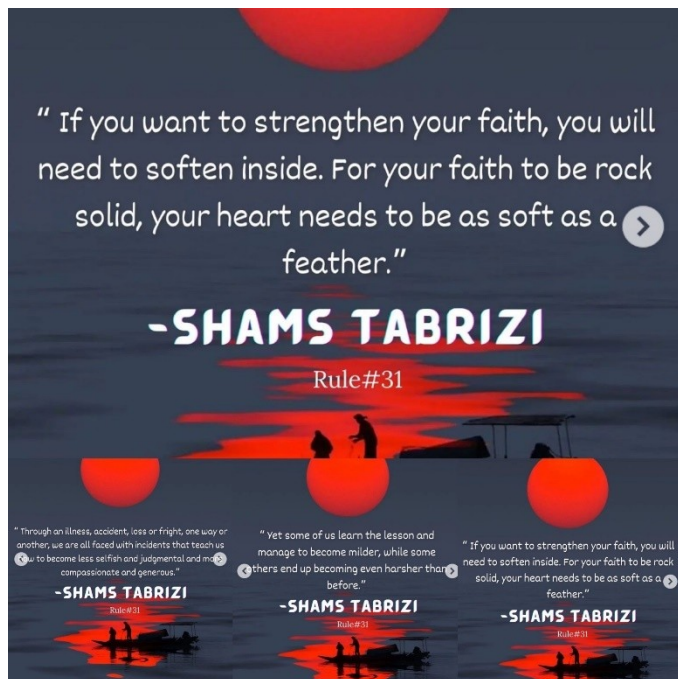
During one afternoon, we strolled through the alleys and turned to a gate, into some ornamented grounds. After riding a short distance, my friends and I came to a cosy mansion of freestone, built in the Grecian style. It had an air of elegance, and the environment was calm and the situation was delightful. I admired the fine lawn that sloped away from it, and saw it was studded with clumps of tropical Indian trees, so disposed as to break this soft fertile city into a variety of landscapes. I was later told that this saintly maiden occasionally frequented this garden and read lines of prayers in this courtyard, and at once, I realised why I felt so much serenity in every brick of this garden. A soft trickling sound made me look behind the mansion and I saw that there was brook winding a quiet sheet of water through an expanse of this green meadowy land, while the Indian sun shone above, blending with monsoon clouds,

and melting into the distance. Hours later, bright lights bordered the horizon as I slowly made my way back to the hotel.

I admired the workmanship of those mansions which were the favourite residences of past Moghul emperors during the days of their prosperity. They reigned from those rich hill tops and those palatial residences we had been the seat of elegant hospitality and literary retirement for emperors and their subjects. The world had a way of convalescing time, and though centuries have passed, the mansions were still standing, but the houses were now silent and deserted. From the windows of the richly decorated study, which looked out upon the soft scenery, a handful of tourists were loitering about the place, but while they revelled in the beauty of the buildings, I kept thinking about the saintly maiden whose house was merely ten minutes away. I enjoyed coming to this part of the city, for it was like visiting some classic fountain, that had once welled its pure waters in a sacred shade, but now had become forgotten. Nothing in this settlement was dry and dusty, because even over the shattered marbles of these ruins, I heard echoes of the saints who once lived above it. The saintly maiden who I had travelled all the way to India to meet lived nearby. Her home had several large but plain rooms, no one came to the vicinity, or thronged liked wreckers to get some portion of miraculous aura from the noble vessel that had been driven to their shore and lived among them, as they did with other famous figures . She was so young and frail, that she rarely had time or energy to entertain anyone personally, but her family provided guests with refreshments, when anyone came. Humans milling about was such an uncommon scene here that one could imagine nothing whimsical taking place in this strange irruption in the regions of ancient meditation and learning. No matter how many times you met with her, you could not see or talk to her enough, so fine was her charm and so noble her allure, and like treasure hunters rummaging the armoury of a giant castle, and contending for the possession of gems which they could not afford, I pictured these visitors akin to some knot of speculators, debating with calculating brow over the quaint binding and illuminated margin of an obsolete sage. There was a munificence of goodness here, along with the air of intense sagacity.

Every beautiful incident in her life's story was unique and such as which could not fail to interest the studious mind, but as for herself, nothing could provoke the notice of her muse except the silent and sincere hours of prayer in which she remains engrossed. How dear were these silent, yet eloquent, words to her, and each litany from the holy scripture was a companion of her pure thoughts and all her innocent hours were spent in

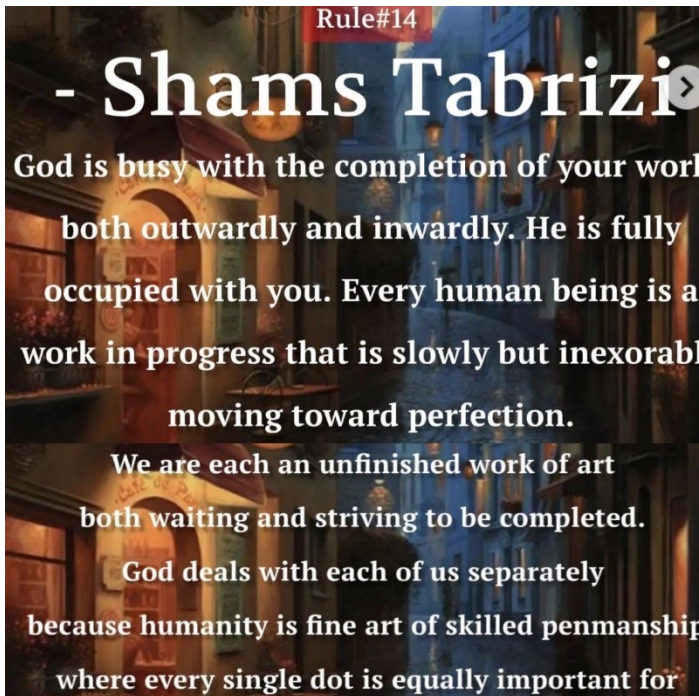
such otherworldly pursuits. She did not despair in times of distress, and was only more patient in the seasons of pains and adversity. She offered true friendship to all those who knew her and gifted them with her miracles which never deceived and her prayers which never deserted those struck with sorrow.



God is Great!
His domain is established, His Peace secure,
On the beams of the earth and the clouds He rides,
The homesick exile he vows to cure,
Who now amid thistle and thorn resides,
And the day of redemption in trust abides.
Yea, the remnant shall yet as a people endure,
Regathered, forgiven, when He decides,
And live as a nation unique and pure,
For when it was chosen and glorified,
Its mission it knew and its task descried,
That the love of God be its high endeavour,

**And its purpose His reverence to assure,
The world to His worship by faith allure,
And bless the Lord who is blessed forever.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



When the Deaf Girl Spoke:

**While my mom stopped the driver and went off on a shopping
spree for my dozen or so cousin very soon afterwards, we were**

standing near a shopping mall, we were looking through things to buy to bring back to the states. we spent most of our time in shopping markets and shopping malls. There stood with us a couple with their child. The child was quiet but she was a sweet soul, dressed up in a cute dress and bangs to adorn her adorable face. She was amazed by my companion who was completely and utterly veiled head to toe in two black pieces of fabric. She was veiled so much so that she had a scarf which she wrapped a large black chiffon scarf over her head and took another long thick black scarf, folded into double, and threw it over her face. I had no doubt that this girl was walking blind. There was no way a human being could see through two double layers of black thick satin silk and chiffon fabric. I knew she was walking blind; she was walking blind as she tried to hold the edge of the scarf to at least see the floor while she walked, but she definitely could not see those who were in front of her, making her incapable of crossing the street without the risk of death. Every time, I made sure to guide her while crossing the busy streets of New Delhi.

I understood the reason for her wearing the double veil. She never wanted any man to look at her and she had never looked at a man in all the entirety of her young life.

She had been wearing this veil from the age of 11. In chastity was her virtue, as virtuous as her very soul. She emanated the light of purity from her heart. And there was so much purity and divinity in her that you could feel that vibration, that light, you could feel that energy of that piety emanating from within her soul and her body.

Purity was her virtue- purity was her blood- purity was her soul -purity her identity, it amazed the little girl who was walking around her, perhaps trying to find out which was her front side which was her backside and searching for the face of a faceless woman, because both her face and body were covered in pitch black veils, layers upon layers of black silk on top of another.

As the child continued to peer in layer after layer to find the human hidden within?

Indeed, my pious friend looked unreal, and she did appear to look like a human tent which had no front side or no back. I tried to strike up a conversation with the girl (to stop her from bothering my companion) but somehow the little girl did not hear me or pay any attention to me at all. She was busy losing herself under the veil- as she kept on checking out the veil and tried to see underneath it. In her childish inquisitiveness, she wanted to see who was hidden under this veil, while both her parents were busy looking at the fabrics and the bracelets in the storefront of the shopping market. When the girl finally lifted her last layer of veil as she was a small child of about 6 or 7, very small and could see from underneath the veil- my companions face. She smiled because she finally found out that

there was after all a human being hidden underneath these many layers of deep black veils. I heard my friend speak in that thick Arabic accented Hindi which was very broken but she always managed to speak in it. The accent sometimes amused me and made me smile because it sounded so weird.

While my Hindi accent was heavily mixed with my American accented English and her Hindi was mixed with a very thick Saudi accent of Arabic. She was asking the girl her name- as my companion was very soft-hearted with children and very sweet to them. She was perhaps amazed to see a little girl open her veil and poke her small head inside to see who was underneath it. She asked the girl her name her age and the girl answered in a very sweet and loud voice her own name. They continued their silly conversations, I think she asked the girl something about what she was buying or what she wanted to buy because she was pointing at the store, (I thought the little girl wanted her to buy something or so) the girl was asking her some questions in return I could not catch the full conversation but I did catch the girl's name and her age. She was eight years old but she looked not more than six.

After a while, I saw the mother of the little girl turn and come near my friend and her daughter, and she stood in utter terror frozen in her place as if she saw all the ghosts of zombies, she became pale and screamed loudly and fainted in the middle of a shopping centre, which caused such a horrifying scene to take place- because the father came and was in so severe a shock as he held his wife but she did not exactly completely faint she just fell on the floor and shook uncontrollably. She held her child and started screaming and crying. There was madness in her eyes. I was too terrified to speak. I was just trying my best to take my companion away from the most disturbing scene that had ever taken place in front of our eyes, because perhaps I thought that people had a very negative view of religious people in India and around the world as well.

And she -wearing a black veil could have perchance scared the child or the mother. I felt horrified by her reaction, it was truly uncivilized to react with such violent unfound fear, as if she never saw a black robe before, I felt my anxiety level increase by 100% and my temperature shooting up, hot steam rising up from my neck and throat towards my head and all sorts of crazy ideas started racing through my mind as I couldn't make any sense of the child's mothers madness, then I feared that, they perhaps thought of her as an evil person as the world's media had no mercy on the people of this religion, and all the veiled women quite recently getting a horrible fame with the latest news. They were tainted and framed and insulted mercilessly, and relentlessly by the whole world and all its people together and unendingly for the last 50 years, resulting in the successful

instilling of unspeakable horror in the hearts of civilians towards anyone of that creed and towards anyone with beard, turbans, white robes or black veils.

I was so afraid because I knew how sensitive she was she had just come from a country where it was a norm to wear a black veil and expected from decent women to cover themselves. How heartbreaking to know that women were insulted and humiliated for the mere sin of covering her body while other women were applauding for objectifying and exposing their private body?

Then I thought that, perhaps my friend did not understand that she should not have spoken to a child without asking for the parents' permission. I became extremely distressed as with how fast could I manage removing her from that area immediately or by coming up with any ideas of distracting her. I managed to pull her away and take her to the store next to me while I came back to assess the situation or assure the ignorant parents that there was nothing wrong with her, because she was my friend and I had come from America and we were having a completely harmless conversation with her child. I tried to speak with the father as the mother was in no condition to speak and had now started to wail and sob uncontrollably on the floor and now leaning on her husband's arms.

I hurriedly approached him asking him if he needed any help and what was going on? To my relief he spoke in perfect excellent English and reassured me that there was nothing that I could do because they can't believe what they just witnessed. I tried in vain to calm the woman, but she could not speak because she was crying hysterically and holding on to her husband and her child scaring me to a next level of absolute disorientation. I know the Indians were sometimes dramatic but they were also extremely civilized and from my experience such soft hearted souls. And I had seen my saintly friend speak with many children before even in the street but never had I seen such a violent reaction from any parents. It perplexed me and it made me terrified with fear. I was horrified and I was speechless, I could not come to realize what should I have done to stop this madness from happening. I tried in repeatedly in vain to calm the child's mom and continued to try and speak with the father and tell them I'm American to calm them down. But they kept on asking for my friend or that girl who was here with a black veil. And asked me if I spoke with their child. Which I replied that indeed I did to make them forget that she spoke with my friend who was veiled. They then asked me to speak with their terrified child again, the child was frozen in fear after witnessing such a bizarre event. I calmed the child down distracting her as I was really popular with kids, and finally their child spoke perfectly and coherently with me and then spoke with her mother as I instructed her to hug her mother, and even spoke perfectly with her father. And

this time I saw the father started shaking and crying too. Nothing made sense I was afraid, actually I was quite terrified to be honest I was never so afraid in my life. I was not used to this kind of encounters. I was thinking where exactly are these people from and why are they so terrified why are they crying and why are they speaking with their child as if they never spoke before.

Why were they asking her weird questions about can you hear me who am I etc... Do you know that I'm your mother and what's your name? What's my name? etc etc.

I started becoming suspicious as the child answered her parents calmly and quietly and was distracted and happy by herself. (For a while I was so terrified that I actually thought that I should call the cops) Then I asked the father and calmed him down enough to ask him repeatedly to answer me and should I call a doctor for his wife to which he replied no that his wife was hysterical and had almost lost her mind. In tears of maddening happiness because their child, their daughter of 8 years of age never spoke from birth. The father told me that his daughter was born deaf and never spoke a word, never had a reaction to sound and never formed or pronounced a coherent word except for making some sound from time to time and that they had gone to every guru and every Darwish I and every doctor and every surgeon and every specialist and speech and ear therapist and had ordered every hearing aid and everything that was humanly possible and had gone to six different countries for treatment for their only daughter and she never spoke a word, the father claimed that they visited every year foreign ear specialists and every world famous otolaryngologist and they all had declared her to be born deaf with a degenerative disorder and was incurable.

He said that they had finally given up all hope and that they thought their child would never speak again and now they could not believe what had happened, that she would become nine the next month and why had she suddenly spoken out in such perfect coherent words and sentences in their language and answered her parents so perfectly and so smartly and with such perfect language and correct words.

His words finally started making sense now. I was beginning to comprehend the event that had just took place. I could almost hear my own heart beat in apprehension, because I felt as though the frozen waterfall of my heart had finally started to melt down in an avalanche of unknown terror.

The rainfall which held back so long -was now suddenly bursting forth from the depths of my saintly friend's heavenly realm.

My world's sky was changing its colour and the season betraying time itself.

This time it was my turn to become shocked.

How many more unwelcomed shocks were awaiting to make me question my reality and suspect my own sanity?

My wounds of despair and disbelief were being cut and reopened, my mind denying to accept his words as I stood in the stillness of time staring at the child in front of me.

Denial was my first and only shield. Coincidence- was my only defence against things that defied all mortal logic.

My world became silent and I only saw lips move and slowly by slowly my mind became a blur, the people faded away and it was my turn to become unaware of any words or questions.

A hundred questions arose stabbing my senses from all sides.

Doubt, despair, disbelief, denial, disavowing, dismissing, discrediting, disproving and finally defying its occurrence was my only weapon, a desperate one to keep myself sane.

No human being wants to believe in magic miracles, unwieldy events or things that has no scientific evidence or explanations.

To believe in it is as if I was defeated, defeated by sanity, classed with the insane, a failure to myself and anger and hatred for believing in the lies of science all through my growing lifetime.

The human ego hates unexplained defeat. And so, I hated miracles because they destroyed my understanding of all things logical and sensible and sane and sound.

Every time I tired, oh desperate was I to prove her wrong, it cannot be, she was a plain girl, unimpressive, so simple so small and so regular.

How could she control, change, govern, subdue and sway all things unchangeable by human laws of logic, nature, matter, physics and biology?

What was she -her -my sinless friend, my saintly friend? Was she made of blood and flesh? What was she in the 21st century that terrified me because it destroyed all human understanding of education and civilization with each of her small actions, unaware was she of what she was wrecking through the world wherever she went and whomsoever she met and what power she contained within her speech, her words and her prayers?!

When I had finally after hours of desperate deliberation, finally be able to convince myself of all her actions as coincidences, then she did something that threw me off balance made me question my reality until I doubted myself and wanted to hide away from her and her world to a world where I could find logical answers to my logical problems.

It was during these events that I found myself the victim of unbounded fear. I felt my heart shake and my body becomes cold with terror. I was afraid and horrified to ever offend her. The temperature of my body going from heated vapor to cold

ice as I argued with myself. Trying so desperately to find one logical answer; or one evidence to make myself believe.

I watched her trying to find out what had she that made her so terrifyingly powerful that no human logic could explain or even attempt to decipher or solve the dilemma of the events that took place around her.

Sometimes she terrified me. Sometimes I found myself afraid to raise my eyes to look at her or sit anywhere near her. I was afraid I would earn the wrath of heaven should I ever offend her or hurt her in any way willingly or accidentally.

But when I saw her, all my thousand fears would melt, my resolve taken down. She was too simple too distracted too other worldly for any child to even fear. She was the opposite of what fear or judgment could be.

They asked me about her and I called her my friend, at least I dare to call her my friend, although I think she may never have remembered me, as I barely spoke with her enough to address her as my friend but what else can I address her as? Although I was yet not in my teens and she was already in her early twenties.

It was she who had spoken with the child not knowing that the child could never hear, never knowing that the child was born deaf. Never knowing not then not now not ever, for I never told her of that event, I never gave her any credit because she sought none, I wanted to protect her purity and it was better for her to stay in ignorance of her own power and piety. It was her humility which made her who she was. Her simpleness her forgiving and forgetting nature. I wanted her to stay that way away from power human and their hate mad obsession, because she was more useful for the world in her state of simpleness and I would use her to save this world. It was my own gain my joy my ring of power and my kingdoms Lynchpin which I'd use to save this world. I wouldn't never attempt to change her or even let her know of her own glory and influence.

She had spoken and asked a question to the child because of the inquisitiveness of the child who had opened and peaked inside her veil, and was staring and peering at her through the bottom of the veil.

I tried to subdue my shaking as uncontrollable tears choked my throat and I could no longer find the strength or voice to answer them.

I looked away searching desperately for tissue papers and being angry at myself for not bringing any tissue because now the tears would ruin my face and my eyes became bloodshot with all the hidden feelings that were kept locked inside me.

No, I was no longer amazed; to be honest I was too distressed. I did not realize as I had tried to pass off everything as

coincidence even with the dementia patient. I was tired, tired of trying to justify it, as just something normal or something that happened or a recurrence of something natural.

But now my heart had almost become broken with fear. and I was trembling, every inch of my body I thought I could not move, I did not hear anything that the storekeeper was saying or what the father was asking. I was standing there for so long trying to get hold of myself, that my mom thought she lost me. I did not know how long the time had passed because by then the parents had taken their daughter away,

It was a happy event for them but the mother was crying hysterically as if someone of her close relatives had died, it was a tremendous relief when her husband finally took his mad wife away, she was a bit too emotionally imbalanced. For them it was the happiest event and they were shedding happy tears of unspeakable happiness sprung from the hearts of heart broken parents.

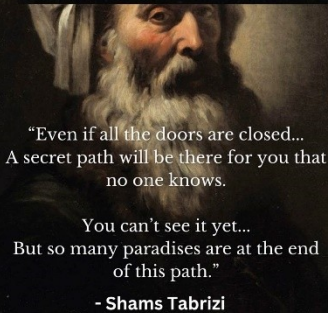
But I was too terrified to be happy. I realized the power of she who walked with me. I became afraid, afraid of the power she contained within her.

I became terrified of her connection with the God or her saintly powers or the fact that she had done such inconceivable miracles living in the 21st century, living in an electronic world of designer shopping malls, driving in expensive cars and flying in planes.

I thought miracles were done by Saints who lived in centuries back in a time where there were no electricity and no shopping malls and no internet and no social media. But she had broken the bonds of the modern soul, what a strange new world she was born into, her silent despair grew as she was now the outcast of her own century, weary of her life, she must have realised the growing isolation of herself from the rest of the world! Yet, this world needed saintly prayers more than ever, as all 8 billion of the most sinful souls, unparalleled in their sin and debauchery against the people of the previous past 20 centuries, the people relied on the patient prayers of her sinless soul to unload their carts of sins done in loneliness and sorrow. Her prayers unloaded the sins of souls that were burnt by grief and rejection.

“ Whatever happens to
you...
Don't fall in despair. ”

- Shams Tabrizi



“Even if all the doors are closed...
A secret path will be there for you that
no one knows.

You can't see it yet...
But so many paradises are at the end
of this path.”

- Shams Tabrizi



“Be grateful...
It is easy to thank after obtaining
what you want...
Thank before having what you
want.”

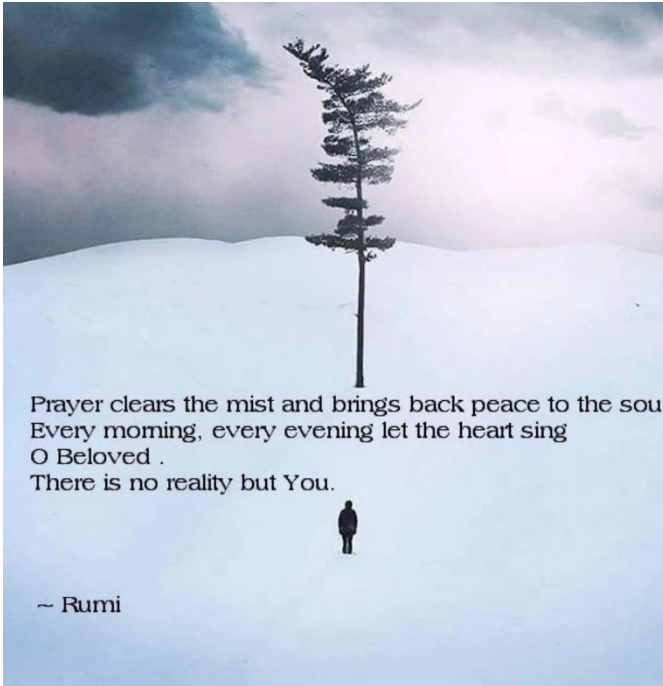
- Shams Tabrizi

GOD, MY SAVIOUR:

**Who is like unto Thee to uncover the deeps,
And who hath Thy power to raise and cast down?
Show Thy marvellous love to the captive who
weeps,
O Worker of wonders, of awesome Renown!
Thy children beloved intoned a new song
When Egypt's proud host found a watery grave,
There was praise from the saints in their jubilant
throng
When the wheels of the chariots clogged in the
wave.
Thy foundlings storm-tossed were all weeping and
tired
When the great roaring flood-tides before them
arose,
But Thine hand led them safe to the haven desired
And the waters returned, overwhelming their
foes.
The chariots of Pharaoh and all that great host
God cast in the billows and covered them o'er,
But His people trod sea-bottom, coast unto coast,**

**He admonished the sea and it dried like the shore.
Thus, Lord, do Thou support and uphold,
Arise, for the hour of her grace is at hand,
The day long appointed to sing as of old,
God reigneth, His Kingdom forever shall stand!**

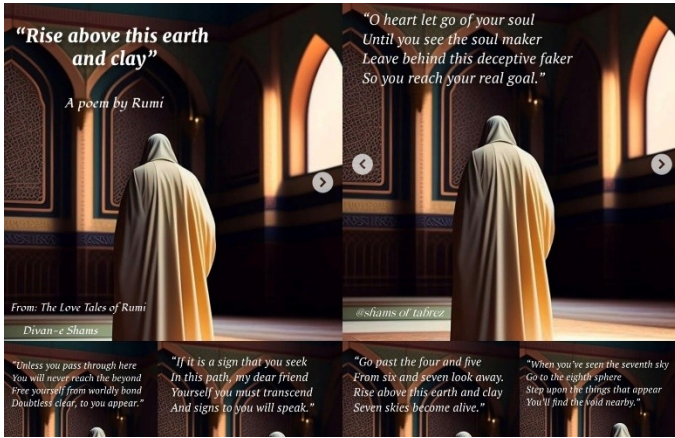
- SOLOMON GABIROL



Prayer clears the mist and brings back peace to the soul
Every morning, every evening let the heart sing
O Beloved .
There is no reality but You.

~ Rumi

Starry Deep of Death:



Death had a new meaning to me now that I was introduced to a miraculous woman.

When I attended a funeral service for a relative in New Jersey, I was devastated to see dead corpses lying inside boxes.

How could I lead a regular life after seeing a young woman like me laying down in the funeral home in my home state of New Jersey?

Oh, if only she knew how I had wept for that unknown woman that night at the funeral home where my late relative had been set for viewing, because that young woman reminded me of myself, and I wept thinking of the betrayal of my family should I die and if they left me alone with the unknown dead bodies of strangers in that funeral home, preparing for the final journey into the unknown realm.

That night, upon returning home, I screamed and screamed in the bitterest burning pain and hurtful agony until I had a full anxiety attack, calling my mother and my sister to hold on to me and stop my fit of crying as I thought I myself would die of weeping.

I mourned her because I saw myself in her, and I thought it unfair that she would be spending her first night after dying, in the funeral home amongst the unknown dead bodies that surrounded her, or if her coffin was prepared, then perhaps she was spending her first night in the cold dark grave, while I lay in my cosy New York home in my warm bed with my family members all basking under heated blankets, believing in the lie that I'll live forever, believing in the illusion of my warm lighted bedroom that I won't die and that death would not come to me,

that, as if my family too wouldn't abandon me to a funeral home amongst unknown dead bodies and come back to enjoy life while I were to be buried in the cold night, alone forever from that day onward, alone with no friends, no family, no warmth, nothing but loneliness and an end to all the glamorous life that I had led till now.

So, I wept until I thought I would go insane if I didn't control my pain from burning my heart and if I couldn't control my own lamenting and mourning.

I mourned life; I mourned death and from that day, I feared death, and I hated life because to live meant to be forced to die, and I was no brave warrior, nor was I a brainless fool who wouldn't think of her own future especially if it was close by?

How useless was my life, my degrees, my plans of life, my bank account, my net worth, my friends and my family, when one day they'd abandon me like some kind of rubbish sent to be thrown away out of fear of rotting?

Because they abandoned her whom I saw in that funeral home, abandoned, forgotten, lost, alone as her body lay amongst the other dead ones, worthless to all. Her once worthy body which perhaps was a beauty influencer or physical trainer, but how useless was her body now, dumped like a trash, a recycled rubbish left to be buried or burnt because they were more useless and disgusting than the trash we become desperate to throw away before it starts smelling and rotting!

How lonely death was, how horrifyingly lonely our ending was, and how desperate man was to take drugs that would make him forget about his inevitable end as if his lovers would keep his rotting corpse one moment longer!

How could truth hurt me so viciously, that I avoided driving in front of any graveyards or cemeteries and wept uncontrollably at the sight of any funeral homes and abandoned visiting my home state altogether hoping that perhaps I could make myself forget about the pain and any reminder of death and decay and mortality by avoiding the signs and symbols which reminded me of my future! Because I thought my weak heart could only take so much before it would lose its complete sanity, and all I wanted was to scream and cry out at the world for cursing me with life when I would never have chosen to be born had I known that I had to face death!

Oh, my heart had gone insane before my mind could find an answer to the questions of life and the madness that drowned me. What could I do to make myself forget about my end when truth stared at me from every direction I tried to flee from?!

I no longer could sleep when I drove in front of hospitals and stayed awake night after night, mourning those who were awaiting death in hospices. I hid my eyes and couldn't dare to use my quivering voice when I saw terminally ill patients, because how brave and how simple had a human soul have to be to not become insane with maddening fear of the unknown death when forced to face it?

My life had withered away into a life more dead and lonelier than the dead who had already died.

I lived in my future.

While some revelled in their past memories, I lived in my future, wondering where shall I die and what shall become of my body or resting place and the memories of those whom I loved, and how would they fare in a world so lonely and so hopeless. I was nothing, my body was nothing but dust and ashes; my beauty- my youth -my existence- my education- my brain- my passion -my whole being -was nothing, for how could something that won't exist soon enough ever be something? Every painting, every gold piece which were to last in the museums were worth more than me. How could I make myself believe that I exist, when I probably wouldn't exist in the coming future?

If you knew that you wouldn't exist a few days later, then would you fight for wealth, for health or even for the love of those whom you are obsessed with?

I had a habit of living in my future. I imagined myself that I graduated -before I graduated. I thought of my future- while I was still struggling to get to my goal.

Any intelligent person thinks of the future and prepares for it. That is the difference between someone who is intelligent and someone who is as simple as a child. The truth of the afterlife, the truth of death, the truth of this life are ideas which occupy intelligent minds, and that person can never ever function again properly.

With Russia at war with Ukraine, with China planning to take over the world and enforce communism and ban God and all Abrahamic religion by forcing all religious people into concentration camps and destroying all the churches and mosques, with Germany enforcing the draft, and forcing all 18 years olds into military draft and England forcing all 18 years olds to start training for a draft into the army, with Myanmar prepared to attack and invade Bangladesh and India and their history of torture, assault, sexual and inhumane torture of a godless society, with the world at the brink of an all-out

inevitable war, with billions of people who are indulged in unimaginable sins and who over-ate their sustenance and overlived their life and now they must pay the retribution with the payment that all their former generations had to pay, although they were much more sinless than those of today, in such a world and in such a dreaded future, how will we fare?

What a warfare it will be when Instagram followers of each other and YouTube commenters of each other and Facebook friends of each other will be pit against each other in the bloodiest battle to kill or be killed- and a warfare which might destroy civilisation forever and enslave the whole world to a communist entity which will force God away from the hearts and souls of mankind!

Perhaps this will be a kind of punishment to us for destroying and humiliating all religions and disobeying and denying the laws of God and faith and religion, and now a time may come that an entity will take over us which will ban us from taking the name of God altogether.

Potential death, destruction, warfare, sexual assault, starvation, radiation infected water, and oxygen are all surrounding us- and like a noose, it is tightening around us, closer and closer while till the very last moment we -like the drunk soldiers, will never know what hit us before our end comes. The end will come and the warfare will come like it came to all those before us, but the only difference is we are purposefully drugged and deluded and drowning in the blindness of what may come in our future and thus we are unprepared, but unprepared or not, we must face the consequences of our sins and actions. Today or tomorrow, we will all be faced with such unspeakable danger and such death and destruction that will change the history of the world forever and ever. These thoughts haunted my dreams and my consciousness relentlessly endlessly for days without end and nights without reprieve.

Indeed, I ate every meal as if it were my last, as I found no happiness in anything that life offered me.

When it rained, I thought the darkness and gloom of the rain would make my heart burst out in fits of anguish and a feeling of hopelessness that made me feel as though I were already dead, buried and forgotten, but like all those who came before me, enjoyed life like my grandparents, romanced - loved - earned-wept- laughed -had children- mourned and fought wars and won and enjoyed life as though they'd live forever- now they are gone- their houses abandoned, not even the echo of their once ringing laughter remains, their pictures hanging on

the side of a room in the attic, their love stories forgotten, their enemies and lovers both dead and forgotten, their names almost unknown.

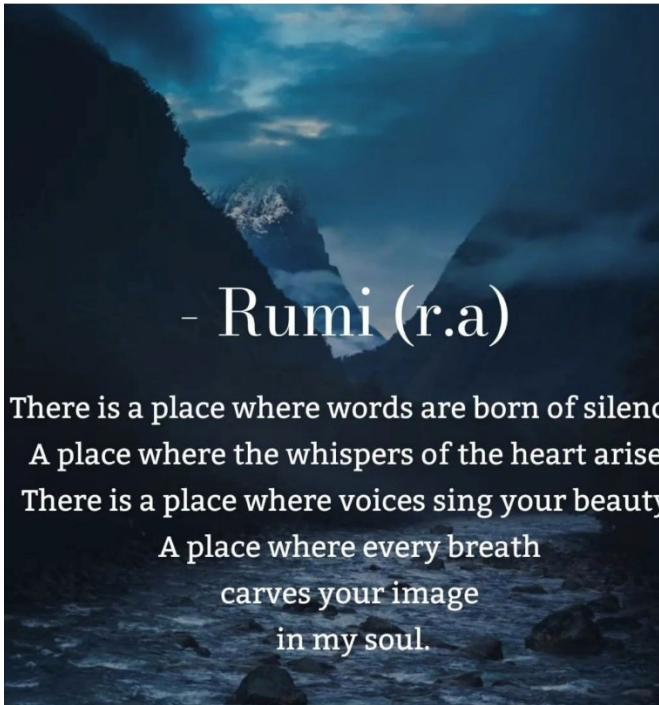
The silver utensils- the massive dinner parties- the pictures- the pain- the love -the happiness, all gone, lost in the air of the dust.

Very soon, we will follow their footsteps; then, what was the purpose of being born -only to die and leave from that temporary place where people fought, loved and killed and saved as if they'd live forever and ever, as if they wouldn't die any given moment, as if they wouldn't be forgotten and wouldn't be erased from the memories of all those whom they loved or hated.

When I saw her miracles manifest before me and a young child who had never spoken before suddenly began to hear I knew that my life would never be the same again. I believed in this fair young woman's goodness and piety and trusted in her miracles with the complete and absolute trust of a child. My mother was accompanying the trio in this shopping episode and had been busy haggling with traders and craftsmen all day hoping to secure a bargain in this historic marketplace but even she became over whelmed by This miracle and her face lit up with enthusiasm and joy when I told her about this event down by a girl who was weary of the world and all its wealth and sought only to please her Maker.

When I first met this pious woman, I was too young to understand the intricacies of theology but spending each day in her company breathed a new life in my soul until I was certain that there was truth in her being and mercy within her miracles. Indeed, when she had died, it was as though a pall had fallen over this continent and I felt lonely with living with the memories of her miracles alone, almost like an outcast in my own city and a stranger in a strange world that no lover promised serenity or security for us. It was astonishing that I was able to respect and admire this holy woman although we were but strangers with one or two meetings before, we were not blood relatives but indeed, faith had a way of enabling one to put the bonds of the soul before the ties of blood. Alas, she did not have to die so young but her father's temerity which made him pressure this chaste and sinless daughter to marry made her sorrowful and her silent despair grew by the day as his efforts to persuade her became more frequent and severely desperate until living became impossible for her. After her death, I tried to forget her legacy but was forced to share some episodes of her miraculous life with my gruelling inquisitive peers but my stories were met

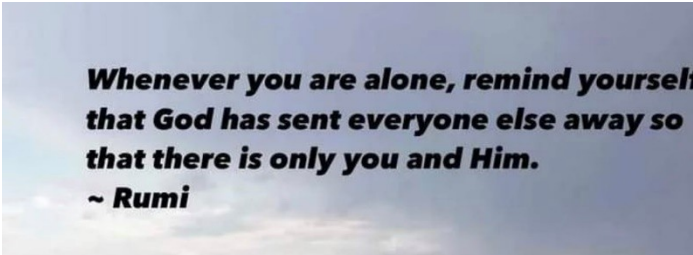
mostly with incomprehension but more commonly with laughter and indifference.



O GOD OF MY HEART:

**O God, my Sun, up now and rise,
I pray thee, be as the moon,
And illumine my teary eyes,
And make the darkness my noon:
Wherefore wilt Thou play the passing wayfarer
And vanish like the fleeing gazelle?
When shall the bud come to blossom brighter,
And grapes yield its sweet smell?
How long wilt Thou cast off the remnants of
Joseph?
I was as a lamb led to the athirst slaughter,
One man drawing me from the fold of the tough,
While others performing sacrifice at the altar.
The lion rose murderous against me,**

**And the wild beast breaketh my bones.
The wild boar tore me, breathing fury,
Pushing westwards like fiery stones.
SOLOMON GABIROL**



***Whenever you are alone, remind yourself
that God has sent everyone else away so
that there is only you and Him.
~ Rumi***

A Tragedy in Death:

Several years before I ever heard about the saintly young teenager living in India or knew about any of her miracles, my family were well-settled in the cosy and friendly neighbourhood of Queens, where my mother had her own circle of friends, and she was able to be a frequent hostess and act the part of a socialite and hold meaningful conversations with other neighbours.

One of my mother's closest comrades was my friend's mother, and our parents took turns taking us to school and dropping us back home. I was still in elementary school, and life seemed relaxed and carefree.

However, this bliss did not last long, since my friend's mother fell ill, and began to lose weight unexpectedly and doctors were unsure of what happened to her, and in their naivety, they did not even screen her for cancer and prescribed antibiotics and other medications for a long time, until her health worsened and she became deathly ill.

My friend's mother was then diagnosed with cancer and faced a long and bitter battle with death. For more than three years, every day while dropping my little brother to school, we picked her son up from her house and often kept him until dinner. We were close as a family and tried to look after one another.

Then the kind but ill woman died in hospital, surrounded by her friends, family and her daughters. Her little boy was too young to visit her in the hospital, so he never actually learned about his mother's death for a long time.

It was a sad time for all of us.

My mother mourned the death of her friend and nothing we did could give her solace, for this woman was my mother's tea time companion for many years, and they often went shopping together and visited the same tailor shops and designer houses. But her friend was unable to even speak on the phone during the final year of her death, as she became terribly weak and emaciated. Her body looked like a living skeleton, and those days were doubly hard for my mother. The kind neighbour died, leaving behind two daughters and little boy, and although we tried to support them as best as we could, the children missed their mother immensely.

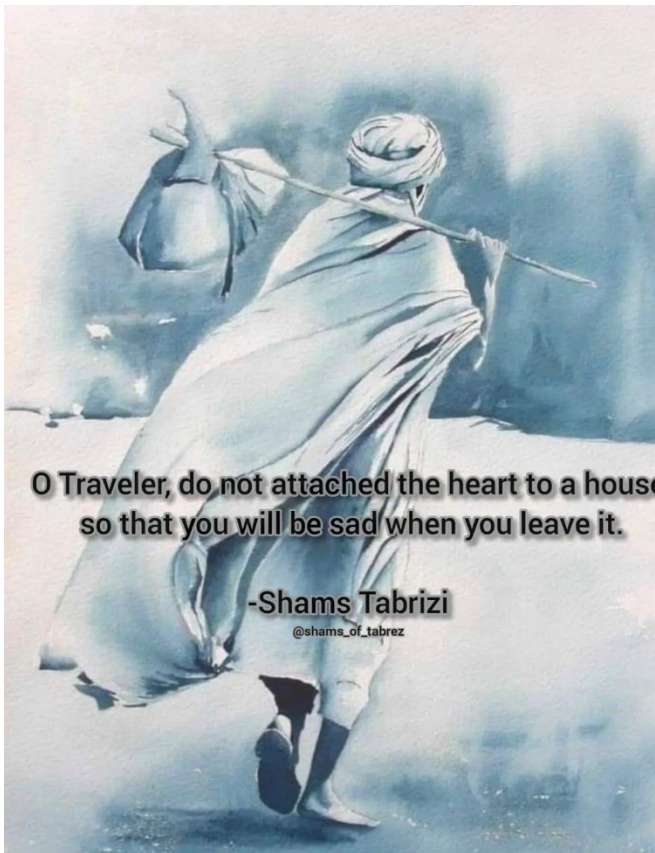
Soon after her death, my mother took me on a vacation to the Indian subcontinent, partly to visit ancient cities, but also to allow her to forget the sadness of losing her long-time friend.

This journey into India was phenomenal. In this historic town, I met people whose families have lived in Nizamuddin for centuries and century-old diners served rich local cuisines, and even in some of those small, dimly lit places on anonymous lanes in the Basti, people came from all over India to eat here, and I was no exception. While sightseeing and shopping was one of the main actions I was engaged in, during my entire stay in India, I noticed that the saintly woman was aloof from the meanderings of local life, and her sole occupation seemed to be prayers and silent thoughts.

One of the most memorable moments of my visits to India had been visiting the young saintly woman, whose miracles and their details had transcended continents and wild oceans. Her family home was just inside the ancient golden Gate, only several hundred metres from the shrine of Saint Nizamuddin Auliya. The shrine, as I was told, was incredibly important centre for Delhi for a thousand years, and each day, thousands of people from all walks of life, irrespective of caste or creed, visited Nizamuddin Auliya's shrine every day. But for me, life was in the present, and I too visited Basti Nizamuddin, but it was not to pay my respects to the deceased saint who passed away from this world a thousand years ago, but to see the young woman who was present in the flesh and was the living embodiment of sainthood.

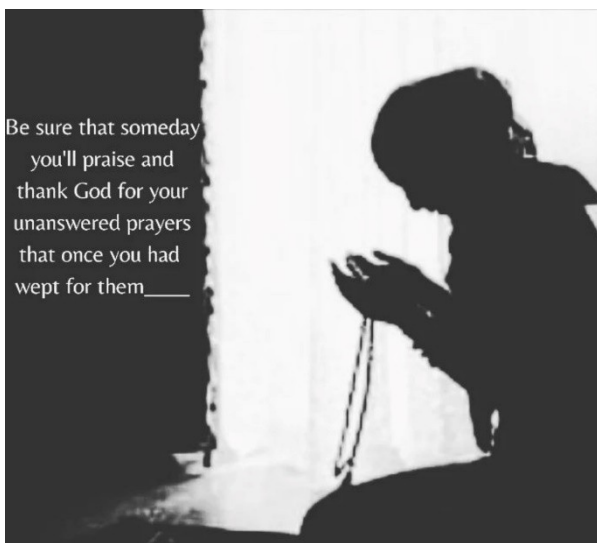
From local residents, I heard about how the young woman wept bitterly if she ever saw any temulence of the age-old Indian oppressive caste system. She lived in a busy and brutal world, but her saintly heart was detached from the turbulence of this life, and she was oblivious to the differences of humans. It was a utopian world in which her mind resided in, and she loved all those around her as though they were her very own flesh and blood. Indeed, it was her nature never to ask the religion of the

people who came to her seeking prayers or advice. Even during difficult times in India, when there was rioting between Hindus and Muslims across many towns of the country, there was no fighting in the city of Nizamuddin and tourists informed me that they often come to the young woman's abode whenever they get stressed by city life. When I stepped into the soft earth, I too felt comforted by the aura of this young woman, and as soon as I entered her home and stood in her presence, I immediately experienced a feeling of inner peace.



FEAR THOU GOD:
Dread God, who hast stretched out the heaven,
Who closest and none can open the temple;
Now at last reprove kings for my lesson-
For far be it from Thee to be forgetful!
Thou shalt bring forth my prisoners from the pit

**For the sake of our hero-ancestor's righteousness,
And shalt cleave the crown of the people with wit,
And shave off sins from that heart's recess.
Take the young and prosper them with kindness,
But do not let go the mother delivered.
O restore the maiden in her beautiful freshness,
And fill with moisture all that is withered.
Renew the Temple and the altar,
And establish singing men for Thy praise;
One to glow with a song of love and laughter,
And one to make melody without delays.
Thus wilt Thou cause the horn of the Messiah to
rise,
And I shall be wholly joyful, with tears in my eyes!**
- SOLOMON GABIROL



India: The Land of Mercy and Miracles

India for many was the land of gold and spice, but for me, it held no significance or meaning, for I considered it to be a third-world country, where the vast majority lived in poverty and obscurity, but it was after I visited the settlement of Nizamuddin in Delhi, and I have the good fortune of meeting the glamorous and beautiful young woman whose miraculous working shocked me to the core, then did my outlook in India change, and I began to hold the nation on high esteem.

Prior to that day, India meant nothing to me, but after that day of me seeing her for the first time, that country fascinated me fully, and earned my utmost respect because there emerged from its bloodline the greatness saint of the 21st century,

India was fortunate to rear a woman so valuable and pure! What a country it was to give from their earth, the bloodline of the greatest of the heavenly saints! Indeed, from the moment I set eyes on the young saintly woman, I found myself loving everything about Indians because she whom I adored and revered hailed from that seemingly unimportant country. But everything about this saintly maiden was remarkable and her private life was peculiarly worthy the attention of the people of this ancient and busy world, where literature and the frivolous arts grew up side by side with the coarser plants of daily necessity. She was unique from ordinary men and women in that she cared not for cheap arts and useless degrees but concerned herself with pleasing her God alone via long hours of fasts and prayers. Modernity told men that they must depend on society for their culture, and exclusively devote all their time and wealth acquiring it, but they did not know that success was not in the gold and silver, or withing the quickening rays of titled peerages or patronages, but on hours and seasons which were dedicated to learning about God, the Creator. Rather than snatching wealth and recognition from the purest of worldly interests, intelligent and public-spirited

individuals would have been perhaps wiser if they heeded the example of this pious woman who resided in Basti Nizamuddin, and devoted her waking hours in prayers. It was astonishing to see how people could completely give their own impress to surrounding objects and mortal beings rather than devote their entire mind and heart to the remembrance of the One God Who loved them, for this was one thing that this young woman was always busy in, and like a pure model of antiquity, she seemed to have interwoven the history of her life with the history of her parents' native town of Nizamuddin, and has made the foundations of her young and pure life in seeking God's love. Indeed, this humble residence and its every brick contained monuments of her virtues. Wherever I went in New Delhi, I perceived traces of her fairy footsteps in all that was elegant and spiritual. When she visited the neighbouring gardens and took walks among flower parks, she seemed to discover the tide of life flowing merely in the channels of traffic and she had diverted from it invigorating rills to refresh the garden of heaven. By her own example and constant exertions in prayers and other spiritual influences, she effected that union of religious and the intellectual pursuits, among those who came to know her and meet her, and with her soft and eloquent words, she practically proved how beautifully humans can live in the midst of communities. I was certain that God had sent saints like her to us to help us heal and to give us hope. She was brought to this town to harmonise everyone and allow them to benefit each other. The noble institutions for religious and spiritual purposes were familiar to her and it gave such a positive impulse to the public mind, that it had been effectively promoted without her preaching about it

She whose sinlessness could outshine all the sinners of the world, and she who was the concierge of the greatest Creator of the entire known and unknown universe, and she for whom the planets would stop and she to whom the heavens would speak and the rain seek permission before it fell, she was from this part of earth known to people as India. How lucky I considered myself to be able to see her at least once in my lifetime!

Oh, how could all the saints of the universe and their greatness combined be compared or even worthy of even a strand of her hair?

The great poet Rumi once said we should remember God so much that you are forgotten, and this is exactly what happened to the life of this maiden, who lived in silence and thrived in her obscurity, caring for nothing and no one except God. New Delhi was a land of hope and for me, it was a city of dreams, because it fulfilled my dream of meeting the greatest saint who ever lived upon earth. When I consider the rapidly increasing

opulence and magnitude of Basti Nizamuddin, I wonder how long the people here would deserve to have her in their midst in the town which promises to vie in commercial importance with the metropolis. But there was no doubt that with her presence in these neighbourhoods, she awakened an ambition of mental improvement among its inhabitants, and had affected a great benefit to all, including myself.

The miracles I witnessed firsthand was more than just astonishing. Had I not seen them with my own eyes, I would have doubted my very sanity. Centuries have come and gone but I was certain that this world had never seen anything akin to the miraculous events I witnessed and noted meticulously.

Indeed, travelling in her company was a lifechanging experience for me, and it left a profound emotion etched in my mind. My life had changed from that day on, and my outlook changed and fear shook me as I was forced out of my teenage world of the American fast life and forcefully woken to the power of the higher and hidden worlds.

My heart changed; I no longer could find any happiness in the things that had excited me before.

How could I ever be same after what I had witnessed in the course of two days?

Upon my return from India, I no longer felt at peace with this material world. My heart became as lonely as the stars of the unmoving universe.

My mind betrayed my heart and I had to fight to find an incentive to go in with monotonous life that I was trained to go through.

Oh, how useless did my education and degree appear to me from that day onwards?

How worthless human relationships appeared after that day!

How useless was this temporary world and all its false glamour!

How unimportant and distracting friends appeared then?

How could I go in living a normal life after what I had witnessed?

She changed my outlook on life itself.

My heart had gone with her to the other world, because I knew the powers she wielded were astronomical. She was ignorant of all the trickeries and falsities of this world, and was totally unaware of what spiritual powers she possessed and how her miraculous words, her gentle glance or whispers could cure the ailing elderlies instantly.

She who was worthy more than any angels God ever made lived a simple and obscure life, with no fan club to dote on her, and no one to mourn her after she was gone.

Compared to her supernatural miracles, how futile was this world, and what wastage did this life appear to me?

How could I find encouragement to go on living this lie, in this world of a few counted days, when only the hereafter was real and heaven had the power to give and take life?

This world from where we all must depart! But O, indeed, her life had only begun the day she left this universe, and departed from earth which was unworthy of her existence.

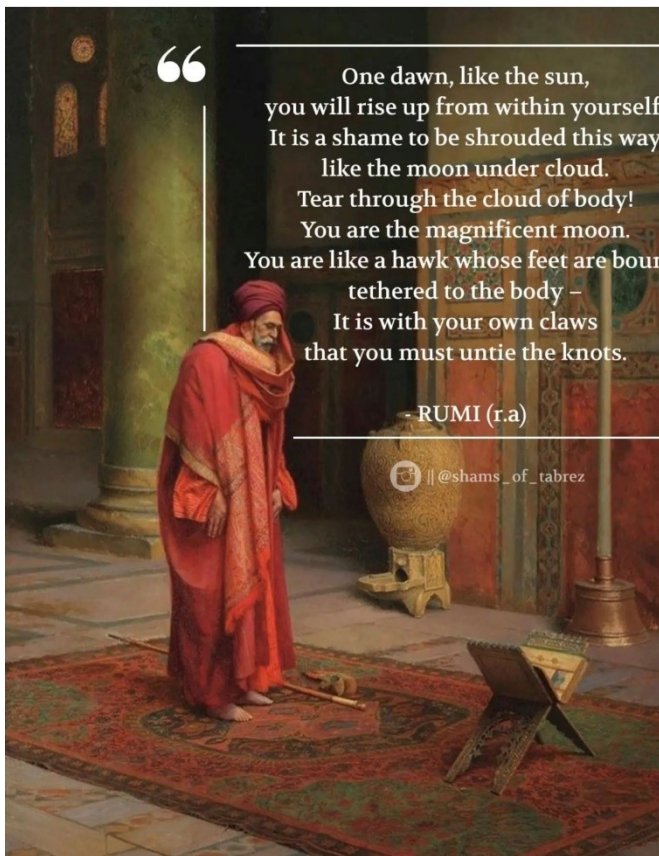
This young and beautiful woman was forced to move to an obscure country in India and braved elements by living in an unfamiliar humid clime, where the climate was at least partly determined by the environment into which Indians thrived, but there were no desert of Arabia here not were there present the steppes of Asia; nor could she enjoy the open space and clear horizons at this end of the world, but had to endure surviving in a country far away from her birthplace, where culture and clime was the polar opposite of the civilised world of cities and cultivated fields and the man-made antheap.

She was a miraculous woman, whose moral and spiritual levels increased each day, and some would say that this type of nature consisted of an equilibrium between the qualities of the meditative and the merciful, as she manifested both a holy poverty and sanctified chastity in her daily rituals, as no morsel of food would pass into her mouth without a needy person partaking from it, such was her compassion for others. She may not have been Arab, but was partially Arabized by her childhood upbringings, to the point that she incarnated all the generous virtues one could ever imagine, compensating for the perfume of loneliness with that of love. Such natural piety imbued from her personal that one would imagine that symbiosis of love and life within the framework of piety constituted all that is essential in her feminine nobility.

Indeed, it was these angelic traits in her character which has given her the greatest interest in my eyes, and induced me particularly to point her out to my countrymen. Saints are unique in their piety, and while they worship God in solitude, their private history presents many lessons to the world, and offers a sample persevering despite human frailty and inconsistency. Pious men and women who hide away from the bustle and commonplace of busy existence in order to indulge in the selflessness of prayers and prose, revel in the scenes of spiritual but exclusive enjoyment. This saintly maiden claimed none of the accorded privileges of talent. Her only concern was the well-being of her fellow man, and to see one in distress caused her such pain that she became speechless with anguish if someone even whimpered in her presence. She had shut herself up in no garden of thought, nor remained hidden in any Elysium of fancy; but has gone forth into the highways of heaven and thoroughfares of life, and tried to better her life by observing religious laws and maintaining her chastity, while also serving Earth and her inhabitants, and so, in her spare time, she has planted trees by the wayside to better the environment and for the refreshment of the pilgrim and the sojourner, she personally opened pure fountains of spring water, where the labouring men and women could turn aside from the dust and heat of the day, and drink of the living streams of purity, piety, and spiritual knowledge. From my brief meeting with this pious maiden, I noticed that there was a daily beauty in her life, on which mankind may forever meditate, and seek to emulate and even grow better. It exhibited no lofty or useless manners, but glimmered with a power that was unseen but could be felt, because she and her miracles were inimitable, but her every action were an example of excellence. Everything in her life presented a picture of spiritual, yet simple and imitable virtues, which were potentially within every man's reach, but which, unfortunately, may never be exercised by many, because had more people emulated her pious and chaste ways, then this world would be a paradise.

Yet, she was not royal or regent and lived not in palatial estates but resided in the humble settlement of Nizamuddin. Basti Nizamuddin was the only place I knew of in the world where one could find so many important monuments of so many different periods in such close proximity, from the per-Renaissance period to the years 1290 to the Moghul glories up to 1857. But what made this small locale so precious to me was the presence of the young woman whose legendary piety and miracles astounded even the most stoic cynic. She lived in the India, amidst the vibrant, lively neighbourhoods of Nizamuddin, one of the few places in Delhi where the street markets remained open until the early-morning hours. During

my brief stay in Delhi, I took the liberty of patrolling the richly decorated spacious roads, and notices that even late at night, there were hundreds of cars parked out on Mathura Road, and cheerful Indians bustled inside the Basti standing in front of food and kebab stalls at the bazaar. Twice, I was famished and together with my siblings, I went there for a late-night snack.



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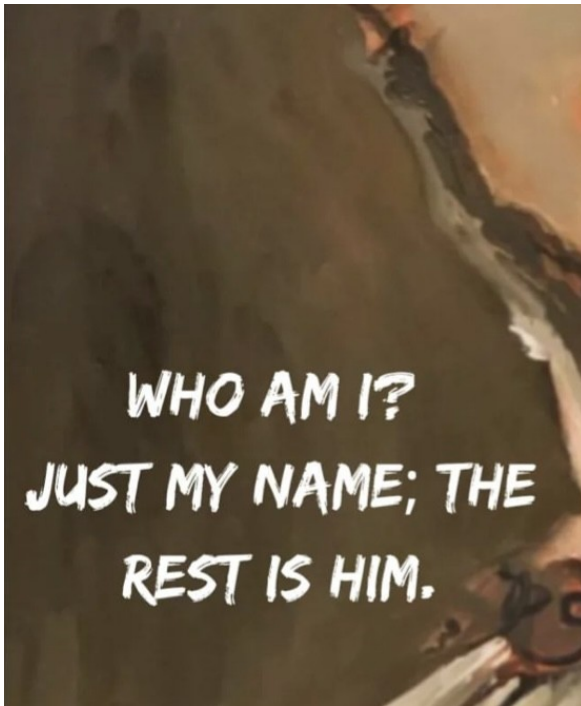
One dawn, like the sun,
you will rise up from within yourself
It is a shame to be shrouded this way
like the moon under cloud.
Tear through the cloud of body!
You are the magnificent moon.
You are like a hawk whose feet are bound
tethered to the body –
It is with your own claws
that you must untie the knots.

- RUMI (r.a)

|| @shams_of_tabrez

THE ROYAL CROWN

May this my prayer aid mankind
The path of right and worth to find;
The living God, His wondrous ways,
Herein inspire my song of praise.
Nor is the theme at undue length set down,
Of all my hymns behold God's Royal Crown.
- SOLOMON GABIROL



Were saints even real?

This was something I had wondered myself.

Yes, there were saints amongst us, beloveds of God the Almighty, Maker of all we see and can never see! O, 'tis was true and real. God did indeed bestow some gifts of power and miracles upon humanity in the forms of saints who knew no crime or coercion and lived selflessly only to ensure that no disaster befell humankind.

Yes, they were covertly hidden amongst us, simple people who were visibly poor, underweight and unimpressive, but so pure were their hearts that the power of all the universe threw

themselves at their feet and with a mere wish or prayer, they could move all the heavens and cure all sicknesses, and control the very course of the worlds, because God was their friend, their beloved, their guardian and their very own and due to this connection with the Creator God, when they entered the world, they got control of that universe of God.

No one looked at them twice or paid any attention to them, yet they existed and walked and breathed amongst us and so long as they would have lived, no calamity, no disease or natural or unnatural disaster would dare befall the universe for they would be afraid of the saint's pain and hesitate to cause the holy ones any anguish. Indeed, this saintly maiden I knew was remarkable in her love and generosity, and I knew her prayers could evaporate disasters, causing all their might and power to melt away, as no mortal suffering could last next to a silent prayer of a true lover of God. I knew she was a true saint, and I also knew that with her death, the world would never be the same again. My heart shocked me in ways it never did before, and I was awakened to a new reality. Personally, before I met her, I believed in God but now, I knew Who God was, because I believed in her and she showed me what God really was. It was through her that I would realize that God was nothing but Love and only those who loved him most strongly and purely would find Him and from the rest of us, He hid away the mysteries of the creation.

God loved those saints too much to not listen to their inmost prayers. Why would God need our unworthy polluted love or thoughts when He had such pure saintly hearts to call on Him and speak with him night and day?!

How could I find any worthy ambition in life when life itself appeared false and fake and fleeting and all the humans and their obsession with other humans seemed utterly futile to me, while through her piety, I found purity and within her, there were stars of heavens, that had reached above the horizon of the skies.

How could I find myself respecting any ordinary woman who dressed up in extravagant layers or wore heavy makeup when she, the saintly woman in India, became my standard of beauty, piety and self-respect and honour.

How could I ever be impressed by any other man after seeing her? It was impossible, for I simply did not believe there was

any mortal on this planet who was more pious and chaste than this saintly young woman.

Humans and their mundane and temporary ambitions became worthless to me because my heart had been singed by awe and had become struck by the greatness of a power that made me weep whenever I was alone, as I couldn't forget her and I couldn't forget about her God.

Often, the young woman and her sisters assembled at the famous garden of Delhi in the evening and contemplated about the future of this nation. On her way to her house, her steps faltered and she pondered as to what was strict arguments she going to meet at her home, and upon reaching home, she ate sparingly at the insistence of her mother, but in the worried state of her mind, she could not decide about her future and, waiting for the evening, retired to her room, casting a gloomy eye at every corner of the house, fearing that she might have to leave it when her father decides to dispatch her into the institution of matrimony. She was terrified of the idea of marriage but ignoring her fears, she uttered a thousand of thanks to Him Who has granted her the wealth of truth, chastity and piety, and she knew that nothing could be greater than it. Thousands of such houses may be sacrificed for the boon of faith, and so saying, she fell down to prostrate and thank the Almighty God for blessing her with religious spirituality.

Before I met her, I thought I knew all there was to know about God, because religion and liturgical knowledge was not alien to me, but God was only in the abstract on my mind before I got to know her, and after becoming acquainted with this saintly character, God became a reality; my only reality. God was the eternity in the endlessness of time and space, for what were they but a creation of God and in control of his beloved saints like this young woman?

It was astonishing to see how she endured the vicissitudes of time and experience, but I assumed it was due to her calm character, that was fortified by a quality of stillness and of timelessness which was undoubtedly at the heart of her faith.

She lived in a monolithic and pure world, where everything around her moved and changed, but she remained rooted in silence and serenity.

Say, how a human being can go on living when the secrets of the universe were unveiled to them in such a severe way?

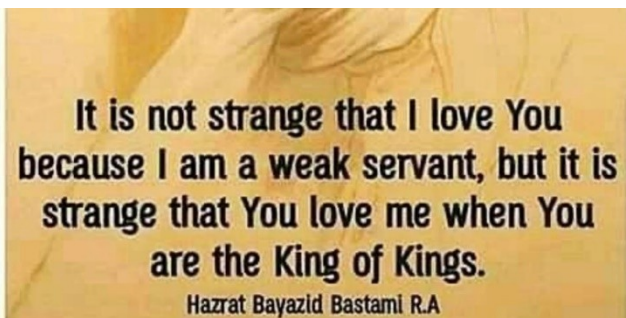
She became my role model and attaining her nobility was my only ambition and in vain, I looked for a soul in this universe

that would have been a worthy replacement to her, but the search was futile. To find this elegant saint of Nizamuddin Settlement mingling among the busy lines of traffic was a rare occurrence, but she occasionally ventured outdoors to assist some poor family on their errands, and this made me realise that she had the highest claims to global admiration.

Sinless souls- it seems they come to our sinful world once in a millennium, and they bless us with their presence for a painfully short while and then they leave our unworthy dwelling and return to heavens where they had belonged all along. Such has been the case with this saintly maiden, who was born in a place deep inside a desert oasis, and lived in an area which was ungenial to the growth of spiritual talent, but was centred around a market-place of trade, but despite her parent's affluence, she lived without fortune, and kept aloof from most family connections, and dismissed all patronage, whether new or old. She lived a simple life, where her life was self-prompted, self-sustained, and all her pious ways were self-taught, whereby she was able to conquer every obstacle, and achieve her way to heavenly eminence.

Like a child of the moon, she glowed with grace when she walked alone, and I wished there would be thousands who sought to visit her and receive blessings from her, and witness her miracles, but she was eternally entangled by the strings of fate, and with a soul that was hewn to the heavens, she died before we could appreciate her properly. It is interesting to notice how some minds were created with complete compassion, and they were always springing up to assist others at every disadvantage, and working their solitary spiritual ways through a thousand obstacles. Such were the beauty of a saint's characteristic, who cared for neither praise nor property, and nature was not always kind to them, and life seemed to delight in disappointing the assiduities of these saints, and most people did not appreciate the glory in their vigour and luxuriance of their perfect behaviour. This saintly woman was more than generous and kind, but she bestowed geniality upon others as well, scattering the seeds of love to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some be trapped by the thorns of early adversity, yet some vestiges of her loving prayers will occasionally strike root in the clefts of cavers and rocks, rising up to newer sunshine, and spread over their sterile birthplace all the beauties of vegetation. I knew this because this was the remarkable characteristic of God's chosen saints, who lived but for others. Few among the people of India knew her, and ever fewer was aware of how pious she was, but she was still one of the rarest ornaments of this nation, and her piousness had turned the

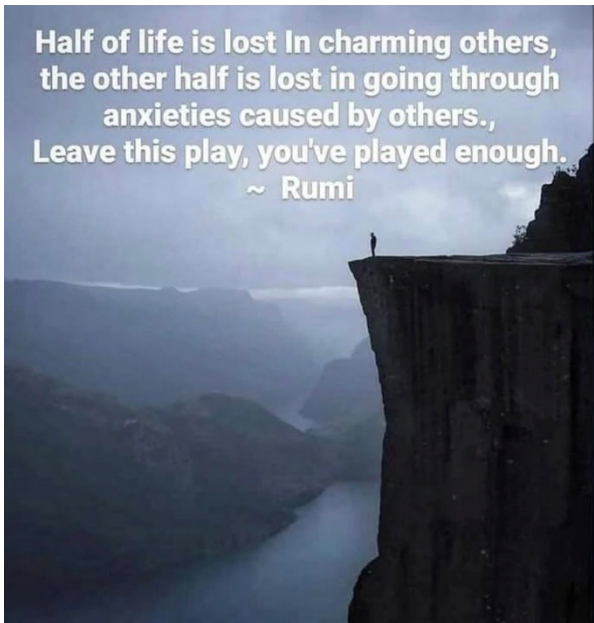
whole force of her piety and influence to advance and embellish her parent's native town.



GOD OF LIGHT:

O Thou Maker of every particle,
Thy shining semblance is unsearchable.
O let my craving to my own soul return
To find the wealth divine for which I yearn.
For Wisdom's house is as of sapphires build-ed,
Her pavement as with gold of Ophir gilded.
Within the body is her hidden lair,
Like a young lion she is couchant there.
She is my bliss and joy in lamentation,
She is my thinking cap of meditation.
What man dare all her beauty's praises sum,
Or be to her perfections wholly dumb?
Answer her swiftly, God of grace above,
For she is sick with longing for Thy love.
Gently, dear knowledge, sip salvation's water,
For thou, most dazzling maiden, art my daughter.

- SOLOMON GABIROL



My Heroine, My Star, My Saint:

Every teenager doted a star, and some adored singers while others worshiped basketball players, and some deified anorexic models who strutted on runways and displayed glittering costumes, and while my fiends cut out pictures of their celebrities and their idols, how could I explain to my peers any raw data about the specification of my heroine who had no picture in the world, despite being born and bred in the 21st century? She smiled softly, as though she was an angel who descended from celestial heights. Her eyes, alight with the glow of a thousand sunsets, met mine with an intensity that spoke

of an ancient piety, reborn anew in this tropical tableau. I was overwhelmed with gratitude and admiration as she offered some soft words, for never before had anyone spoken with such kindness in my presence. I was only nine years old, so when the adults were discussing social events and political upheavals after the evening meal, I ventured freely about the garden, and only returned much later to join everyone for desserts, when I saw this pious young woman standing beside my mother, deep in conversation as she studied a wall sized map of the world, and seemed to be trying and memorising the names of some obscure cities and islands. When I expressed my surprise, her aunt who was there with us explained that ever since the age of thirteen, this young and fair maiden regularly took brief geography lesson from her and learned the name of each country in the world, and for the entirety of a night, she would remain awake and invoke God's love and mercy to save the people of that particular nation, and this would continue night after night, as she spent her waking hours praying for the well-being of her fellow humans on earth. With a gaze that could pierce through the cold, she saw everyone as her blood brother and sister, and noticed not the scars that mar our visage but the beauty of every human's enduring soul, eternally intertwined with one another, in a family of humanity.

That evening, I noticed her absence from the dinner table, and I roamed about her residence, wondering if I would find her in the flower garden, when a strained but suppressed sob echoed in my ears, and I rushed to the source of the noise, and found this saintly woman standing and weeping, clearly engrossed in prayers, as was her habit. I went nearer and heard that she was reading some passages from the Moslem holy book. She recited the following verse of the Koran the whole night: "If Thou punish them, lo! they are Thy slaves, and if Thou forgive them, Lo! Thou, only Thou, art Great, the Wise."

I then realised that she was alluding to the fact that once all of mankind died and perished, and humanity shall stand before God and knock on His door, and the sinners be separated to distinguish themselves, in that harrowing hour, only the mercy and love of the God Who is so Great will suffice humans for their salvation, and, so this young and fair woman, who was desperate for her fellow man to be saved from the severe and nerve-chilling events of the hereafter, prayed all day and night, beseeching God to shower mercy on the sinners of the human race, so they, together with the pious and holy people could benefit from the blessings they receive, and the sinners who will be separated from the rest may too be forgiven. Meeting this saintly young woman made me understand the futility of earthly endeavours, as her power lay not in degrees and numbers, but in prayers and piety. Everything she did was for

God alone, and everything in her life was dictated by love only, and like the sunshine striking a teardrop gives us the seven colours of the rainbow, it is obvious that the seven colours are all one blessed light. She was a holy woman who knew that God created, governed, judged, pitied, redeemed, and saved man, and love was the root of all. It was love that created this wonderous universe, to which science can set no bounds. It was love that created angels, and saints like herself who lived only for the goodness of others, and remained engrossed in earful prayers each night, hoping sinners of this planet would be delivered from chains of darkness into light. It was love that created this human brotherhood, so many of whom have rebelled and gone astray. This rebellion was permitted because God was a deity of Love and his saints who were sent on earth also embodied this unconditional love for fellow creatures. This pious woman prayed so that the Most Merciful God with His Grace who kept those pious souls under His shadow, would also protect sinners and from the great trials of the eternal judgment day.

When I saw her again the following morning, her eyes were still glazed with tears, but she greeted us warmly. During or evening walks around the garden, she was gracious enough to accompany us, and named a few flowers. Indeed, she moved like a fairy, for even as she tread, the wind seemed to draw closer, and the world around her dissolved into an ethereal mist, leaving nothing but the warmth of her light breath mingling in the air, a visible testament to her whispered prayers of eternal devotion and tears.

This young and fair woman lived in such austerity that even her food was plain and her clothes were unadorned. But her face glowed like a thousand suns and the moon would have shied away from her presence were she to beam upon them once. No, I could not adore any other stars like singers and actors, for she was the only star in this universe, and the solitary star of hope and love. She was a young girl, barely eighteen, and yet, she faced the most inexorable fears as her father discussed her marriage with potential suitors. She beseeched them to let her live her life with chastity and purity, but her ailing father was afraid that he could not protect her forever, as he sought out eligible and pious young men to marry his daughter. Every day, the young woman wept in despair, and when evening came, the anxious young woman would remain awake, waiting in fright, and strolling into the garden of Delhi where bystanders would remark that they noticed there was great sorrow on her face.

Her parents were terribly influenced by the media which unjustly blamed religion for every violent episode that took place in the world. They thought being religious was dangerous

and so, they violently tried to pressure her into agreeing to a marriage which she did not desire. If only the media was fair and not so cruel, as to accuse all religious persons of being mad, then perhaps her parents would have been more understanding and compassionate to her.

My heroine was no ordinary woman, yet she lived in silence and obscurity, with not an image existing in the whole world. In a digital platform, where every man, woman and child snapped repeated selfies each hour, she never took one picture, either of herself nor of anyone else around her for she did not feel it justified to paint images of God's creation. She who was worth more to God than all the stars of heavens and the planets, and she who was more sinless than a newborn child, and she who contained within her the power of the universe and could move the world's waves with a single utterance of a wish unspoken, she did not have her images captured of her silhouette painted, nor did she speak or laugh. She who was the most powerful of those who claim to have power and yet not a picture did she have of herself in the world, nor did anyone even know her name properly and hence, unknown she came to the world and unfamous she left. My heart even now trembles with awe when I think of her unmatched legacy, and yet, no record of her greatness exists anywhere, and the mere fact that she existed in our planet is not recorded, as not a fan had she, and not a friend, and not a mourner had she left behind, and not a cent or pence had she owned in the life of this earth. What a saint she was that when she died, not a lover had she to love her. In fact, no man ever saw her face or heard her voice or smelled the fragrance of her soul or even saw the shadow of her pious figure!

She was more unknown and insecure than an orphan child living in the jungles.

She was unique. In her eyes, I beheld a cosmic legacy and saw galaxies swirl and twine.

She was a legend.

Unknown to man, but known to God.

Amidst the rugged visage of the city settlement, her neighbourhood appeared like a landscape of silent strength, a guardian of our little world and its endless whispers.

When I put forth my request, and explained the grave illness which had afflicted the elderly women, the saintly maiden nodded, her eyes watering slightly. Grief clouded her vision, as

sadness was manifest in every line of her face. Her gaze held the quiet intensity of a storm about to break. I knew the suffering of fellow man broke her heart, and her sadness alone was powerful enough to cure the ailment of any one, no matter how ill they were, for when she prayed earnestly to her God, and shed bitter tears for the salvation of others, God above His Throne could not refuse her, and granted her wishes. I felt it imprudent to request prayers from her directly, but whenever I mentioned someone who was ill or suffering, I took care to speak of it audibly in her presence, making sure she heard the news, so that in her heart, she would pray for the particular ill to be removed, and thus far, I have not been disappointed, for every time I mentioned that someone was gravely ill, or some child was overwhelmed by a terminal illness, within a day or two, news would arrive that the sick person was cured. I knew she was a miraculous woman, but I also realised that she herself had no clue how valuable her presence was to us in the world.

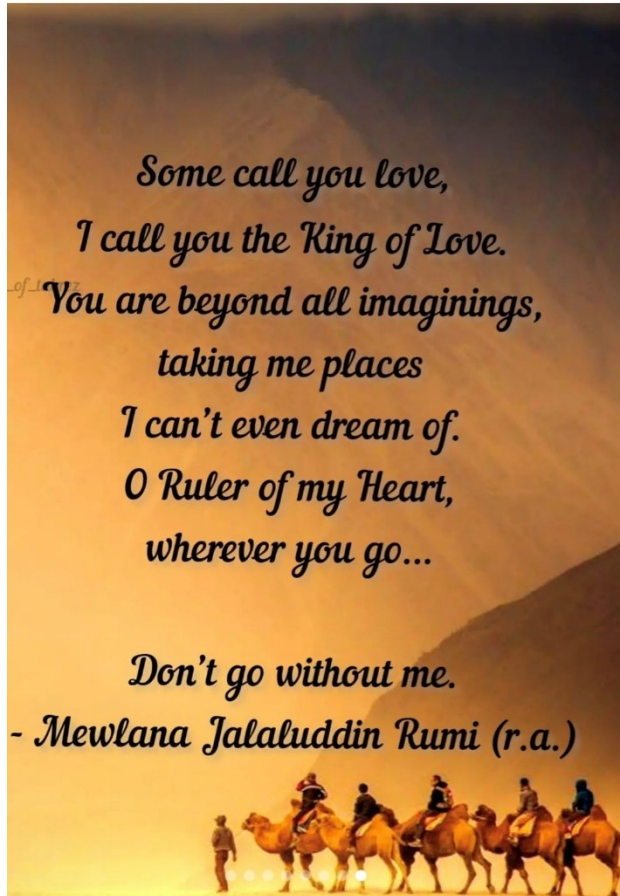
How fascinating was it to be unknown to the world but known to their Maker? The saintly young woman lived in the medieval historic neighbourhood known as Nizamuddin Basti, or Nizamuddin settlement. This was one of the busiest but purest areas in the Indian city of Delhi, and although Nizamuddin Basti was generally an overcrowded maze of narrow streets, the road upon which her house was situated was remarkably clean and peaceful.

As an American teenager, city life in India did not remotely appeal to me, as I was easily perturbed by the horrible congestion of traffic in Delhi, but somehow, the settlement in Nizamuddin seemed to have glimmered with a miraculous aura of safety and salvation, and I ascribed these unexplainable feelings to be a miracle caused by the presence of the young woman whose reputation for purity and piety preceded her.

For many years, I lived cherishing those small memories which I treasured during my brief stay in India, where I was privileged to spend several quality days journeying with her in the countryside.

Both her family and my parents were present in the extended vacation, but few amongst them cared to notice her utterly unique piety and incessant prayers, but I took the time to observe her every silent word and gesture, and record them in my journal, and in this vacation, I learned more about the universe than all the textbooks of history combined, for I saw

how elderly patients suffering from retrograde amnesia suddenly speaking to her in plain and coherent phrases, recollecting every small events from their past, although the young saintly woman had no knowledge about their mental condition, but had merely put forth an innocent and simple question about their lives and families.

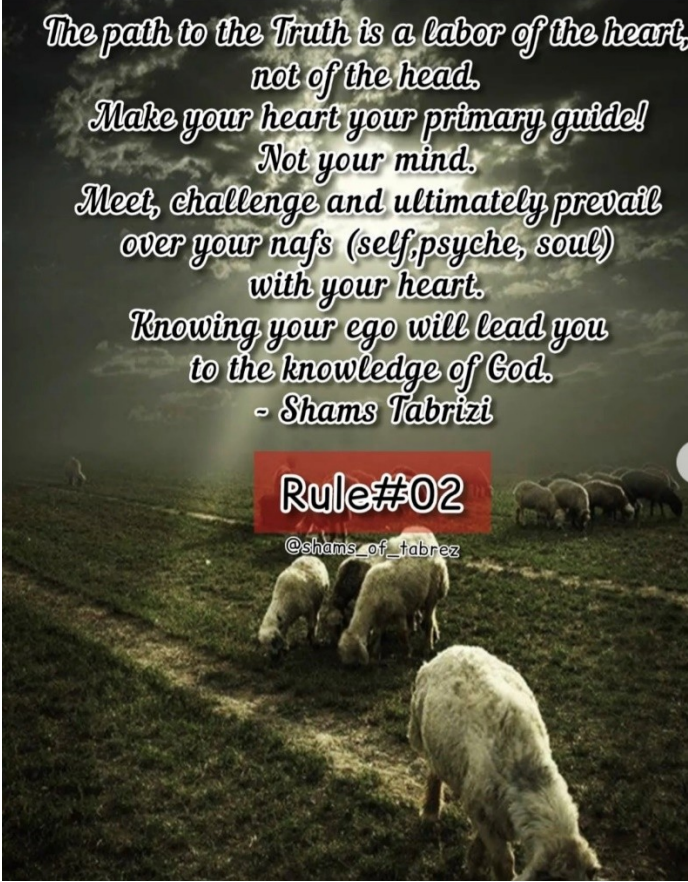


GOD'S CROWN:

I.

**Wonderful are thy works, as my soul
overwhelmingly knoweth.**

**Thine, O Lord, are the greatness, the Might, and
eternal breath,
Thine the beauty, the triumph, and all splendour,
To Thee all praises and every immortal honour!
Thine, O Lord, is the Kingdom, and Thou art
exalted over all.
Thine are all riches and honour: We heed Thy call!
Thine the creatures of heights, depths, youngest
or oldest,
They bear witness that they perish, while Thou
endurest.
Thine is the might in whose mystery we discuss-
Our thoughts find no stay, so far art Thou beyond
us.
In Thee are veiled retreats of power and
validation,
In Thee are the secrets and their foundation.
Thine is the name concealed from the taught,
The force that sustaineth the world on naught,
And that can bring to light every hidden thing,
For Thou, O Lord, art God and King!
- SOLOMON GABIROL**



*The path to the Truth is a labor of the heart,
not of the head.
Make your heart your primary guide!
Not your mind.
Meet, challenge and ultimately prevail
over your nafs (self,psyche, soul)
with your heart.
Knowing your ego will lead you
to the knowledge of God.
- Shams Tabrizi*

Rule#02

@shams_of_fabrez

God and His Love:

God was great and He had many secrets, and among those clandestine ones, there were scores of saints upon earth, like this young pious woman, who worshiped God fervently day and night. Indeed, I wondered why would God ever seek or need our unworthy love when He had lovers amongst His creation as devout as her? They say that the companionship of things affects those who stayed near it, for those who deal with sewerage materials or clean the drains for a living get affected and eventually their body starts smelling of it, but the opposite was also true, that in the companionship of the angelic hearts, one's heart became purified by their purity and simplicity and the world and all its hate and greed and anger and vindictive obsession feels false and worthless and the human heart within can wake up like the dead who was given a new life.

Upon returning from this remarkable journey, I kept reminiscing about every aspect of this vacation, and I wept all the way back; not only for her loss, but because I lamented the loss of my old self. I was a changed human being now, and never could I find any more pleasure in this life of lies and this world of temporary deceits where grown-ups quarrelled, loved, hated and lived like children and indulging in make-believe and playing, thinking their play and theatre shows are real.

How could my soul ever be the same after what I witnessed, and thus, my heart felt so anxious that I feared for its anguish and wildness because it longed for something I did not even know about.

My life had become false before I even started living it, as my purpose tangled and my vision clouded by the tears that sprung from my heart's core and burst away the night sky that tried to calm me. I gazed into the sky, hoping to get lost in the maze of stars that shone above. Indeed, those minuscule orbs glowing so far away, but unmoving, they witnessed the changes of civilisation and clime, and they have seen empires rise and fall, and they have seen thousands of mighty kings perish and become dust, and now, the stars winked knowingly, reassuring the humans of today, that we too shall all perish into dust, like our ancestors, and all that will matter then is how pious and pure one had been, and I had no doubt that in the land of the dead, this saintly woman in India would reign supreme, for none on earth could match her grace and excellence.

I learned the true purpose of life after going on this journey with this saintly woman, for beside her, no earthly worries and mortal gain made any difference. Every joy in this world seemed fleeting and every success so trivial that I ceased to see the significance of jobs and degrees.

How could a human go on living when life itself appears so false?

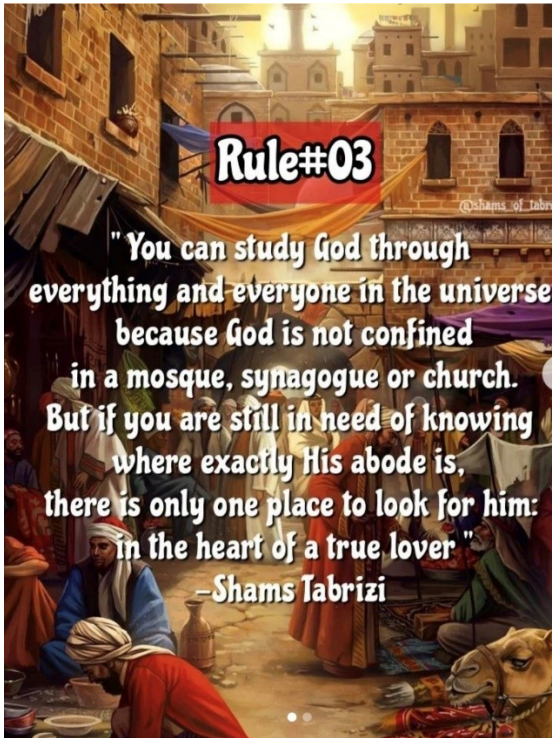
How childish did the world appear to me and none but the most short-sighted of children could be impressed by it and want to keep living in its lie...

I wept, not because of her but for myself, grieving for my past life and for the conceivable future which had transformed magnanimously the moment I saw her, and my days shifted from sordid reality to a theatre play in one moment. It was her intense compassion and affection, and her regal ways and delicate manner which emphasised her unparalleled beauty, and made her appear like an unreal phantom fairy from heaven, and compared to her companionship, every other life endeavour seemed worthless, and earthly wealth and unhealthy fine food or ordinary relationships of humans all appeared so false and so worthless that humans made lesser sense to me than children, that only those who knew the shortness of life and the lies of the world and its falseness and fakeness or its brief duration and its changing feelings could ever mature enough to gain maturity and all the rest were but children who could not care for others because they were broken children who believed in unnatural fairytales and were besotted with fairytale love stories knowing very well it is so false, yet they cannot help but live for it and find excitement in it and fight for it and die believing in those lies. But with this beautiful saintly young woman, life was real and earnest, and I could tell that lived for the eternal existence and cared not for the amenities of this world. She manifested the transcendent reality beside which every other light was dimmed and in her pious presence, one could discern between the realities of the world and of shallow human experience.

It was a common trait for young and ambitious humans to become besotted with material gains, and it was therefore easy to ignore facts and lose ourselves in dreams, contrary to the example of the common canaille, this angelic young woman, who was a realist in every possible sense, in her realism, she was merciful and serene, and no vexations could make her astounded or disillusioned from her intense devotion to her God. I doubly admired her spirit of serenity which she habitually observed, both in public and in her private worship. I don't think I would ever meet anyone like her. I observed her diligently when I visited India, and saw that as per daily routine, the young pious woman walked slowly and gracefully along the wide and bright road of Delhi's Nizamuddin Basti neighbourhood where her family resided in a perfectly furnished house with a manicured garden. I had the honour of joining her family for a communal dinner, and noticed that

often, she took her walks alone. She traipsed gracefully towards her home and the day I was there, as usual, her pace was doubly thoughtful and dignified, and upon arriving at her doorstep, she headed to her room and seemed to be absorbed in some sober thoughts. The many inexorable events around her town vexed her often, as she tried to reconcile with the varied sorrow and grief that afflicted those around her, although she was herself only in her teens.

Aloof from human trepidations, her mind was a sea of serenity, as she was incapable of thinking or obsessing over anyone or anything. All she desired was God's love and compassion, and all she sought was mercy from God for the inhabitants of this planet. Soon, she reached her preened house, where her maidservant was waiting for her at the door and greeted her. Flashing one of her usual slow and bashful smiles, the young woman wordlessly thanked her maid and entered her room, her eyes shut from unexplained worries. Sinking into a plain chair, she began to read the Holy Scripture which she had memorised at a young age, hoping to distract the turbulent thoughts that swirled in the recess of her mind, but she could not calm her aching heart. The maids and servants of her home were busy preparing the evening meal, and when she did not show up at the central dining hall, her personal maidservant laid the dinner table and summoned her, but as she was so absorbed in her private sorrow that she could not respond. The young woman could not find any reprieve to her deep fears and griefs, which became more peaceful as she went on reading. When her mind was tired, the young woman reclined on the hard seat and put away the book. There were oceans of sorrow in her grief-laden heart. She was living in modern mechanical world where only material gains were valued and physical prowess was treasured, and little did most people care about whether a young woman in her late teens was absorbed in her daily devotions and persistent prayers, supplications and meditations on God and His love. These saints were the most perfect epitome of the dignity and integrity of the human creature as God issued from His hand of God



Rule#03

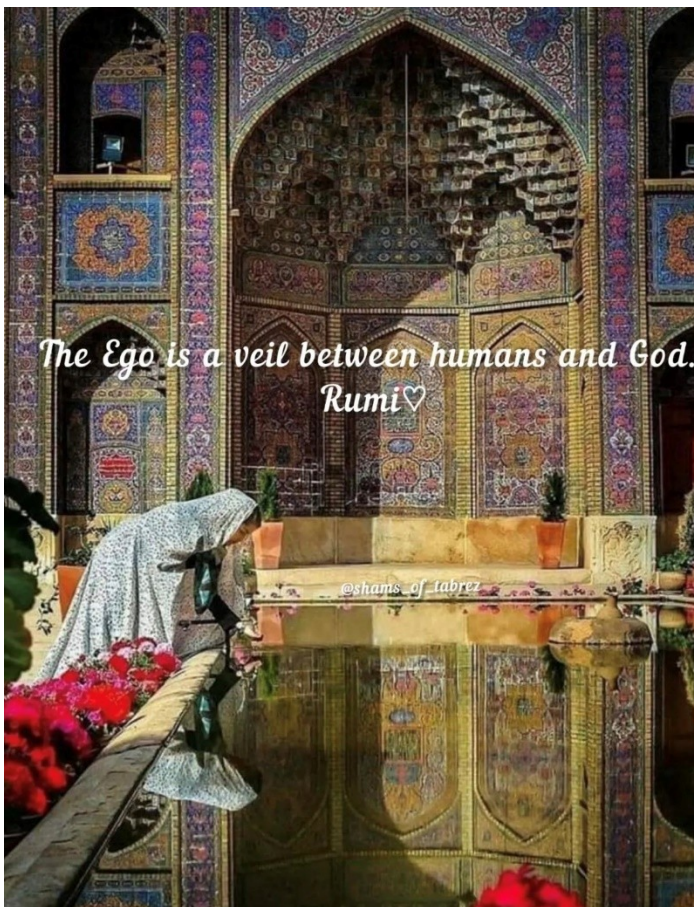
**" You can study God through
everything and everyone in the universe,
because God is not confined
in a mosque, synagogue or church.
But if you are still in heed of knowing
where exactly His abode is,
there is only one place to look for him:
in the heart of a true lover "**

-Shams Tabrizi

LOVING GOD:

**Thine is the loving-kindness and features,
That ruleth over all Thy creatures,
And the good treasured up for those who fear
Thee.
Thine are the mysteries amidst that eternity,
That transcend understanding and reason,
That overpowers all mortal season.
Thine is the life over which extinction holdeth no
sway,
Thy throne is exalted above all sovereignty every
day,
And Thy habitation hidden in the shrouded height,
As the universe is sustained in Thy generous
Light.
Thine is the existence from the shadow unabated,**

Of whose light every being was cleverly created,
Of which we say, in His shadow we live,
For ours is a God who loves to give!
Thine are the two worlds, like boundless sea,
Between which Thou hast set a boundary,
The first for deeds; the second for award,
In which man shall reap his final reward.
Thine is the reward which Thou hast given,
For the righteous hast stored up and hidden,
Yea, Thou sawest, and deemedit fit:
It was goodly and didst hide it.
- SOLOMON GABIROL



A Saintly Creature:

Ah, the saints of God! They walk amongst us, unknown, unheard and unseen, never in focus, never in sight, almost invisible, and unimpressive, forgotten and easily overlooked. Yet, these were the pillars of the world that kept the heavens from failing, and kept the skies holding the universe up high and ensured the earth was pegged to the ground. Every fibre of her body was holding fast to the human norm, as she set her unearthly face toward the religion of God in uprightness.

She was such a gentle creature, that although I remember her words, but cannot recall her voice. I remember her beauty but not her face and I remember her eyes but never the colour or the shape of her iris, and upon becoming older, when I got desperate to recall any compact memory of her being, I sat with multiple sketch artists but in vain could I even recall a feature of her holy face and figure. When I first met her in her hometown, I was so elated with this opportunity, that I remembered every small details of the memorable journey to India. Indeed, I even recall how our cruise ship neared the shore, and slowly the city rose up against the distance, sharpening all its magnificent outlines, and filling in all its exquisite details with such perfection that one would imagine it was a dream in a dream. Despite the early hours, the mists of sleep broke away, and I noticed that the air grew closer and warmer, as though the air was the very breath of the tropical toil-worn land. I was excited beyond words, for I knew that soon, I would come face to face with the most pious and chaste woman in the world, whose miracles were so unique that never before in this modern era had mankind witnessed such.

The cruise ship made her way up through the shipping, seeking her landing against the wharf. The passengers quickly dispersed themselves upon shore, but I moved slowly, taking in the breathtaking beauty and scenery with my eyes, recording every detail in my mind.

However, when I first met the coveted saintly woman, I was in awe of her glamour, poise and charm and yet, I couldn't remember anything of her. Yet, once someone saw her, they

never could forget her. She had become my obsession, my inspiration and my aspiration.

I was only nine when I met her, of everything else I seem to only remember her hair vividly as it was light in colour. I remember this detail because in my childish interest, I had tugged gently at a part of her long hair from under her veil and inspected it and later went home to curl my hair as the end of her hair appeared wavy while the majority was straight and I bleached my hair with laundry bleach, because her hair was light and I wanted my hair to look like hers. Every strand of her hair consisted of such magical colours that I could not cease to be astonished, as a part was golden and another part light gold and yet another part almost golden brown. This fascinated me for many years, until I too entered into my late teens, but even before I was old enough to play hairdresser, I remember heating a spoon in the stove fire and curling the edge of my hair around the hot spoon, holding it for ten seconds before letting it go in my desperate inclination to have a little wave in my hair like hers, earning a severe scolding from my mother who was horrified to see me destroy my hair in my desperation.

She never tried to seize the attention or bring focus on herself but her sight, her prayers, her face and her figure, would transport you from this life and this world and go beyond worldly things and earthly life.

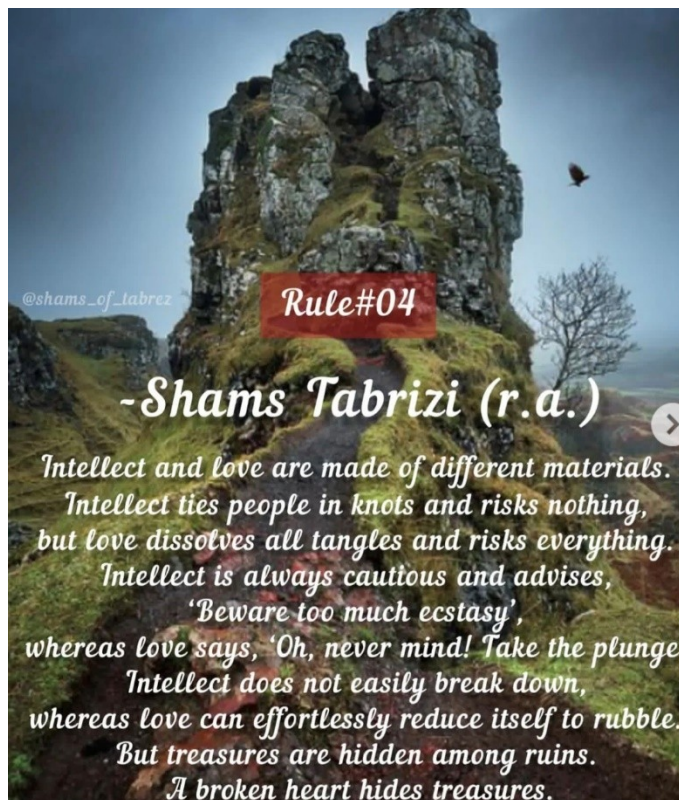
It is said that people carry energy with them and their actions and deeds emit energy of good or evil which they carry around with them. This much I found to be true, for the saintly woman who lived in Nizamuddin settlement of India carried an aura with her akin to a light, a blessing which even a child could feel.

I was so overwhelmed with joy when I first got the opportunity to go on a family vacation with this saint and her family, that I never imagined that anything untoward could happen to us in this cross-national trip.

For fifteen days, my family and the saintly young woman's family rented a luxury coach and we toured ancient historical places in India, staying occasionally in one local hotel or motel for two or three days.

It was in one of the many stops when we all rested in a remote town for three days, and aside from an ancient cemetery, the area was barren, and devoid of vegetation and habitat. But it was a scenic town and we all enjoyed taking slow strolls around the grassy hills, until it was time to leave.

On the evening of the third day, we all boarded our bus and prepared to leave. It was late and I was tired, and soon, most of the people on the bus dozed off.



GOD IS ONE:

II.

**Thou art One, the first of every number,
And the foundation of every structure,
Thou art One, free from every blunder,
And greater than might and measure!
And at the mystery of Thy One-ness,
The wise of heart are struck dumb,
The measure of Thy kindness,**

**Has no equivalent human sum!
For they know not what it is.
Thou art One, and Thy Oneness can neither be
increased nor lessened,
It lacked naught, nor doth aught remain over
leavened.
Thou art One, but not like a unit to be grasped or
counted,
For number and change cannot to Thee
compounded.
Thou art not to be visioned, nor to be figured thus
or thus.
Thou art One, greater than words crafted by us,
And to put to Thee bound or circumference, my
imagination would fail me.
Therefore, I have said I will guard my ways lest I
sin with dexterity!
- SOLOMON GABIROL**



When the Dead men Awoke:

Dead people? Thousands of them! I could not believe it! It could not be real.

But I also knew this was no dream.

It was sheer terror that surrounded my thoughts as a fear that almost stopped my heart increased by the moment, and I opened my mouth and screamed, but no sound came out. I wanted to cry but only ended up choking on my tears and still no sound could emanate from my mouth. I feared I had lost my voice and was no longer able to control my mind or body. Thousands of slow-moving figures rose up from their dusty ashes and prowled around the ground like blind men, and then saw the travelling coach we were sitting in, and then the frenzy began. One by one, they began to wail and shout, all resounding one request, that we leave the young saintly maiden behind. I did not understand what was going on, but I knew they somehow were referring to the young beautiful woman who was travelling with us in this journey. I had become so preoccupied in observing her every word and action, that the fact that we were staying near an ancient cemetery completely escaped me. These doubtlessly were residents of the old cemetery who's souls had risen from the ashes to request something, and it seemed that all they wanted was to remain in the pious presence of this female saint. During the journey, I did not see her enjoying herself, but she was mostly lost in her prayers and supplications, as she resided within the planetary system of monotheism and gave up all forms of luxuries and comforts in favour of spiritual freedom and chaste inwardness.

Still, the reality was closing in on me, as I saw those dead men and women rushing towards me, and although the vacation coach was speeding away from the vicinity of the cemetery, the people haunted me endlessly. Overhead, the masses of driving clouds cast a gloomy shadow over their faces, so I could not immediately identify who these undead people were.

I had wept the bitterest for them, I didn't want to abandon the already abandoned ones, in my heart a secret- it was never to be told in fear of being branded as a mentally unstable ill person for life, knowing my overtly medically informed parents, I kept this one vision that I am had in my entire life a secret from all the world.

I weep as I write now, that I couldn't make myself come to tell her to stay behind, that they begged me from the outer world, from another life and space they came pleading in their hands and feet and begged for her company to ease their suffering and I couldn't fulfil it, for our people were afraid of death and the dead, and didn't Believe in their pain or gain or return.

But oh they were real, more real than those who walk in front of me today.

How could I tell her about their request or my vision without being branded as a madwoman for life, if I told her about the contents of my wild dreams where men dead and forgotten decades ago came weeping with their outstretched arms begging for human compassion of a saint for whose sake punishment was held off from them and their souls found solace and peace for 7 worldly hours after five decades of torment and suffering burning their souls?

Terror had frozen every muscle of my body, and horror had paralyzed my mind.

I wanted to scream and cry out until all the pain would be released from my damaged heart.

But in vain I tried, in vain I struggled to find my voice.

They outstretched their naked arms towards the bus and asking, begging pleading in the Indian language to leave her behind.

Don't take her away from us, they begged me in a most painful term ever heard by man. Beseechingly pleading and weeping in agony and anguish, as if they were starved in concentration camp prisoners of the movies we watched, crying and begging me to leave my saintly friend behind came out of every deathly voice in unison, in my heart I wailed out loud and I thought my screams would reach the sky and kill the birds or make them come down, but the screams shook the core of my heart and only tormented myself, until I almost fainted in an agony so dire and so hurting that my heart physically hurt.

Far, far from Dusty Graves,

**O do not leave me in that darkness,
Where no mortals shall show kindness,
And no flowers blossom with sacred leaves,
And no songstress to cheer my joyless eaves!**

**Oh, then take me far, far away,
From these canvases of clay,
Away from the cruel deceivers-
Distant from these city dwellers,
Who with their cheerful cries,
Made me forget that man dies!
And lay me amongst the vast deserts,
In the endless sea of sands and verse,
Where the sun eternally shines,
And poets sing their joyous lines!**

My heart wept out to those dead of the past eons, who were cremated by their loved ones, to be deposited here for eternity, and to speak of terror would be an understatement, but the pain in their eyes burnt holes inside my soul, holes so deep -so sore that it would never heal.

I wanted to save them, I wanted to help them, but fear had taken over my young heart and they continued begging me to leave her behind because for the first time in decades they had found peace in their souls so long as she slept near their cremated place.

Oh, indeed the dead were helpless, no money worked in that land of despair and loneliness, no wealth prevailed, no lovers gave comfort and no power saved them. No body guards could protect you from the torment of your sins and no spy master or agent or computer programmer could save you in the land of forgotten souls.

Utter horror and pain and terror surrounded them.

As our van sped away, that vision which I still don't know whether it was in my dreams or reality, they kept chasing behind our bus down the freeway. Mile after mile, making my body wrench with a terror so severe that my heartbeat started

lowering till in my dreams I had stopped breathing for almost a minute.

The saintly maiden who they wanted for their salvation was asleep in the back of the bus (not all the way in the back). She remained in this condition until the night was far advanced and twilight came. When, finally, her consciousness slowly returned, she was in a most bewildered state, particularly in seeing my agitation, and knowing not where she was, or what had occurred. But as she struggled to a sitting posture, she was never told what had transpired, and in the cozy, dim-lit corner of a huge vacation bus, she looked like a vision in dark hue, emerging from the everyday. She had forgotten to note her daily task of praying for a country, and took her pen and wrote something on a paper. With each deliberate stroke of her pen he wrote, it seemed as though her thoughts were weaving a tapestry of purity and piety upon the pages. The gentle curve of her smile, the soft cascade of her light hair, and the subtle glow of her skin under the bus's golden lights created an aura of mystique and allure. How blissfully unaware she was of what she had conspired within the souls of hundreds of hopeless ones who held on to her company as the last beacon of hope and the last lifeline!

However they had come to me, , in this nightmare, I was alone. I thought I couldn't breathe ever again because I was too afraid.

Oh, it was the most horrific scene for many to fathom or even imagine, their imploring ripped my soul apart a million times, a million pieces in the most grievous way.

The fear of not being able to breathe coupled with the fear of death was so terrible, so beyond unbearable and so heart searing that no one could ever dare to understand what horror and torment could a human soul suffer and still survive.

I wanted to run away from them and make myself forget their existence, yet my heart couldn't forget them, my mind tried but my heart failed and the mind fought fiercely to ignore and forgive myself and forget all my past. Finally, my fears lost the debate of my heart and the soul only sought to ease the suffering of fellow human souls, perhaps these dead ones were so tortured and lonely, and perhaps they had never come to beg anyone to help them. Perhaps they had no friends, no well-

wishers and not a soul left on earth who would remember their names or say a prayer for their abandon distressed souls.

Deep inside my thoughts, I feared and I felt, as though I were killing them again by letting our bus drive away.

Guilt horror fear and woe of every kind, surrounded my entire being and I felt as though I would vomit out of sheer horror and fear.

I wanted to run away, run away as fast as my legs would allow me, run until I'd reach a country as far away as humanly possible, but I was in a cramped van and in no man's land in a foreign world, a world where I had come to eat luxurious food and listen to sweet songs and meet celebrities but alas what had fate planned for me today?

Surrounded by the dead and afraid of life,

How could I run away from them, how could I forget them, what could the dead want from me that hurt so severely when I attempted to refuse it?

Oh, I knew, I just knew and the heart knows, I could see something eerie about them, I knew all too well that these men and women were from the other life and another world.

The heart screamed in a madness that threatened my heart's ability to beat, I thought every vessel of my blood had frozen and that I could never make the blood flow again.

Fear paralyzed my senses until I started questioning my own existence, and I started imagining that I were in a dream.

Oh, was there anyone in all the world who faced such tremendous terror as me?

I was attacked by a people against whom I couldn't defend myself.

Alas what weapon does the strongest soldier or king have against death or the dead?

**Yet had I fought them or spoke with them, then surely, I feared
they would take me with them to the land of the dead, the land
of the hopeless, the land where pain has no respite and
loneliness has no friends.**

**Yet they seemed so weak and so helpless that between fear and
terror, their voices made my heart break into sobs.**

**The human heart feels the pain of those who have souls and
souls never die.**

**The world was lonely to me, death seemed powerless to stop the
dead from asking for help.**

**Who knew that the pain of a human heart could reach so deep
and so raw that no death could stop it and no fear could
apprehend it and no burning crematorium could diminish it?**

**I had thought India was a city of dancing and of music
Romance and laughter, India to me was until then a country of
soft-hearted people who loved spicy food and huge dancing
parties of music and happiness, it was a country of overdressed
people who and no fear or care in the world, a country of love
freedom happiness with merciful people all around and no fear,
no organized criminals, and no passionate rage, and no
uncivilized hate.**

**It was the most harmless innocent nation I had known, but who
could have told me that within its buried souls, it inhabited
human souls whose cries could be heard from far, far away!**

**Who could have told me that within its dust lay human souls
whose hearts wouldn't die or fade away with time?**

**Who could have wanted me or prepared me for such horror and
such tremendous fear?**

**Why had I chosen India of all places amongst the sand and the
sea? Why a country which would leave such mournful imprints
upon the shore of my soul?**

**I wanted to weep but my heart was too afraid to allow any tears
to fall, I wanted to scream but my voice box betrayed me.**

I wanted to buckle down on my knees and fall into the ground and scream the pain of my heart out but my knees refused to obey me and they froze in horror and all my limbs turned against my will,

I only wept with my heart, fear attacked me, fear took over me; I had no voice, I had no strength, and I lost all control of my limbs and legs, I thought perhaps fear would this day take my soul away.

But I fought with fear and I fought with death who I felt was near.

Oh, my soul! Oh, my terrified heart! How could I die? How could I ever die now after what I have seen the life beyond this life?

How could I accept death with open arms when I feared I would join the dead who were chasing me and begging me in tones that made me want to become invisible and forgotten and cry myself into utter nonexistence!

I felt the tsunami of my fear and the rage of a petrified soul attack me until I cursed the fact that I was ever born.

The world strangled me from every side, and my heart wept and wept until I thought I could never weep again.

But alas! What was this human heart made from God that could weep a million times and then weep again? What was this heart that we carried in us that could feel pain a thousand times and each time it would hurt anew? And what was this soul that could be betrayed a billion times, yet would and could still love and trust again?

I pitied the dead but more so, I pitied myself- myself because I was awakened to a life beyond deaths and now even death could never be my refuge no matter how much horror life would bring upon me? How could I ever find solace in death when the dead were not dead but more living than those who walked and breathed in this planet's surface?

How hopeless can man become when even death cannot give them any reprieve or solace but rather becomes the beginning of an endless path of torment.

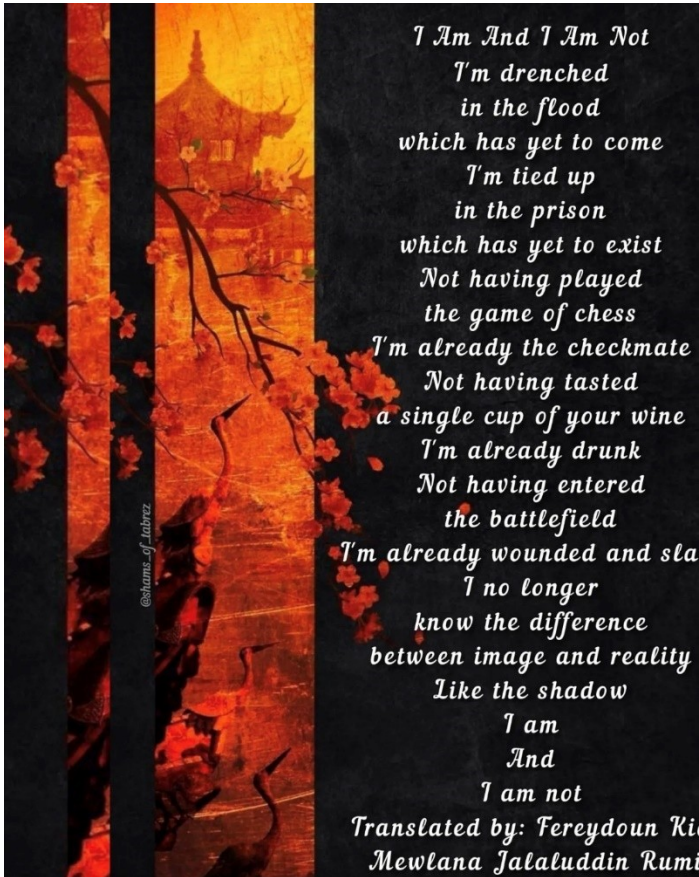
The sky was becoming so deeply dark, twilight leaving rapidly and the van gaining speed and the dead were begging pleading and their voices haunting my heart until I wished I was not a human and would have been anything other than a human body and soul.

Oh, death what have you done to me by bringing back your dead to me?

Had you no mercy on my young heart that you forced me to see that life beyond what I had till then known of life?

Oh, merciless death! Oh, false death! How many more men had you betrayed by convincing them that their dead beloveds are gone forever while you torment the dead with eternal life?

Oh, treacherous death! Why show one face of decay to mankind while you take their beloved souls away to no man's land to suffer and pay for every action that they did not knowing that they must answer for their every action?



III.

ONE GOD EXISTS:

Thou existest, but hearing of ear cannot reach
Thee,

Or vision of eye apprehends Thy Generosity,
Nor shall the How have sway over Thee,
Nor the Wherefore and Whence be.

Thou existest, but for Thyself and for none other
with Thee.

Thou existest, and before Time began Thou wast
and shall be,

And without place Thou didst abide,
Without subjects and kindred aside.

Thou existest, and Thy secret is hidden,

And who shall attain to it unbidden?
So deep, so deep, who can discover it?
Thy greatness is greater than our wit!
- SOLOMON GABIROL



Shattered Fragment of

Rage and Wrath:

Life and death, O how cursed you both are!

What man ever asked you for either? Yet you come oh life, you come and you never leave

Oh, who knew that eternal life could indeed be the greatest curse ever given to mankind?

I couldn't move, for I was afraid if I moved, I would die and those undead people would take me with them.

The world I knew and the life I was familiar with shattered in front of me. My life flashed like lightning and I forgot where I was and who was with me or where we were going.

Indeed, fright can make the strongest heart collapse, and now, I finally understood how fear could kill people because I was surer of my death than of anything else at that moment.

Indeed, I didn't think I could ever breathe again and O the terror of not being able to breathe. I held on so tightly to my mom's coat with a desperate strength that I didn't know I had as I felt my life slipping through my body and into that mad dark terrifying world.

A handful were dressed in tattered clothes, while some were dressed in the cerements of the grave. I could not see their faces, for they moved with frightful speed and were bent low, as though struggling to stay upright. Frail, they were, but what scared me was the absence of air from the vicinity, as though they all lived in vacuum. There was a pause as some of the dead searched for something, and then they saw the vacation coach in which I and my companions were in, and suddenly, there was a sharp cry, such as a dog gives as it hounds a prey. I squinted to get a better view, but while the moonlight still held, the faces of the dead were inscrutable. My heart grew cold as ice, and I could hear myself gasp, but the dead people did not hear me, and they rushed on.

I was never prepared to die, but at that time I was factually terrified and horrified of death and the life thereafter. Would I too be condemned to live like those prowling creatures in a dusty and dark grave? Whatever terror the world had to offer was more attractive to me than to end up like those people who appeared as though they had come back from the land of the dead.

One might have attempted to internalise the epistemology by which outsiders judged civilisation of the living, but this was the land of the dead, where neither hope nor future was present, and only dark decay and despair bloomed from every inch of dust.

They were dead. They were helpless. They were the forgotten, abandoned and tormented ones, and now, despite my unimaginable fright, they sought my help, and required assistance. A grave and terrible feeling came over me as I realised that these dead people were resolute upon detaining us all in their desperation to keep the saintly young woman near their resting place. I suddenly felt faint and realised that for several long minutes, my brain had forgotten to breathe due to irrational fear, but now, I tried to heave a sigh. What strength it took for me to breathe the first drop of oxygen no human mind can fathom. No one could even dare to comprehend what maddening and dreamlike miracle it felt like to know I could still breathe and to be certain I was still amongst the living.

I was sure I could never breathe again! I was sure my heart could never find the strength to beat again! Seated around me were my family members and I stared at my mother to see if she noticed me, and in that insane pain and despair, I thought she would have to watch me take my last breath. Indeed, the situation was so tense that I had almost given up. I had surrendered to the inevitable and I couldn't even find the strength or even dared to hope or dream of ever breathing again. These animate objects, whatever they were, would cause us all to perish with their insistence of keeping the young woman. I did not lucidly understand their agenda, because the vacation package merely included the entire traveling party to reside in an ancient historic mansion that had been converted into a hotel for tourists, and we all shared a floor in that hotel for three days, and life was perfectly ordinary there in every sense. I enjoyed the hospitality of the hotel concierges and waiters, and it seemed that the three days passed too swiftly. Now that I was seeing thousands of dead men and women rushing after the coach, I suddenly remembered something the tour guide had confided to us when we first arrived in this town. He had told us about an old graveyard in this area which was not used by locals anymore, as the town dwellers all moved to the city to seek better livelihood and so, the cemetery was unkept and unvisited. At that time, this piece of information slipped from my mind, as I could not see how this was relevant. Now, I knew. Indeed, these undead people who had risen from their ancient graves were none other than the abandoned inhabitant of this old cemetery, and somehow, the presence of this group of tourists near their resting place had caused the dead to become agitated. I did not know why. How could dead people who were buried ten feet below the ground ever know what kind of people were treading on the ground above or around them? True, they would have no way of receiving such information, but my thought proceeded with caution, even

though I did not have a conservative spirit, neither was there any peculiar strength about me, especially under such circumstances. I wish I could confine into one of my comrades and find out what was happening in this town, and perhaps a rational discussion would have enabled me calmly and slowly to take in the new events, without losing my mind.

My heart had changed that day, and never had I taken a single breath thereafter without appreciating and feeling that a human breath was the greatest miracle and blessing which no other blessing could ever compare or compete with. Upon seeing those hysterical dead people, my heart froze to the point that I forgot how to breathe. All that these dead men wanted was for us to leave the pious young maiden behind. They claimed that while this saint was living in their grave's proximity, all their punishment and sorrows were halted. I knew this saintly maiden was special, but I did not know that even dead men and women found her to be so valuable.

Although she never preached or pressured others to emulate her, her life's objective was likely to persuade every woman to be truly woman at every level of her being, so they would refrain from indulging in sinful and hurtful behaviour. With her example, she persuaded others to be free and chaste, and this held them back from entering the abyss of limitless multiplicity in which all mortals risk losing both dignity and integrity and, eventually, with unending sins and rage, they begin losing themselves.

When I narrated this event to others, and described what I saw, their faces grew very grave; and, after thinking the matter over for a while, asked me to take pinpoint the location from where the dead people began to rise. Some asked to describe my dream again, but I could hardly speak, for ever since having this terrible dream, my heart weakened and it left me so frail that I could not move. My eyes were blurry and my cheeks were swollen from tears. I thought someone called my name, and tried to turn my head, but even this much effort was strenuous, and my eyes seemed to grow glassy again, so I gently laid my head back and waited.

But this was long after I had awoken from the dream, for I was still in the presence of those dead men and women and they were still racing after us with outstretched arms. Oh, what was the meaning of fear, I discovered only that day. I felt the fire of fear rip through my body, making my blood freeze and my arms shiver in the most freezing icy chill manner. I wanted to open my mouth and scream and demand an explanation for what they were trying to do, but how can you speak to the undead, who have been dead for at least a century?

My heart and mind were still being haunted by that image and my fear of those deceased persons still pursuing me overtook my sanity. It was at this moment that I did not want to live, yet was too terrified of the dead to want to die. I wanted to dissolve

and disappear and leave this world behind and forget everything about life and death.

With no more logic than previous vagaries, I realised that the person who had startled me could not have been real. They must have been apparitions who lived underground. I visualised them on the street pushing about the jostle of living men and women, and wondered if they crowded hither and thither, striking against other unsuspecting people. How terrifying was that very idea! I believed I should have fallen in a faint from the fright and summer heat, but my mind jumped to the thought of sudden death in general. Was it such a common thing as people pretended? Most certainly, these dead people crawling and rushing on seemed unhappy and afraid. I knew everyone in the world had to die, and some pass away quickly and some are spared a long sickness, and not have to contend with suffering from pain and experience a lingering from the fear of death. But ordinary humans like us did not welcome death for we have no desire or time for making one's peace with God, and few had the opportunity to achieve penitence in death-bed repentance, although modern era citizens who consider themselves to be cultivated no longer believed in it.

The dead people who were crawling out of their graves continued to move purposefully towards me, and all the vagaries which had frivolously dispersed themselves before clung persistently to my mind, and fresh fear enveloped me and in this dreamy unsleeping state, I held on to my mother as if she was the only one between me and death and she was the only one who could protect me. I then tried once again in vain to speak but forgot all words and all language and could not speak a single coherent word. I blindly pointed towards the back window, signalling my mother desperately to look out and see if the dead humans were still pursuing me. I tried in vain to speak aloud, but the maddening fear had frozen my body. No matter how much I tried to move my head and look back towards the rear window of the luxury bus, I couldn't move my head, and I knew that if I did, I would die of fright and fear. We drove for hours but my mental situation was so severely disturbed that I couldn't narrate to my family members what I had witnessed. My mind had lost the ability to control its wave of raging fear. For three hours afterwards, we drove on but never could I make myself look back or even turn my head half way in fear that I may again be forced to see or hear the horrors and dreadful pleading of the dead.

My body refused to obey my will and my body rebelled against my mind! Ah, I had indeed lost control over myself.

Till today, I am terrified of glancing back while driving or while reversing my car, so much so that I eventually abandoned driving altogether. Almost a decade has passed since that

incident had wrecked my soul and altered my whole being forever, and yet I cannot even look at the rear-view mirror in fear of witnessing the sight of the dead. The horror of their screams still haunts me and has made the entire happiness of my life dissipate into dreary anticipation. Hundreds and thousands of the dead corpses rose one after the other, marching, and they went on and on, and established their presence in my consciousness and I instinctively knew they had the expectation of indefinite continuance in this action.

Indeed, how we think a person should feel rationally scarcely has any resemblance to how a person does feel when primeval instincts prevail. It was a frightful hour for me to experience such profound events in such a short time, and at such a young age.

Science may try to make us understand that the physical connection between living and the dead is an illusion. But when intellectualisation conflicts with the primeval instinct for a connection to fellow man, we are apt to become utterly confused and yet, there is nothing profound about this confusion. It is simply one more way in which the modern world fails to educate us on the untenable miraculous rules under which we lived and evolved. There were no scientific explanations available to explain how tens of thousands of deceased, many of whom passed away centuries ago, swarmed the hills in this locale and raced maniacally after the vacation coach, but it was real and it happened.

How can one go on living as if this life has anything promised except death and the reality of the afterlife?

My teenage years had gone and I had to bid my youthhood an early farewell. All happiness and all hope seemed to melt away from my entire existence. Too much fear and unnatural events took place in such a short time, and I knew my life would never be same. I had seen dead people, and they were stalking me and shrieking in their deathly haunted voice. One can tell that the fact is separate from fiction and these deathly figures that were here must have been without such consciousness as ours, unless it was something so otherworldly that it was remotely withdrawn and could somehow, supernaturally manifest itself in any signal to our senses. There was nothing sensible in this event, but it had a surpassing perfidy. Were dead men not meant to stay dead? Why then were the dwellers of this cemetery rising like phoenixes and racing after us? It was as if those hollow and dark figures were saying something to the life in each of us who were living, but which none of us would have words to interpret, as they were speaking from an atrium that was alien to humankind, and

were speaking of some dreadful message from the hither side of that lifecycle from which there was no returning. It was obvious that the dead would be cautious, even anxious, lest in grasping too voraciously at the living ones, they would be on the lookout for vital improvements in their deceased existence, but noting of that realm made any sense to me, for I did not realise why they would consider themselves as under a universal prelection or even divine education. The only clear message these dead were transmitting to me were that they wanted to have that saintly maiden to remain behind and stay in their midst, because her presence apparent caused their troubles to cease, but this message made little sense to me, for how could the dead even know about my angelic friend? Yet, they spoke of her anxiously, and for a moment, I thought they knew exactly what they were requesting about, for my saintly companion was a miraculous young woman, who had in her all that was good, for she was beautiful, and noble, and her actions and prayers were improving and elevating to human souls, minds, or bodies, and every day of her life increased the amount of justice, mercy, knowledge, refinement within her soul, and every hour of her existence lessened the amount of vice, cruelty, ignorance, and barbarism in our planet. She was undoubtedly a saint, or at least must be the inspiration of the saints of God.

Indeed, I was afraid to see them crying out in fear. I was shocked to hear them express their fervent wish so clearly, as they insisted that this saintly maiden be left behind in this area so that they, the dwellers of this graveyard, could rest in peace, as they were adamant that for the first time in centuries, their grave were not visited by demons of torment, and rather, beautiful fairy like creatures had brought them amenities and comfort during the entire time the pious woman was in their vicinity.

Since that day, I lived as if in a stupor or dream and felt that my waking hour would be my death and that grim reality became more real to me than the life I lived in. I couldn't smile and my laughter was false from that day onward, because I had suffered a shock too severe for anyone to ever comprehend.

When I saw the deceased people clambering out of their coffins and rushing towards me, I did not believe they were dead at all. In fact, the opposite seemed to hold. The dead were more alive than the living, and the living were more dead than the dead and I stood as a living witness to that truth. The events of that days scared my soul. My thoughts seemed to be living in a nightmare. I tried to forget the events of that day but in vain.

I suffered. I wept and I felt my heart wanting to give up living as I saw how eagerly those dead people were demanding and begging to me to let this saint remain behind and live somewhere above or near the cemetery. It seemed that this pious woman was so special that even the dead benefited from her presence. Her purity and beauty were neither corrupted nor altered by the passage of time, and each day of her life, she lived with piety, in accordance with God's solemn promise, and it was only natural to her that she would live a simple life and spend all her time in prayers and penitence. I just never realised that her piety would transcend the land of the living and affect positively those who resided in the land of death. The fear and desperation that I discerned in the hollow and grim eyes of the dead men and women startled me, as I sensed that they were in genuine misery. Those undead people seemed to be suffering from pain and loneliness. Ah, they had no hope. Indeed, no mortal in the universe ever looked as hopeless as these dead individuals, who now saw hope in only one person in the universe, and that was this saintly young woman whose presence in this town alleviated their suffering for some reason, and so they wanted her to in their midst again. The dead was something we are afraid of sometimes, but they cannot harm the living, but is destined to suffer in silence. People feel sorry for those who suffer in the world and I started mourning for the dead and forgotten.

People felt the pain of the living but from that day onward, I sobbed for the dead and for all those abandoned souls in the world who have been suffering in obscurity for centuries, and I found myself weeping for those who had no one to weep for them, and for those whose souls were cursed to live in lingering limbo, suspended in a place between the living and the dead, somewhere between this world and the next. Never before in my life had I been more afraid, and the longer I looked at those dead prowlers, the more I became nervous. There was a clutch in my heart which tightened by the second, until breathing became almost impossible. With the gradual succession of those awful breaths, where I drew one and expelled the air hastily, I waited for my regular breathing to begin again, and it did not begin. Was I dead too? I did not know! But I was afraid that I had inadvertently ventured into the land of the dead, where once vigorous humans have all now become dust forever.

Even after I awoke from the frightful stupor, I could not cease weeping, and during the journey, I sobbed in the surface of the bus and later, on the floor of my plane seat. I wept because their sobs haunted me. The cries of the dead frightened me, but their helpless pleas for help had broken my heart since their pleas were deafening to the rest of the world. I had to leave them behind. I had to deny their request. I had to abandon them. They had made it very clear that their lives in the underground abode had become much tolerable after this

saintly maiden came near their vicinity and lived in their neighbourhood for a short while. Perhaps, this was the only respite they had experienced in many decades, and it as likely the only time in their after-life that a saint of God had come close to their resting abode. When this sinless saint of God came and dwelled however briefly amidst their remains, they experienced reprieve from horror and loneliness, and the suffering of their sins ceased in her awe and fear, and when they came begging for her company in desperate pleas and in deathly begging and imploring, I had to abandon them too, and I could hardly disclose what I saw to my travelling companions lest the people see me as mad and crazy. But I wept for them once I had collected myself and reminisced over that dreadful, poignant hour. Yes, I was distressed and burst into tears. Perhaps I wept for them, and perhaps I wept for myself thinking of my own grim unpromised future. What would become of me once I was dead. A hundred years later, all those who were sitting with me in this bus would die, and all their homes would be occupied by strangers, and their precious and priceless belongings would all be thrown away, or given in charity, while every piece of luxurious cloth they wore would be discarded, and only handful would be occasionally remembered, and may temporarily become a picture on the wall, while others will become history, and even those images on walls would one day, be stored away in some storage room, or placed carelessly in an attic, where those forgotten images would collect dust, and their grandchildren or future descendants would forget who or what they were. All that would remain was the dust of their bones, rotting away in some obscure grave, and all there would be as their companion was the sins they had earned or the coldness that gathered. Death was nothing but hopelessness, because there was no end in sight, and no reprieve of the loneliness, whilst the living, no matter how sick and how sad they were, had hope and hope was all that was needed for humans to stay human.

Yet, that hopelessness of the dead and forgotten made me feel the waves of guilt crushing my soul and burying my heart amidst their groaning and grief.

The world appeared like a faraway dream and I thought our existence was within a third dimension, where it was a world akin to the reality of a game within a game. Reality was horrific and reality seemed altogether terrifying.

I looked up in confusion and for a moment, thought the vision I saw was real. A dark cloud of dust parted before me, and I thought I saw men dressed in ragged clothing rushing towards me, racing through the cemetery, trampling the tombstones under their relentless assault. Ah, what terror it was, but whatever it was that I saw, whether an illusion of the wind or a ghostly army riding up from the underworld, I was seeing it too

well. I could see them standing and clambering amid the chaos, looking around with purpose, while I gaped in disbelief.

And then I thought the wind changed its course, and my ears buzz with noise, as I heard sharp but cold, terrifying cries in their midst. The dust from the open graves flew around us and it appeared that we were alone in the centre of a dustbowl. I wanted to run away, and struggled to stay standing as the living and the dead became one and earth and air became one flowing dune. In sheer horror, I fell to my knees and tried to cover my face from the horrifying reality, when I saw something that I will never forget. Hundreds and thousands of dead people walked towards the vacation bus, their hands outstretched in front of their face, mouths contorted in pain or horror.

For a fleeting second, I realised that this life was full of falsity, and there was nothing lasting in this planet, and we were living in an illusion, to become a grovelling deceased person like those people who were racing after me, pleading me to let the young saintly maiden stay behind and live in their neighbourhood for a few more days. Oh, the reality was cruel! I didn't want to live this lie any longer so I longed for the company of those who were already living in the other world. Ah, how false the world appeared to me at that tender age when I was awoken so rudely by reality! How false were human feelings and how painful was that experience of death and that life beyond which no man believes in, but has to experience, but logic dictates the obvious: how could denying the truth make the truth untrue?

I was standing in a stupor, as though there was no one in the world except myself, and the earth on which the dead were trampling felt cold and clammy, and I feared that I was already locked inside a grave. The madness of fear always plays tricks on the mind, and as I staggered to find refuge from the screeching dead, and I thought I heard the sound of thousands of men and women echoing speeches in a thundering tone all around me, but they were dead, and could not speak! I felt a flash of panic as I looked around for any sign of life around, but all I saw was the dead delivering death.

Alas, those who were already dead did not deny that death is real. They did not reject the afterlife for they were already residing in the hereafter. The dead men and women who rose from their ancient graves were sombre in their desolation as they had no one to support or remember them. They were the dead, the abandoned ones, the forgotten ones, and they had no one among the living who felt their pain. Their pain was unknown to all, and in fact, most irreligious people denied even the existence of their soul, as they preferred to imagine that life ceased once the heart switched off its beat. These dead

ones were desolate and dreary, as they had no one who would pray for them, let alone shed tears above their graves. No man or woman was ever more frightened than me, and I do not yet know whether it was the product of my fevered imagination or a vision from the afterlife, that arrested my will and sanity that day, but perhaps I will never know for sure, but I can never forget the faces of those ghostly figures that marched and recoiled, and screeched and pleaded, all in order to request the saintly young woman to be left behind to stay with them.

They were the sad dwellers of a very ancient cemetery in India, and the day they saw a saintly woman come near their city, and reside in a hotel close to the graveyard, they experienced such relief due to her piety and pious prayers, that they became desperate to keep her in their midst. In their zeal, they practically rose from their dusty lair, and raced after my vacation coach, hoping to persuade us to remain behind. But alas, the world was never generous or fair, and I had to abandon them too when they begged me to send her who could have been their salvation. They only sought to have the saintly maiden live in their neighbourhood for a while so that her miracles and chastity would serve to lessen their pain or at least, alleviate their suffering for as long as she was near. Ah, before that hour, I never knew how valuable this saintly maiden was to our world, and how priceless was her existence, that by merely walking past a graveyard, her pious demeanour caused all the torment and suffering of the deceased to vanish away.

In her honour, the world stood still and, in her honour, even the sinful dead were spared.

I was distracted momentarily, thinking of how auspicious she had been, but my thoughts shifted back to the wailing deceased individuals who were weeping in croaking voices, and begging us to give them the gift of reprieve.

I could not help but feel sorry for those dead people.

How long must they suffer? How deep were their sins? And O, how useless was love and human feelings when death and destruction or the fiery agony of the afterlife attacked the souls of the dead in that world beyond our own!

It seemed to me that panicked grave dwellers had genuflected to the land of the living and sought help from human outsiders, and in the process, resorted to the daring move of appearing in person to sequester their demands.

What wealth could have saved those dead ones? What connection could avail them, and what royalty affect them, or what spy or intelligence agencies could have saved the dead from the suffering that tormented their soul?

Which loved ones or which romantic partner could now save them from that sheer horror and terrifying calamity that arrested their very existence? Which lover prayed for them when they had gone onto that everlasting world?

Oh, this world! How false it appeared to me, that it made me almost hate it. The love, the laughter, the ambition, the wealth, the power, the spies and the people who sinned terrified me, because before that day, I never bothered and I never cared for the action of others as we grew up in the New York suburbs thinking we were the best of the best, and no one was allowed to mind people's business, but in this land of the dead, every thought and every action counted, and I knew that no wealth and fame could help us once we ceased to breathe. Indeed, that day I changed and when I saw people sinning, even if they were the worst ones among mankind, I felt my heart stop and tears would well up unbidden because I pictured them dead, forgotten and begging a young city girl to convince her saintly friend to stay behind so that their pain and suffering would relinquish and go away, even if it was for a brief moment. What had that trip done to me? I, who was the most fun loving, carefree person, now broke down and wept here and there and feared for the annihilation of mankind and didn't find any reason to hone happiness as my peace and comfort in all worldly things became null and all feelings were reduced to sadness?

Growing up in the United States encouraged me to become an independent and critical thinker, knowing full well that there were many nations in the world that placed a higher importance on conformity than creativity. I was young but I also knew how to read people. You could tell that someone out of the ordinary was in a room before even entering it when she was present there, such was the munificence and brightness which manifested around the locations she frequented.

Upon witnessing this saintly young woman's graciousness, and to see how sure was the afterlife, I gained enough confidence to think freely, and see life from a different angle. To finally find the courage to face life and the bravery to accept death was the most poignant and precious moments there could be, for death was simple the inevitable.

In her legacy, I hoped to find some solace for my tormented heart and some peace for my mind so that I would not become complete unhinged due to fear or dismay, for the very idea of death was deceptive as it was dangerous.

Seeing her taught me the reality of the hereafter, and thus, I too learned to love her God, the universal Creator and the giver of Compassion, who gifted this woman's heart with wisdom and mercy and endowed so much love in her heart for humanity, that even a pinprick suffered by another would reduce her to tears and stepping on an ant would send her into a horrific. God was love, and only God could love and could be loved, for with humans, love was nothing but slavery and obsession, although some people may have tried to convince themselves of the lasting legacy of their mortal lust which they confuse with love oftentimes, but only with relation to God, love was nothing but freedom and purity.

People get lost nowadays in our generation and become drowned in debates on social media, whereas keyboard warriors post agonising tales and criticisms to gain subscribers, and thus, with modern technology, people get lost in theology, and indulge in endless religious criticism which ultimately leads to division and hatred, anger and detachment from every side-justified with apparently reliable or verifiable evidence but hate nonetheless. Whichever video you open or whichever movie you watch, whether it is the atheists against the believers or one religious group against the other religious group, whether on Netflix or on YouTube or some other social media platform like Instagram and Facebook, there is nothing but hatred towards each other. You will not fail to find the truth in this should you ever browse through those irreligious or religious channels and the level of hate and the viciousness of their vengeance may astonish you, because no matter what the subject matter is, whether Israel or Palestine, whether Ukraine or Russia, whether India or Pakistan, whether Iran and its neighbours, whether Christians and Moslems, or whether Muslims and Jews, whether atheists and Christians, whether whites and blacks, whether conservatives or liberals - there is only hate, only hate only hate and only hate on every channel and every platform and every show and every meme and every post. Over 8 billion people and not one person is able to remain online with enough civilisation not to hate, or has enough self-control to love all the creation of God without conditions, without judgement, without any reason.

And love? Love has become lust, and even that lust became a sickness and an obsession with human bodies, which are constantly degraded by all genders and became a muse for

brutal and crude objectification of the bodies God had made for the purpose of pure love.

Love in this era has become a weapon of ownership for some and another word for slavery for others; it has become a weapon of control.

Love has become another word for possessiveness and insecurity, and it's all about humans worshipping one person and hating another, so there is no dignity and no purity or selflessness in love any longer. All love has turned into lust, and all lust eventually ends in hate and jealousy and anger and most pitifully, self-hate.

All love in this modern era has turned into sickness and anger and all souls have become rotten with self loathe, with only generalised victimisation of themselves and a craze to force everyone into supporting their every choice and ideology.

There is no room for freedom; there is no room for mercy and there is no room for spirituality and love. However, those of us in this modern technological advanced era managed to convince ourselves that we are righteous. Yes, even if we do happen to ruthlessly hate someone or some group, it is always, and always justified. The other party or the other religion is evil and violent, and so it is justifiable for me to upload a hundred hate filled diatribe against the adherents of that faith, even if it means that one of two billion human's hearts will shatter in sorrow and a billion people will feel sad or angry or hurt over the content of the hate filled video.

In the name of freedom, we have destroyed all freedom. Freedom is a sham word; it's a misleading and false word created only to insult people and feel good about oneself. Sometimes, freedom is nothing but offending another and sometimes freedom is used to oppress people. Again, freedom can easily be cancelled in the name of offending someone, whenever it's necessary, so then everyone fights to victimise themselves, and demonise their ideological or religious rivals.

Such was the life I was forced to live in, and since there was nothing spiritual in this existence, I longed to let my heart soar to the sky, and become free like the saintly maiden whose inner freedom, love and purity was bright enough to emblazon the night sky with light and hope.

When I first heard about this young saintly woman's untimely death, I knew this world was not meant to last forever, and no one within was supposed to live eternally, but I could not cease grieving for this colossal loss. Nothing ever stood still, but I wanted this young and beautiful saint to live forever, or at least live as long as I was alive. Millions of humans were being born every day and millions were growing and dying the very day they reached their end and within this law of rhythm and its constant operations, but her death was one loss I could not reconcile with.

Oh, torments of the world! You spare no one, do you? You spare no one? You let go off no one! Not even the purest of hearts!

**Oh, world! O torturous world! How many more blood of hurt men do you have to shed for your lair to be satisfied?
Oh, world of the devil! Oh, demonic earth! Accursed you were as a hell and prison for our father's sin! How many more tears need to water your oceans and fill your seas till your thirst becomes fulfilled?**

**Oh, accursed world of torment, agony, torture and suffering!
Do you not even spare the saintly souls amongst you?!
How much more terrifying screams and wailing of men and women do you need before you free us from your grasp and allow us to go to our heavenly home!
No saints or sinless souls do you forgive or take pity upon!
Do you not even have mercy for the most innocent and purest of hearts?!
Did you need to threaten them with terror and knife and death and betrayal by their most beloved trusted ones?!
I curse you, O world, I curse you for all the good men you tortured until they became the most evil and the torturer of souls!**

**Oh world! Oh, abode of the accursed one! I curse you for the blood you shed on your surface and the ones whom you tortured into becoming faithless grievous sinners that their souls have now been cursed to suffer in your inferno for eternity!
Oh, you have succeeded with so many of them!**

**Ah, how I mourned that she was gone, and it grieved me even more to know that her parents' pressure on her to get married caused her unutterable woe, leading to her final illness and eventual death.
It pained me to see that the biased stereotype established by the international and national media was so far reaching that it affected the very mindset of the young saintly woman's parents, who began to believe in the false assumption media personalities were spewing about on television, as they**

ceaselessly criticised and condemned any and all religion, and severely rebuked those who tried to observe religious laws in their daily lives. Every film or television show or news bulletin constantly talked about how religion made people zealots and bigots, and being pious and chaste or observing abstinence or celibacy was somehow a dangerous thing to do.

Her parents believed in those myths and they began to pressure her into giving up her religious practices, such as fasting and prayers, and when she expressed her desire to remain single and unmarried and worship God with her heart and mind, her parents intensified their pressure on her, even threatening her with financial sanctions, because they thought that those who were religious were fundamentalists and terrorist, who needed to be pressured into submission.

The lack of knowledge, wisdom and compassion on her parent's part was tragic, as it made them force her into a marriage she was wholly against, and the bitter disappointment eventually caused her premature demise.

If only her father and mother understood the reality or saw the true picture in life, then they would have realised that being religious and pious made one pure and good. Believing in God and obeying His heavenly laws did not make one a terrorist, but made them humanists, for God is love.

But the media was a powerful influencer and it constantly aired stories about how violent certain religious people allegedly were, and how gentle some atheist or godless person had been in the past. They reported glowing stories about the past pagan empires and kingdoms, in order to convince people of the world that being godless was good and made them great.

What the media can do is astonishing, because they can make a story about someone innocent sound so bizarre and brutal, that people become fired up and angry enough to kill. This mechanism was once used in ancient Rome, during the time of Emperor Nero, who used the media to spread false news about Christians, and told the people of Rome that the believers of God or Jesus were violent people who ate human blood and flesh in the Eucharist, and even more fictional gruesome tales were propagated thoroughly throughout Rome, until everyone in the nation became so excited, that they gladly watched young Christian men and women executed in the arena, and no one therefore protested when the pagan Roman leaders openly tossed these Christian saints inside wild cages to be fed to hungry lions.

This is the power which the media had at that time and still has, and they are now using their platform to portray human sacrificing Aztec and Phoenicians as traditional people with rich culture and heritage, much like other cultural people such as the Druids during Julius Caesar's time, but in his time, the media was not entirely biased as it is now. In fact, rather than glorifying the ill practices of the traditional tribes he encountered, the Roman leader Caesar wrote about the horrifying practice of human sacrifice by the Druids, who were groups of men in Gaul that took charge of public and private

sacrifices, and many young men went to them for instruction. They judged all public and private quarrels and decreed penalties. The Druid human sacrifice was condemned by many historians, and even today, there are artworks present depicting Druids preparing wickerwork filled with live humans to be burned as a sacrifice.

With modern technology available to every household, the media is able to influence everyone equally about the imaginary dangers of religion and to establish their point, they try to portray past pagan customs as humane and cultural richness. Such bloody acts like the Druids sacrificing human beings are practices that are no longer considered gory and gross, but are celebrated as prized tradition, heritage, culture and art. It is pure religion and piety that have been twisted into a tale of torment, where any faith that advocates chastity or humanity is dismissed as a deviance and thus, dangerous. It is equated with violence and terrorism.

Roman writers stated that the Druids offered human sacrifices for those who were sick. Huge wickerwork images were filled with living men and then burned; although the Druids preferred to sacrifice criminals, they would choose innocent victims if necessary. While some of the media in the Roman times tried to make the act of human sacrifice appear distasteful, this psychology has now been reversed, and religion have been made to look dangerous and undesirable.

Every form of pagan culture, godless dogmas and other immoralities were whitewashed by the modern media to make those look holy, and portray them as innocent and free, while only religious people like her, this saintly maiden who wished to be religious and chaste, was targeted and made to appear unstable, uncivilised and unworthy.

Why had the world allowed such injustice to take place, by falsely blaming a religious saint of being an extremist, while glorifying the uncouth sinners.

But no torture of yours, O world of the accursed devil, no torture and no torment and no punishment and inhumanity of your slaves shall make you gain power over the souls of the saints of God!

How many more rivers of sea shall fill the bloodlust of your stomach!

How many more screams of tortured men do you need as the music for your entertainment, oh demons of this accursed earth!

Hell is not away in another planet! Hell is here and now, in the torments and suffering of the souls whom you torture and the ones whom you win over by making them sinners for life!

The saintly maiden who lived an unblemished sinless life was not spared by you!

You couldn't torture her into disbelief or lust or sin, oh world!

She left you untainted as the day she was born, faithful to the God who rejected you, loyal till her last breath, to the God who

shall save her and take her soul away from your grasp forever, while we languish in your midst! We pray her suffering would spare some men of the world from absolute and eternal annihilation!

But O world of demons and devils! You may have tortured her, but you couldn't infect her soul with your hatred, anger and slavery and vengeance!

You may have taken her body, oh world! But to her God belongs her soul and she shall live on forever in His kingdom away from the fire of your hate and vengeance!

I was aware that the universe lets go off everyone in order to maintain itself, but my heart wanted so desperately to go against death's ceaseless attempt to master its irrational forces and take away a saint from our midst...

Perhaps some great destruction and calamity shall befall in in this century and perhaps that is why the angels hurried away her soul from our grasp before they could unleash the wrath of punishment on this world that our sins have earned for us?

Perhaps if she was still living amongst us under the mighty heavens that enshrouds all of humanity under its wraps, then perhaps no calamity nor any disaster would ever have the power to harm humanity because her poignant prayers of compassion and her love would have encompassed us all and saved us from whatever misfortune could have befallen us in the time to come.

Perhaps, I believed that so long as her tears would have bathed the earthen soil of this planet, no earthquake or volcanos or tsunami would have harmed humanity in a mass scale as to change the human populous.

My heart couldn't forget her and ever since I heard about her premature death, pure regret, remorse and grief plagued my mind until I wept all the way back staring into the nothingness of the sky outside my plane window. I gazed at the skies at night, hoping to find solace in the depths of heaven where cosmic complexities unfolded, and I wondered if this young woman was roaming among angels somewhere in the sky above, watching over humans of this impoverished world.

Anger, anguish and the deepest form of regret and sorrow bemoaned my soul and from that day onward, I lived in perpetual fear and despair. My insurance was gone, and the assurance that the world would last was gone with her. She was my chief example and celebrity queen whose glory was not

affixed to get gorgeous gowns but her love for God and her affection for afflicted people of this world. I knew as long as she lived, no harm would befall any one of us, for if she saw something terrible taking place, her bright eyes would water and she would at once resort to intense prayers and ensure that God saved those in peril, but after her death, which saint was there present in this universe who would have the power or even the privilege to invoke God's miracles upon the undeserving populace who were deluged in sin and cruelty. In her was all my preventative warranty and safeguard of all the world placed, and with her gone, I became afraid for the safety of all of India and Persia and my own country as well.

Oh, world, what have we lost from our midst! Was there a day more unfortunate than the day she left us to live in the heavens with her Lord and the angels, while our fates continued to make us live in fear and anticipation for the punishment of all the curses and sins of humans to destroy us all as a whole?



Philosophers would often say that during a moment of importance, everything else in the world stands still and for me, this was more than true, for the moment I saw this saintly young woman, my vision became utterly clear, and I was mesmerised by her holy aura and gentle manners, and suddenly, the past and future no longer mattered and only the exquisite details of meeting her in this present moment rushed through my mind. I recalled everything about that encounter, and all the elements of the futile world was momentarily valuable to me, for she lived amongst it, and even the smell of the summer and the feeling of the ground became memorable to me... And to know that she was no longer living amongst us, was far too painful to endure.

I wept and lamented for days, speaking to myself as though in a daze.

Oh, angelic woman, indeed this world was too sinful to host a soul as pure as yours amongst us.

Indeed, O saint of the Mighty creator of all the heavens and earth, this earthly ground that we walk upon had held over it too many a number of sinful humans whose sins had besmeared the earthen ground and it had become too unholy to carry over it a saint as angelic as you any longer, so we lost our fortune of having your sinless feet tread upon this barren earth any longer.

Oh, angelic sinless damsel, you who were more sinless than the angels who came to take your soul away! It was women like you for which God had classified humans to be superior to angels, although the human had amongst them the most vilest of sinners.

Oh, my saintly golden girl! Had the world and its air become too unworthy to have you breathe any longer or have the oxygen from your sinless heart spread amongst the soulless creatures that now resided on this earthly abode?

Oftentimes, some sceptics ridiculed my grief, claiming that there was nothing overtly sad about the passing of one person among the billions of residents on earth, but I tried to explain to them the unique piety and purity of this visionary woman, whose very eyes glowed with hope and foresight and when her miraculous intuition had the power to discern the mysteries of life. It was as though she was the only person in the world who could really see. She had the true vision. Others, it would seem

to me, akin to blind men who may have conducted objective studies in varying degree, of all the phenomenon on earth, but none could ever grasp the clear and balanced picture of faith, morality and religion.

To me, it appeared that because her love for humanity was so overwhelming that she became more valuable than all the humans on earth combined, because I knew her worth, and I had witnessed her saintly powers and spiritual influence. There was no doubt that those who valued the life and well-being of others the most were most prized by God and sought by Heaven.

She had true vision, while the rest were blind. How could a seeing be equivalent to a blind person? It could never be same. We would not venture to ask a blind man to give an adequate description of a landscape, even if he has made a methodical study of its topography and has analysed the nature of vegetation. In every aspect of her life, this saintly woman was immaculate, and in her every thought and action, she exuded a compassionate aura that shaped and evaluated humanity and offered refreshing articles of faith for the rest.

My peers were chiefly agnostic and some were proud atheists who hosted regular conferences and reading rooms to discuss the futility of believing in a life after death. They strongly advocated that everyone who died would become dust and be erased permanently from the universe, like the mosquitos we swat away and never think of it again. It astonishes me still to think how could humans and worms and animals be equal in having no heaven or afterlife to hope for! How could widows who mourn their life away for their husbands or children who spent half their life mourning deceased parents and parents whose life becomes completely destroyed with the death of their child ever be like a tiger or a lion or a snake and worm and how can they convince me that warm, intelligent, loving and compassionate humans and cold-blooded reptiles and animals will both end up becoming annihilated once their soul is gone from the physical earth-bound body?

In my young mind, this beautiful damsel was a saint, whose words were comforting and whose presence was healing. Her habits were impeccable and it was her faith and religion which defined her actions, as she felt that spiritual life treats the distinction between belief and unbelief as the most living mode, comparable to that between the sighted and the blind.

In every discussion of realism and typicality, we wonder how a certain individual lived and thrived, but for this young saintly

woman, one glance at her alone was enough, and so when the news of her demise was brought to my knowledge, I was devastated. Oh, my heart had never felt so betrayed and so empty, as I felt that with her departure, all my life's pillars and balance and backup were destroyed. Her aunt had once told us that ever since she was in her teens, every night of this fair maiden's young life was spent in prayers, as she remained awake all night, and chose a particular country of the world, and supplicated to God to heal the sorrows and ills of the people who resided in that nation, and without fail, she maintained this acute concern for her fellow man, despite being so young in age. She lived, not for herself, but for others, and as her tears were shed for those less fortunate, and her sobs were saved for all those who were suffering. To me, this alone qualified her to be a saint.

She lived in a simple abode, bare of any luxuries, but it was her parents who adorned her home with thick rugs imported from Persia and covered the marble floors with artworks. The stone walls of her home were whitewashed and held many trophies her parents and siblings won over the years, but she was not remotely interested in these intricate geometric designs that lined the walls, and instead, her downcast eyes glimmered with fresh tears from time to time.

When her aunt asked her to pray for the elderly uncle who was ill, the saintly woman stood and briefly her hands moved, upraised to heaven in humble supplication, and she recited the Seven Oft-Repeated Verses that the believers read daily in their prayers:

In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate.

Praise be to God, Lord of the Worlds.

The Merciful, the Compassionate.

King of the Day of Judgment.

You alone do we worship, and Your aid alone do we seek.

Show us the Straight Path.

The path of those who incur Your favour

Not the path of those who earn Your wrath

Nor of those who go astray.

My first meeting with her was intensely memorable.

We arrived in New Delhi half past midnight, and rather than heading to a hotel, my parents felt it was imperative to keep our dinner engagement at the saintly woman's house, whose family members were eagerly awaiting our arrival, and so we took a taxi and got to their house in no time. It was late at night, but the cheerful family welcomed us, and ushered us into the dining hall. It was a sumptuous affair, but our hosts asked us to stay in their spacious home thereafter, rather than rushing to a hotel.

I welcomed the chance to be in the company of this pious and glamorous young woman, and hoped our invitation in their lovely abode would be extended.

That evening, we were shown the guest rooms and everyone returned for the night, but I was too excited to be in this house to sleep for even one moment.

As I lay awake, restless with joy that I was able to briefly meet the most pious and beautiful woman in the world, I heard a soft sob coming from the room above, and in my childish curiosity, I wanted to find out the source of the noise, particularly to make sure that no one was bereaved or hurt.

I came and stood near her, and say that she was weeping, but also uttering soft words, which I immediately did not understand, but gradually wrote down on my personal journal.

She spent the whole night reciting a verse from the last verse of a chapter in the Koran.

In tu-adh-dhib-hum fa-innahum 'ibaaduk. Wa in tagh-fir lahum fa-innaka antal azizul hakim.

Translation: "If Thou punish them, lo! they are Thy slaves after all, and if Thou forgive them, Lo! Thou, only Thou, art Great, the Wise." (Holy Koran, Chapter Maida, 118)

She was weeping even as she read this passage, alluding to the reality of the hereafter, where God alone shall have the power to save and love.

She supplicated to the Being that possessed great power, and told God that if He wills, He may forgive the criminal, no matter how great the crime, for her God was greater than they, and He was the One that is all Wise, as there was Wisdom and benefit in every act of His. I imagined this was the reason this young woman for reciting this verse while standing and bowing in prayers, and she repeated it so many times, that I thought she would become exhausted on this account, but even as the morning broke over the Indian peninsula, she was repeating it

many times to bring to mind the two attributes of God, namely the attributes of justice and forgiveness.

Upon her death some years later, the feelings of loss were untenable, and I only wondered how we would now survive. How could this world replace her, one who was untouched by man or spirits, a woman who had never seen a stranger man nor had any man seen her (who wasn't of her closest bloodline) and a woman whose voice was never heard by a man and whose clothes and physical attires were never seen by a man? How could any human in this world dream to compete with her chastity or her purity and her sinless character, a woman whose heart never sinned, whose eyes never strayed and whose heart never forgot to remember the choicest praises of her God? In her prayers, she uttered the verse of the Koran which begged God to show compassion to sinners, and upon concluding her prayers, weeping, she glorified God as the supreme king of kings, and asked in His mercy to preserve sinners in life, guard them and deliver them from all trouble, sorrow and hurt. She mentioned the name of the country which she was praying for and asked God to help all those who were suffering therein, and make their enemies fall before them and in whatsoever they undertake, to let them be prosperous. She also asked God to put a spirit of wisdom into their hearts and into those of all their counsellors that they may uphold the peace of the realm, and advance the welfare of the nation. I never thought that a woman so young and delicate would be able to think so far ahead, and like philosophers, find words to praise God and beseech Him to save all the people in the world, but I imagine that it was also one miracle of her saintliness. Listening to her tearful prayers gave me hope. Therein I learned about the wonders of the ever-living God and all hymns of praise she uttered made me realise that she was a saint of God.

A modern world with its technology teaches young people that their worth is centred around their health, beauty and wealth, but this was a woman of God who lived like a phantom fairy, flitting over the ground like a silver apparition, that glowed even in the dark, and yet, her value was in her soul and her magnanimous heart, and neither she nor her peers were preoccupied with her physical appearance, and she was a saintly woman who picture no human ever saw as she never took any photos of herself. She was silvery wisp of cloud, or a fleeting star of gold that was soaring through Elysium, as this woman carried within her a heart so fair and fine that her mercy overflowed and she never could bear to see another get pained, and she never took the soul of another creature of God, be it an insect or an ant.

For many years since, my heart reverberated with nostalgia and hope each time I recalled the alleys of her hometown of Nizamuddin, a humble but ancient settlement in Nizamuddin, nestled in one of the cosiest corners of Delhi. In my childhood, India, like any developing country, held no significance to me, but once I met her, my outlook changed, and until this day, every nook and alley of her hometown intrigues me. I recall seeing the city for the first time, and before me, the dawn broke high behind the towering and serrated wall of the Nizamuddin, offering a clear-cut vision of dark peaks rearing their steep slopes on a lofty pedestal of tropical trees rising from the very edge of the city borders. My heroine lived in close proximity of the Nizamuddin tomb, and amongst the many homes, the white head of the Settlement temples rose majestically upon the blue as I breathed in stunned relief. Here, at last, the saintly woman of whom I have heard such great details, would manifest in flesh. My steps that day were docile, and I cast appreciative glances at the bare clusters of enormous gold specked rocks that were sprinkled with tiny black dots upon the smooth dome of dust on the roadsides.

During our first meeting, I remember dictating to my mom question to ask her and I remember her replying, but no matter how desperately I try to recall, I cannot remember her voice for her tone were so soft and low.

I recall my mother asking her why she was not partaking in the meal along with us to which her aunt replied that she couldn't eat traditional Indian food and could not tolerate the taste of any spice as she was born and bred in Riyadh, where her father was hired to work as an engineer and had returned after finishing higher school or year 12. Her taste and choice of food were of Arabic and European standards, and she lived on cheese and bread and could hardly eat anything else.

When I heard her silent plight of not being able to get her choice of food in India, I remember promising myself to bring her every kind of cheese the next time I came for I thought it was her lack of appetite and scarce eating that make her appear unearthly slender and pale. I could not accept that someone so pious, and so chaste, would have to suffer from malnourishment in this world, but she was a saint whose wisdom befell upon humanity and lightened the load from every guiding soul, because her serenity and patience did not allow her to complain or have greed. Purity was embedded in her

core and I was certain that she was God-sent from the Heavens, as a mercy upon all, and the light of her prayers suffused the entire world. It was interesting to see her engrossed in prayers and fasting every day of her life, and since she adhered to a religion of peace and benevolence, she habitually forgave those who harassed her and offered only amnesty and tolerance. She died in an obscure and plain town, with few mourners accompanying her bier, but I had no doubt that billions of angels were carrying her along to her final destination in Paradise, and they were chanting farewell like the gift of a song.

As I stand today at the edge of the world, while the fiery sun sets without mercy or care, I find myself and 8 billion fellow humans at the brink of an all-out war threatening the very existence of human civilisation and religion and humanity as we know of it, and I mourn for her who could have perhaps given humanity the last hope towards salvation with her tear felt prayers, Godly devotion and mediation.

How shall I lament thee, O sinless women? When the first nuke strikes and mankind abandons God and leaves faith in droves, and when people give up all deceptions of upholding civilisation and all become raging beasts in their pain and agony, I shall mourn thee and I shall wail with every moonrise, until God forgives us and the demons leave us and until you or another saint of God is born amongst us.

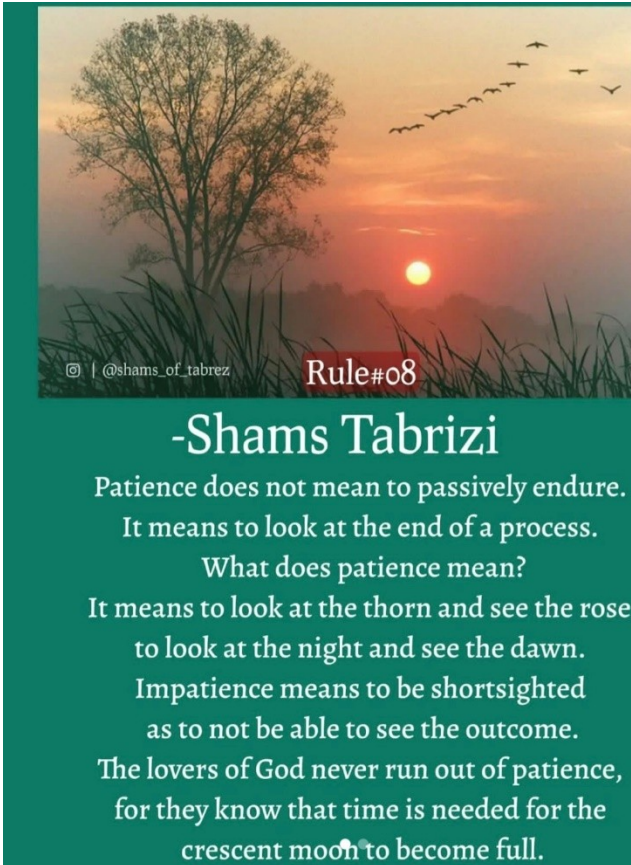
Oh, amongst all 8 billion of the sinful souls that walk upon this universe, where shall I find a saint like thee who would have prayed for the safety of those humans who sin without fear and who have earned the wrath of all the demons of hell with their cowardice and slavery of sin and sexuality?

No demons could have dared inflicted mankind with any famine or warfare or extended plague or diseases had even one saint of God resided amongst the billions of us.

What calamity and what wrath had descended upon us! Alas are we bound to misfortune and have we been cursed with suffering and is there no other way to save ourselves?

Ever since the moment she died, my days were filled with constant fear and uncertainty. I was constantly on guard, wondering when the next disaster would strike us, or which fortune would betray us or when our lives would be robbed of what little goodness we had left. Despite my efforts to maintain a semblance of normalcy, the dark shadows of grief continued to haunt me each day, and while the sun sets over the planet where humans reside, I mourn her with the setting sun and I shall mourn her with every sunrise, till my heart beats its last

and my breath leaves this world to join in my hopes and dreams with she who resides and rules all the heavens and galaxies. The story of her life was far from over, but her earthly days concluded with a message of mercy and hope for humanity, proving that love can overcome the greatest obstacles, and saints of God still lived in our midst and still had the power to change lives. Alone, I mourned aloud, addressing the nation upon which breathed her last. Oh, India how worthless and valueless you were to me till the day I saw within you an angel of God! Now all the dust of your sands and earth is worth more than any gold or diamond dust, for she who came from thy nation can outshine all of mankind with her purity and piety. Upon the pillars of this sky, our tragedy was engraved with the passing of this saintly woman, but none was there to record an elegy to the wonder we lost. She was not ostentatious but obscure, and her glory remained mostly unknown, even after her death. Yet, within the Settlement of Nizamuddin, in its floral depth, the season's lotus blooms, as though silent saints are rising from the ashes behind India's horizon. Although few people personally knew of this saintly maiden, and barely a handful of her kinsmen attended her funeral, in my heart, I knew that a lingering lamentation had been birthed from the abyss of this ancient city, and those dirges were then borne by heavenly seraphs and shackled this universe in its eerie but silent chain of loss. O the Merciful Heavens! Only the angels residing therein may have appreciated her for what the saint that she was. What did ordinary humans care for the laws of nature and arithmetic, when, in their midst, the most valuable creature had perished? I was deluged with sorrow and fear when I heard she had died, and I could not break through the wall of sadness by battering my head against it if I really had the strength to knock it down, but I was incapable of being reconciled to it simply because this loss was akin to a stone wall and I had not the strength to brave through it. Oh, pain of pains! How bitter it was to understand or recognise the unreadableness of this loss, and impossibilities of traversing this stone wall of grief, which was not to be reconciled to one of those impossibilities by the way of the most inevitable. Our world would never be the same, this was the most revolting conclusions on the everlasting theme of loss that I assumed, and I felt that we as humans had failed her. You think it was your fault, that you are yourself somehow to blame, though again it is as clear as day you are not to blame for her untimely death in the least, and therefore weeping in silent impotence to sink into untainted inertia, or brooding on the fact that if only she had lived, we would be spared of disasters and famine for her prayers would have ensured that we were all saved, and then to feel a renewed horror knowing there is no one even for you to feel vindictive against, that you have not, and perhaps never will have, an object for your spite, not knowing what caused this loss, and not knowing who was responsible, but in spite of all these uncertainties, still there is an ache in me, and the more I did not know, the worse the ache became.



-Shams Tabrizi

Patience does not mean to passively endure.

It means to look at the end of a process.

What does patience mean?

It means to look at the thorn and see the rose,
to look at the night and see the dawn.

Impatience means to be shortsighted
as to not be able to see the outcome.

The lovers of God never run out of patience,
for they know that time is needed for the
crescent moon to become full.

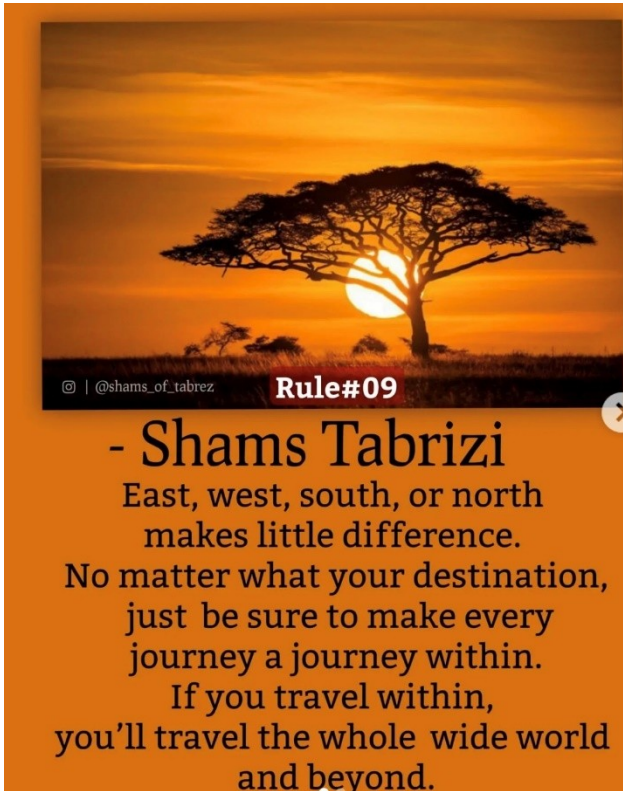
IV.

GOD LIVES FOREVER:

**Thou livest, but not from any restricted season,
Nor from any known period of human reason.
Thou livest, but not through breath and soul,
For Thou art the breath and soul of the soul.
Thou livest, but not with the life of man,
Which is like unto vanity and egregious clan,
And its end are the moth and the worms,
Bodies filled with human filth and germs.
But Thou livest, and forever Thou shall give Light,**

**And He who layeth hold of Thy secret shall find
eternal delight:**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



Tragedy of a Saint

**What right had her father to force this angelic daughter into
marriage? What right had he to pressure her into a union when**

she wanted nothing more than being able to stay chaste and celibate? Oh, only if he had known the worth of his own daughter, but gems are always misplaced and while other fathers tried their utmost to keep their unchaste daughters chaste or make them maintain even a little self-respect, this father pressured his daughter in every possible human way to enter into a relationship until she gave up on life itself! Oh, what horror must she have felt to chosen death over this life!? What emotional blackmail did this irreligious father put his daughter through, and how did he cause grief to her whom no man, no angel, no saint, no human or spirits could ever compete with, neither in chastity nor in piety nor in mercy or charity, for she was one in one billion, nay rather one in ten billion kind of woman. She was dead, and it was her parents who pressured her into marriage that broke her heart! Ah, how could I ever reconcile with what he had done? She was a jewel, made of stardust, a diamond amongst the ashes of mankind's sin, an angel amongst the demons of the world and a pure soul whose chastity's fragrance could woo the heavens and stars. My sadness had no bounds as I mourned the loss of her who was the gem hidden amongst the volcanic ashes, and who kept the world safe with the power of her merciful prayers which could control the wrath of mankind.

Her nature was so godlike, yet humble and enchanting, while her pious heart was laden with a wondrous power. One could speak to her for hours, and never face a harsh reply nor did she ever respond with glancing jests, and random stings, no matter how crude the visitor was. Grazing the crests of thoughts and things, she offered gentle words occasionally but remained for the most part, engrossed in profound prayers. She whose heart and feelings for mankind had more power than the hatred of cruel men who kill and murder for wealth and ego, could not save herself from her bitter end, and succumbed to a swift death rather than marry a stranger and give up her celibacy! She who defended the sovereignty of her Maker, and was a most grateful child and the most thankful creation of God who never was angry at others, and had never cursed nor blamed God for any pain that befell her. Indeed, this young woman was God's emissary in its purest form, and remained silent in her night long prayers as her mercy for mankind was powerful enough to control the tides of waves and hold back the fire of man's warfare, bombs and killing weapons. She was no soldier with weapons or bombs but her weapon was her tears of pain and prayers and she offered herself, her body, her soul and her tears to God for the forgiveness and mercy of all humanity.

She was a shadowy and mystic figure, ignored by mankind, undiscovered by the world beyond her city, and unappreciated by the very parents who brought her into this world. Indeed,

how could that whose lineage she came from be the one who hurt her the most for her father was the one for whom she would leave this world forever and abandon us to the sinful mad men who killed and framed others and hated God for their own ego, and framed religious and pious men and women in order to appease their own ego and include all of humanity in their sin and debauchery by destroying God's religion and framing and killing all of God's worshippers, so they could turn every sin into virtue. How could mankind now survive when the demons and the sinful sick souls had taken over the world to destroy every semblance of decency by legitimising every illicit act and framing and insulting every chaste faith of the God of Abraham? Did her parents consider these when they pressured this saintly maiden to get married? Alas, no! Her mother insisted that the father increase pressure on her, and so, her father took no pity on her and believed in the lies spewed by ignorant men and pressured her in unspeakable ways to become normal as he thought she had gone mad and only marriage would save her from this lunacy.

What madness were these ideas! Lunacy? Demon possession? These were the lies that were imposed on him by ignorant folks who had no clue what heavenly angel was within his home.

Demon possession? For not wanting to unveil herself or speak with men? No! She was not demon possessed or a mad woman. If anyone were mad and demented, then it were the sick men who make the most vile films, which are beyond human comprehension and animal imagination, and posted degrading videos and picture of women and spread them amongst mankind and it was those sinful lecherous worms and beasts that were mad, insecure and insane in their sickness and abuse and viciousness and were worse than any crawling poisonous creature that the world contains because it was their sick madness that had destroyed the humanity from this world. Their evil, slavish and sadistic nature that has made them destroy and frame every chaste religion as evil and rapist and paint themselves as the victim of religious oppression for not being able to groom and abuse others. Indeed, our world has become hell, and now that the last of the heavenly creatures have left us, I felt we are on our own! How can I save the world by myself when everywhere I looked amongst mankind was plunging headfirst towards sickness, abuse and destruction at the speed of light?

O why did she have to die? I knew this saintly maiden perished from a heartbreak, and this heartbreak was caused by her father's insistence that she marry someone. Als! What right had he to force his daughter into marriage? What right had he to pressure her into a union when she wanted nothing more

than being able to stay chaste and celibate? Indeed, the pain was too piercing for her to bear, as the very thought of leaving her God's altar for that of a man incensed her, and so, she found no more reason to live. Oh, how could I ever reconcile with what he had done? If only he had known the worth of his own daughter, and allowed her to stay single, but gems are always misplaced in this planet, and amidst the dirtiest tunnels and dingiest caves, the most glittering stones are found. While other fathers tried their utmost to keep their worthless and unchaste daughters somewhat chaste or even a little decent, this father pressured this saintly girl to marry in every possible way till she succumbed to his wishes.

Oh, what horror must she have felt to choose death over this life? What emotional blackmail did he put his daughter through?

Prematurely, this world lost a miracle-laden saint, and ever since her sad death, invisible spectral orison has been bleeding from the universal void and this grief has placed an uncontrolled hold of serendipity on all those who resided in this land.

Oh, readers! How could I ever forgive him? No, I could never do it. I could never forgive him for what he did. When she died, I hated her father that day so desperately that I wept wildly.

I knew God had given him a daughter that had no match in this universe, and he, albeit indirectly, single handedly was the reason for her untimely demise.

Ignorant as he was, gullible and believing in the lies fed to him by ignorant men, could he not know the mystical glory of his own daughters?

Did he not see her? Was it not him who birthed her and grew her up to be a chaste woman, and could anyone know his own daughter better than the father himself?

Questions after questions rang like funeral dirges in my mind, and my heart wept and I lamented that day and lived it over and over again in my mind. If only I were a little older, then I swear by God that I would have found something or figured some method myself to put a stop to that.

I feared we had gotten back from the epitome of civilisation to the absolute end of civilisation, with men becoming addicts to every single hurtful degradation, the world with all its inhabitants shall plunge into a misery unknown by any humans before us.

Never had they technology to preach sickness and dementedness as the way sick men nowadays preach their sickening ideology to the world.

There was never the presence of so many billions of sinners defiling the world all at once and there were never so many billions of weapons and bombs made by men to give them power to sin and threaten their enemies if they tried to stop them from sinning and degrading others.

Never were there so many satellites suspended from the space which could ensure that religion and all religious men could be defamed and framed for every sick rape and murder to all 8 billion people of this world. Never did mankind anger God by defaming His name and faith so violently and so widely.

God is angry at us and He left us to the mercy of sick men whom we gave the power over our home and children with their chosen news and ideology to infect our hearts, we have denied God and God has left us in the mercy of cruel men who will abuse kill and torture whatever human heart they find amongst the living.

And amongst these unfortunate star-crossed souls, whichever saint we had gotten was forcefully taken away from us, because the demons feared we would be saved by the prayers of a soul so sublime and pure and loved by man and God.

But alas, the world spared none and attacked her and made her long for the life with her Lord instead of us.

One could not blame her for wanting to be with the One who Honoured her, for even in this world, she was a phenomenal being, who was surrounded by a tapestry woven with the threads of spring's embrace. This saintly woman of ethereal grace held the warmth of a porcelain cup, beautiful and tender as the first blush of dawn. Her black veil, adorned with the whisper of purity draped her form like the delicate touch of a dew.

We would mourn her and await her till we find an answer to all my thousand wishes and dreams that I now have to dream alone.

The world seems to be preparing us -one by one for the most severest consequences of all times and all at once, while it chooses and finds and hunts and down and targets down the only saints and the souls who could have helped us or relieved us of our suffering.

It seems like the world is making sure that there isn't left amongst us even a single sinless soul, so when it attacked us, we would have no hope, we would have no reprieve and we would have no connection with God and the heavens and no saints to pray for our salvation, or give us hope.

She whose prayers and steadfastness could hold back the curse of the abused women and boys from annihilating the world and burning the whole universe down was no more!

How unfortunate that her father's torment drove her away from our midst!

Possession or madness, whatever her parents labelled with, how could one be more wrong or more ridiculous? She who gave her every piece of food away to every vagrant beggar that came near her and she who after fasting from dawn to dusk in the scorching Indian heat, and starving for 19 hours, finally sat down with one piece of cheese and when a street urchin stared at her, she offered her last meal to that urchin although she could not ever eat any Indian food, and in her hunger, continued to fast with happiness while standing in prayers all night without any break... How could she be mad? it was me who had gone half mad with anger when I saw her give every morsel of food away to everyone, and who readily gave strong men her seat on the train or bus, and stood the whole bus drive cheerfully, until I thought I would go livid in my anger towards those who took advantage of her mercy and love.

How can a woman who decided to follow the rules of her God and obey the commandments that came to prophets and messengers of God for thousands of years from Moses to Jesus to Muhammad, could be classed as mad in this mad world where human beings cared more about who to sexually serve legally, which gender to transform into, and eventually which family member or friend to sexually abuse, and so, if anyone was mad or insane, it was this world, and my world and the generation I was cursed to be born in, where men were women and children were raised as sexual objects and where women were insulted, objectified and nudified and forced to serve others sexually, and publicly sexualise and demean their body and diminish their dignity more than any pig or dog or monkey ever had to.

This world was mad and she was the only sane person in it. Her mercy was unending and her anger, non-existent, and her love was all-consuming and her pity for every human or beast all encompassing. No hatred or evilness of men could have reduced her mercy or make her hate them, for hatred she did not know the meaning of and anger she didn't have in her as she was too simple and too pure for this world and its people.

Oh, readers how could I ever forgive her father, who coerced her into getting married, something her heart was set against? No, I could never. I could never forgive him for what he did. A hundred decade may pass by but I could never forgive him, for he took away my last hope for mankind's survival.

The world had a way of torturing everyone in every way possible. The world spared no one. Whenever it found someone with Mercy with love, it tortured them into madness. The world seemed to me like a monster waiting to devour those with softness in their hearts. And only those who are too dumb to remember and too cold-hearted to feel and too stupid to believe in fairytales of love stories were the ones who survived.

I did not want to become the victim of this world. This world does not even spare the saints of God, this world does not stop tormenting even the most sinless of womankind, it did not spare Jesus, it did not spare Mary, it did not spare Moses or the Israelites, it spares no one. And it forces all of mankind to go through every kind of torment until it makes people mad. And the only answer I found out of this madness that infected the world and this incurable disease of the heart whose sadness made every human go insane- Was to leave this world behind and live my own life in my own world.

Perhaps her sin was to live with her parents in their house in their building eating from their food and living in their home. Perhaps she should have left the world and that included her mother and father and go to the desert or stay in the forest or run away from people and live her own living farming her own field and eating fruits from the trees of God.

She owed it to the world to live a little longer, she owed us to survive just a little longer, until the wrath of wars would stop, until the next major war would promise victory to the civilised world and God would not curse us with the torment of communism, where we shall because of our sins, lose our right to even call upon God or pray or fast or live in freedom and peace and mercy or justice.

The world tortures anyone and any soul who are good and great, it torments any pure souls it can get its hand on. Sometimes the world tortures strong brave good-hearted men by making them spies and agents and making them get tortured in the hands of their friends or enemies until they become mad with pain and until they become cruel and cold-hearted and insane and broken like their enemies.

Sometimes the world tortures the lovers by making their beloveds disloyal to them and making enemies come and torment their lives in every possible way.

And sometimes when the world finds young woman like me, whom it tortures, but with fear, sadness with loneliness until they feel like they shall go insane. It tortures the merciful with the death of their beloveds. It gives them friends who betrays them. It gives them poverty and pain and defamation and sadness. Sometimes the world or this life attacks the emotional and loving ones with the depression that makes every human heart insane.

Perhaps the answer to all these questions was to leave this world, was to leave the world, the power -the people- that were under the magic spell of the world and its wealth and its power and its Fame, and to leave them all and go to the jungle or the desert or to a village uninhabited by humans who have been infected by the disease of lust and jealousy and hate , and to find God away from those who fight God , and to finally come to peace with their own soul.

And so, I dream that one day I will be able to leave this world and find happiness and peace and comfort away from the world and its people and away from the hate and love and the from the illness or the pain inflicted upon loved ones. Perhaps one day I can become strong enough to leave this world and strong enough to find myself and eventually find God if I can become free enough to love humanity without insecurity hatred and fear. Perhaps one day I will find an answer to all the pain that deluges my heart.

Perhaps one day, I will become brave enough to leave this world before the world breaks me into pieces and turns me into an insecure broken spirited human being who has no chance to find God and depends upon human love and wealth and human companionship and fame until death comes and destroys them and their loved ones and keeps no sign of them left in the world.

Perhaps if she had left her family and the world and its wealth and its warm homes and shelters, only then she could have survived this world and its torments. And perhaps if she survived, then the world too would survive.

Oh! It was her duty to leave the torturous human beings who themselves have been the victim of the world until fear and insecurity made them bitter and cruel, and perhaps if she survived then her prayers would have saved the world and would have saved many amongst humanity who may no longer survive without her purity and her prayers to shield them from the evilness of sin and from the punishment of the world and its broken men.

I was fortunate to benefit from her presence, and during her days on earth, I unabashedly used her piety, because her every word and her every prayer was accepted like a miracle and was accepted before it passed her lips and I swore I would use her power and save my country, a nation she was fond of, and I had planned to tell her about the plight of my nation, and so, as soon as I became a little older, I made a list of prayers that I would ask her prayers for, so we could win the upcoming wars, and so our civilisation and world power wins and does not go to the Chinese, and so that no nuclear war takes place, and many such vital issues upon which humanity was tangent and indeed, I had a list. Oh God! But what calamity and what worthlessness of our own sins that she was lost to us before I ever had a chance to make her pray for my country and my nation and for the safety of all the world. Now I fear every morning that some dread and horror of an upcoming nuclear warfare began, or pandemics and biological warfare could be starting any minute to destroy half of humanity and all of the civilisation we know of, because she is gone from our realm, and she is faded away from our midst and I have no more reassurance and no one to turn to in my fear and madness to save my nation and my people.

This saint was dead! Her father and mother emotionally pressured her to marry until she gave in and suffered bitter heartaches, and so I blamed him although perhaps he was also the victim of ignorant folks who knew nothing of her and filled his head with frightful lies and fear. But how could you blame me, when I was the most vehement anti-war activist and had planned extensively to explain to her the politics of the world and use her power and prayers to save my nation and our world?

When I heard that fateful news of her death, my heart churned in madness. I looked out at the sky believing that the sickening sins of the world will annihilate the universe and God took her

away for we deserved not her prayers or her God's mercy any longer. I felt myself sinking deep into a march, as if someone had taken the ground and floor away from underneath me and pushed me over the cliff to free fall and die along with humanity and civilisation itself. Such acute helpless I was experiencing that no words could accurately describe it. I wailed but had not the strength to cry out loud because terror and fear for our future had made me lose my voice so I wept in silence until I felt my heart would burst and the veins of my brain could no longer handle the pressure of my maddening cries of anxiety and regret. Oh, indeed, I had reasons to despair, for I knew that mankind would all despond and die because there were no saints living amongst us to save us with their prayers. Fear drowned me and I fell to the floor losing my balance, holding the long list of prayers in my hand, wondering what would happen to my nation and my people, and how could I survive when my people would burn in an all-out nuclear war given by mad men who were the slave of lust and hate. How could I watch and not writhe in my pain and anguish when children and women will suffer because of the sin and abuse of mankind? My world, my plans and my future along with humanity's assurance was seized away from me, the day this saintly maiden was seized away from us.

I felt it was a sign from the heavens that God and the last of His angels left us and abandoned us to infamy and that the time for our annihilation has come near, and the doom was too frightfully close. That's why we lost her, and we lost her forever. She the only sinless woman that our world had, while the rest of them were manipulated by sick men and their powerful media to indulge in every kind of sin and think it as good deed. I realised it wasn't her I was mourning, rather, it was humanity for whom my heart broke into a million pieces. To sin is to hurt someone, to seduce is to demean someone, and insult even their parents, to dishonour is to torture someone, and when mankind sins uncontrollably, the pain of a billion souls destroys and annihilates mankind. Religion curtails certain freedoms, and perhaps in some ways, oppresses people, but never hurts and never insults and never dishonours, and so when the world stays religious, they stay oppressed and unhappy but never happy and tormented or demeaned and degraded to the point of unimaginable pain and anguish that causes famine, and warfare to destroy the world. The world became over-filled with sinful men who were powerful enough to manipulate the world into believing only the very religious men were torturous rapists and baby killers and every religion-hating rapist porn producer (who demeaned women and whipped them and assaulted them and trafficked them) along with the pimps (who drugged and prostituted women and boys and children) were

all honourable men who gave women freedom. This false narrative is expanded by the media. There were no more saints that I ever came across after her death, and there were no more ultimately sinless being that I ever met since, and so, with her death, all my hopes were gone. I mourned her because I mourned for our world and all its people. Sin makes people suffer and suffering and warfare makes people so cruel and so selfish that they can no longer stay humane. So, with her demise, I felt the humanity of human beings were gone.

My hope, my last resort, my holy Grail, my insurance, my nation's safety and victory were all gone away, and gone forever, all because her father pressured her to get married. I hated him that day so desperately that I wept out wildly. God had given him a daughter that had no match in the universe, and no comparison in this world, and he single handedly was the reason for her untimely demise. God had given him a star from above the heavens, the most sinless being, unseen by any man, untouched by any human, unaware of lust or sin, with a heart that prayed constantly and a maiden who stayed hungry for days and night in fasting for the salvation of humanity, while other fathers had daughters who were mad for men and romance, selfish and obsessed with their own looks and friends and wealth and fans and followers and social media, yet those fathers loved their daughters blindly and he who was blessed with the most sinless angel, tossed and flung away his greatest blessing into the ether. Ignorant as he was, gullible and believing in the lies told to him by ignorant men, but did he now know his own daughter? Did he not see how night after night, she prayed and wept for humanity? Did he not see her unrealistic charity and mercy? Did he not see her triple layered black veil that she wore everywhere she went, to the point that she walked blindly in the street because there was no way anyone could see anything through such thick a veil?

This young woman was so pious that all those who met her knew this at once, and shall I believe anyone if they claim that her own father did not know his child and her unnatural piety and chastity and shyness? Then why would he believe in the lies of strange men who never saw his daughter, never heard her voice and never saw her face and never knew anything about her? Did he not know her? Was it not him who birthed her and grew her up? Could anyone know his own daughter better than the father himself? My brain buzzed with these thoughts and my heart wept out and I lamented that day and lived it over and over again in my mind as of somehow, I could have done something to save her and with her, my world and my nation would also be saved. Ah, if only I were a little older, then I swear by God that I would have done something myself to try and put a stop to it. Her father's unrealistic fear stemmed from

the lies that the people around him convinced him of, that his daughter was under the influence of some evil spirit who was in love with her and that was the explanation they gave as to why she so desperately wanted to stay single and chaste and veiled herself at all times, but she grew up in Riyadh where she was taught to honour herself and respect her body as a shrine, that was not worthy to be seen or objectified by strangers, and which prompted her to veil herself like all her classmates. It was not an abnormal thing for girls for that nation to do because they all wore veils and happily so, for they did not enjoy objectifying their body in this sick and evil world. Others convinced him that someone would kidnap his daughter because of her beauty and without a husband, she wouldn't be safe should her father die as he was suffering from a terminal illness. He was told that some human or female trafficker would perhaps take her away as she knew nothing about the world and wealth. But was he some pagan who believed that wealth can only be earned or was he a believer of that God who fed the birds in the nest and the snake in the snake pit and He very well could have fed his daughter with or without a husband and protected her from all perils? But no matter what the reason for his actions, how could I ever come to forgive him? How could I ever reconcile with the fact that because of his actions, this world lost its greatest saints? Because of his arrogance, ignorance and fear, we the humans of the world, lost the guardian angel of our generation for life! We lost her.

Oh Lord, we lost the maiden who could have stopped warfare and nuclear annihilation from destroying the 21st century. Had she lived amongst us, then no fear of warfare or disasters could ever plague my mind, because I knew what she was, and so long as a saint so great would have walked amongst us, nothing could have happened to the world that possessed her.

No tsunami would dare attack the land she tread upon, no nuclear radiation would dare to spread in the horizon her breath mingled in, no bombers and or earthquake would dare shake the ground her feet fell on, no biological warfare or famine would dare to torment and starve the people for whom she wept and prayed for, no rapist soldiers of enemy nations could have tortured or starved any women or boys if she existed amongst us, for her uncontrollable tears and her fretful heart and powerful mercy would have stopped them and destroyed them. What a loss her death was! My heart wept in such spasms of pain and remorse beyond what words could ever explain. It was some kind of fear and dread that I never experienced before. And to think that this death could have been prevented only if her parents refrained from forcing her into a marriage, but they insisted, fearing she was under some evil influence, and now she was gone. How could any imbecile think of her to

be under some evil influence? She who was the softest and most angelic in nature, she who offered up her seat to strange men when she had every right to continue sitting on public transportation, and she who without an exception, gave her last plate of food away to every child or beggar or vagrant that asked her for anything, much to the displeasure of her family who had to make sure there were not anyone around before giving her the daily meal and she was one who never in her life raised her voice above a whisper, though she be dragged through every painful tribulation and anguish and torment that she was forced to endure because of her marriage plans. Her patience and kindness had no equal, and she was one who even if the whole world would become insane and mad, she would never have lost her softness, her purity or her mercy. Surely, her father knew all this, but was it fear that made him so desperate for his daughter's marriage, that he wasn't himself anymore? Was he not a believer in God and didn't he know that the God of Abraham who created all the mighty heavens and earth could safeguard and feed a young girl and protect her without the presence of a man?

All my memories of her were of her praying and sobbing to her God, for the betterment of mankind. Her presence was a poem written in the language of mercy and longing, and her beauty a melody that sung softly to the soul-a siren's call that beckoned the hardest hearts to shores unknown. Her every gesture captured in the timelessness of paint, as she was both the storm and the calm, a paradox wrapped in the enigma of a woman's grace. I shall never forget her greatness, and can never forget how she was saddened after being forced to enter a matrimony and died of a broken heart.

Oh, woman of honour, oh woman of God, forgive us! Forgive us for not knowing how to help you! Forgive the ones who you wept for, yet they could do nothing to save your broken heart! May your pain free the women of God from the slavery and torment of godless and faithless people! May the pain of your purest heart rescue all the world from the influence and power of godless men who forces women to abandon faith and honour and forces women to become the slaves of their honourless, godless society and culture. May the tears of your burning heart become the fuel of the beacon that shall give back glory and power to the men of God and the men of faith who shall defend the honour of every woman and boy and bring back the laws of the God of Abraham!

Oh, our hearts are ill! Our hearts have become so ill with the stench of human obsession and with impressing and being impressed by humans after humans after humans and their temporary love and hate and acceptance! Our hearts are ailing

and the darkness is so deep and all-consuming that we cannot even recognise purity when we come across it!

Oh, why was she forced into a marriage when her wish was to remain chaste and celibate? What right had her father to put her through what he did? If he had always meant to force her into a marriage so desperately, then why had he allowed her to grow up with so much honour and respect and allowed her to cover herself until now?

Why did he teach her religion and truth about God, and why did he teach her honour and self-respect and allow her to don modest attires and teach her such honour and chastity, if he was going to ask her to abandon all of it in the end? Why did he teach his daughter the God of Abraham's religion that honoured women with veils and chastity laws and never allowed women to serve men as sex workers or degrade themselves and allowed her to adhere to that religion that gave women the right of chastity, self-respect and dignity?

Indeed, within my close associates, I always noticed an ironic behaviour related to fathers and their discipline with their children. There has been no exception to this trait that every single of my female classmates or peers who were into makeup, boys, and parties, and enjoyed flirting and dressing in vulgar outfits, they were always desperate to marry or get into relationships, but somehow, they fathers were anxious to keep them chaste and pious, and some of their parents begged them to go to churches or mosques, or speak with a holy person, in order to learn self-control.

It was always girls or women who enjoyed leading on men, and wear provocative clothes, who had fathers that discouraged them from marriage or relationship, whereas, this saintly woman, who only wished for one thing in the world, and that was to remain chaste, and celibate, was inhumanly pressured and threatened to enter the bonds of matrimony against her wishes.

Among my associates, those women who enjoyed watching men fight with one another over their affection were the ones whose fathers tried to threaten the boys away from their lives and even cancel their credit cards if they refused to stay home at night.

The more a woman dressed in provocative clothes, and was obsessed with attracting men's attention, the more strict the father would be, or at least that is what I had seen from my own experience, as I saw that men whose daughters were unchaste generally wanted their girls to become pious and pure, while the father of this saintly woman was the opposite in his

reaction and had the most pure and chaste daughter in the world, and yet, he tried to do everything in his power to make sure she got married.

How different were those women from this saintly maiden, this I could only marvel in wonderment! They were as different as heaven and earth.

If I could Weep:

Saintly maiden, thou art gone too soon,
Death came when thou wert fair as the moon;
O, thou wert pious to thy final hour,
But this world could not pay thy dower.
With a face so dear, and form so fair,
Thy life was love - from year to year!
As there was not a land upon earth,
Thou didst fail to bless since birth.

Though young thou hast been, of gentle birth,
'Tis our misfortune thou were returned to Earth!
Too soon to leave us, too sad to bear,
Thou lived nobly in piety and prayer!

My tears are streaming in sadness,
To know I was from thee absent,
And could not remain by thy head,
Holding vigil over the death bed!
My admiration for thee shall remain,
And love hourly increase, however vain,
As I usher thee to the forefront of glory,
Alas- it cannot bring thy life back to me,
For thou art now in God's eternity,
Most loved, and revered and free!

I cannot, in my grief, cast another eye,
Over the dust where thou didst lie,
For how can one bear to look again,
To the loss of a life, wilted in pain?

Let thy name be sung and wafted in the sky,
And glorified be the dust on which thou lie.
Let heaven receive thee in her home,
And earth bestow upon thee one last tomb,
So, no sinner nor cadaver may tread,
Upon thy grave and lasting bed,
And all mortals believe this command,
That thou wert the loveliest of this land!

O 'tis a lovely thing for thy youth
Who feared to lie and spoke the truth;
For we have not known, heard, or read,

**A nobler woman who was dead!
Thou tread early in wisdom's way,
So, we could trust to all thou say!**

**For love through all thy actions cast,
As all thy words wert mild:
Thou wert lovely to the last,
Sweet and innocent like a child!**

**Thy soul was gentle, O fair woman!
And as thy piety and faith grew,
Thou grew in favour both with man,
And God, thy Maker too.**

**Now, Lord of thee Who reigns above;
From his heavenly throne,
He watches thee dwelling in love,
And marked thee for His own.**

**Farewell, fair one, and enter gentle into that night,
Brave with faith, against the dying of the light.**

**Why did this saintly woman's father teach her so much honour
so such chastity, so much pride and self-respect and to worship
none but God and to serve none but God and now told her to
marry and serve a man when every single Abrahamic religion
forbade forced marriage and nullified any marriage by force as
illegal? Perhaps it was because he was not religious himself
and disliked piety and religiousness and considered those who
prayed and fasted like his daughter to be bigots and zealots,
and so, he ignored God's commandments, and continued to
pressure his child into marriage, ignoring her acute distress.**

**All three Abrahamic religion were same in this manner, as seen
in the verses below:**

**O you who have believed, it is not lawful for you to marry
women by compulsion... [Koran 4:19].**

Based on Islam, a forced marriage is void and forbidden.

**And in this religion, there are no forced wedding or marriages,
but due to his ignorance in religious texts, this saintly woman's
father did not heed religious instructions, and coerced his
daughter into marriage. Occasionally, one heard reports of
such forced events, but those were completely false and came
from deviant sects.**

The Koran also adds: “And of His signs is that He created for you wives from among yourselves, that you might reside with them, and has put kindness and mercy between you. surely, there are signs in this for those who think. (21 - Chapter 30: THE ROMANS, The Koran)

The correct saying in this matter is that it is not lawful for the father or anyone else to compel the girl into marriage with someone she does not desire, even if he is suitable, because the Messenger (peace be upon him) said: Do not marry the virgin until her permission has been sought. And this is general - no one is exempted from it, not even her guardians. It is reported in Sahih Muslim: The virgin, her father is to seek her consent...

There is also evidence of times marriages were annulled by Apostle Muhammad which can be interpreted to be a principle for such cases.

It was narrated from Khansa’ daughter of Khizaam al-Ansaariyyah that her father married her off when she had been previously married, and she did not like that. She went to the Messenger of God (peace and blessings of Allah be upon him) and he annulled the marriage. Narrated by al-Bokhari, 484

These passages made it quite clear that forced marriage is no marriage, as can be seen in the Bible as well.

(Hebrews 13:4) Let marriage be held in honour among all, and let the marriage bed be undefiled, for God will judge the sexually immoral and adulterous

Alas, why did he allow her to stay away from the sight and touch of men till her twenties, all the while, teaching her to honour her body and to have faith in the supreme God? Why did he place her into an all-female school so she grew up with the most firm standard of self-respect, high moral values, freedom and pride, then after all that faith and honour, why did he force her and pressure her and emotionally blackmail her into going into marriage with a strange man when she never spoke to a man from her puberty till that day and when she never even looked at a man? What a tormenting idea it was for her, when she never talked or sat next to man in all the years and decades of her entire chaste life?

Indeed, there were villagers and other gossipers in his area who told him that young woman who were beautiful and single were often seduced by men who took advantage of their naivety and after convincing them to run away with them, the men sold them to prostitution rings or human trafficking agencies and this idea caused her father quite a fright, although he should have known his daughter was not like most girls who only cared

for makeup, romance and jewelleries. This woman was pious and pure, and never in her wildest imaginations would she have run away or eloped with anyone, but her father was too brainwashed to think rationally and proceeded with forcing her to marry.

Her father's unrealistic fear stemmed from the lies that the people around him spewed, who convinced him that his daughter was under the influence of some evil spirit who was in love with her. That was the explanation they gave to why she so desperately wanted to stay single and chaste. What a bitter tale, for what was a father to think in such a situation? Occasionally, he would give up on the endeavour, and gave his blessing to his daughter so she could remain single and chaste forever, but the saintly maiden's mother berated her father until he once more began to pressure her into entering matrimony. Others in the neighbourhood convinced him that someone would kidnap his daughter because of her unparalleled beauty and without a husband, she would not be safe should her father die as he was suffering from a terminal illness. But I could not accept these reasonings, for no matter what the reasons were for his actions, how could I ever forgive him for forcing his daughter to marry?



-Shams Tabrizi

The midwife knows that when there is no pain
the way for the baby cannot be opened and
the mother cannot give birth.

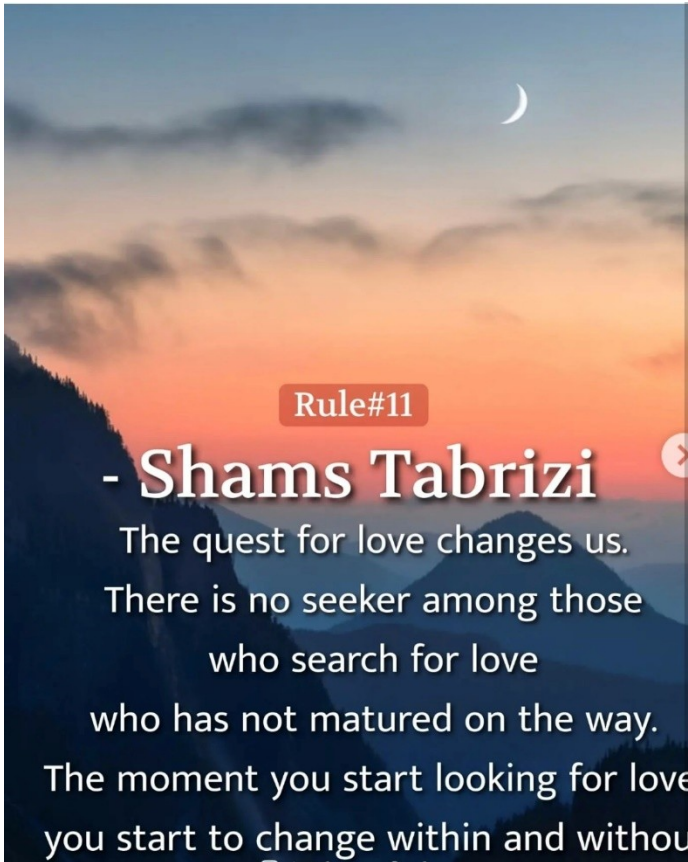
Likewise, for a new self to be born, hardship is
necessary.

Just as clay needs to go through intense heat
to become strong,

Love can only be perfected in pain.

THE ONE GOD:

**Thou art One, the first without a beginning,
Thou art One, the last without an ending!
Thou art high and Eternal Being,
Exalted beyond abasement or falling,
For how should the One fall Who is our King,
And Whose praises we celebrate and sing?!**



The Madness of Life

We are drowning in our madness, in our own hell. The loneliness and the pain and the fear of living is enough for some humans to lose track of life and to find the strength to keep on living. I often thought about what a utopian world

must be like, and while there was nothing perfect in this imperfect world, it was saintly people like her that gave hope to the people who were terrified of life for she had built her connection with the mighty Lord. Though she herself was often helpless and sad, but her relationship with God had kept her going. And every day, she prayed with such desperation as if she would die if she stopped her prayers even for a moment. Her every action and worlds resonated the enigma's hopeful whisper, because she always wielded a pure and Promethean spirit, in her life and in her death. During her teenage years, she cared not for worldly affairs, but always kept going back to God and His eternal love, like a child who keeps returning to its mother. Luxury of mortal life did not concern her in the least. For some people, life was brutal, but for her, life was nothing but getting to know her God more fervently and emotionally every passing day.

Ah, how could the world break her at last, when no one could break a person who only sought validation from her Maker. In the brief time that I spent in her company, I saw that she was tired, weary of life and weary of idle talks and distractions of human life, and after spending so much time sitting next to her, I too became fluent in silence.

When I left the city, I could not forget her, not her face, not her spirituality, and not her speech, and when she entered a room, it felt as though the heavens itself came crumbling down majestically upon us.

I took many attempts to speak with her and maintain eye contact but I would become breathless with awe and my heart would stop beating, making me become short of breath, because no matter how desperately I tried, I could never look long enough into her eyes, whether during daylight or nighttime for her bright eyes appeared as if they had celestial lights and rejuvenating rays emanating from them.

Her aunt said that even before her thirteenth birthday, this young woman was extremely concerned about the welfare of the people around the world, as the news of any natural or unnatural disaster troubled her greatly, and she often asked her aunt the names of new countries, so she could pray for the salvation of the people who lived there, and she diligently prayed for the forgiveness and peace for those all night, months after month. Being with this pious saint made me appreciate God and His mysteries which praises could not express, nor the imaginations conceive, because for the women and men of God, life was not subject to extinction. She invoked God with that mercy with which He ruled over His creatures, and saved bliss reserved for those who feared and loved Him. The modern sense of profound existential doubt was non-

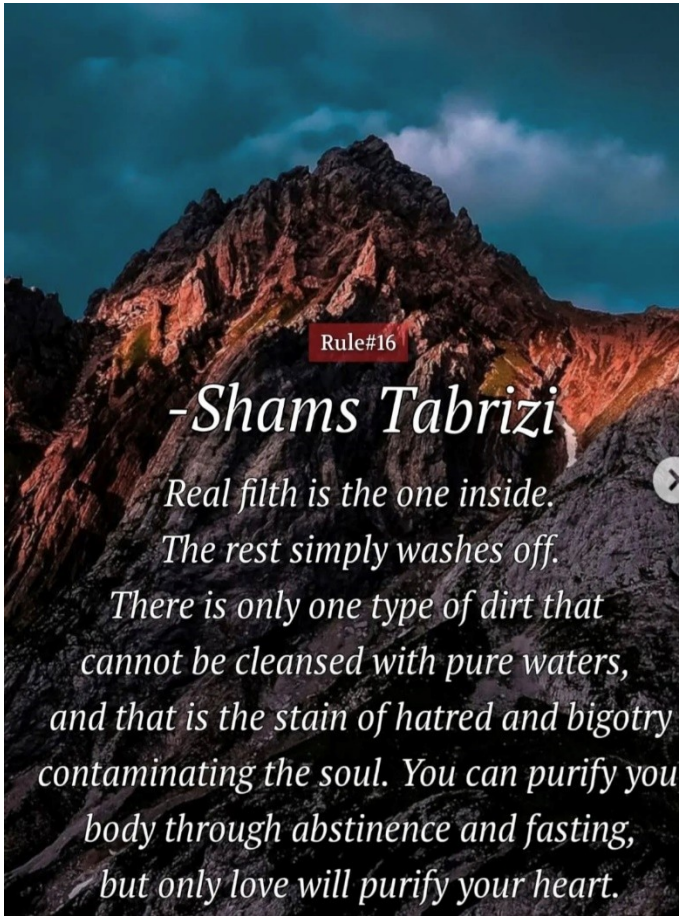
existent in her life, for she most positively believed in God's existence and in the existence of all that can be perceived with the senses and all that which were hidden from human perceptions. She was more than a saint, and thought like a philosopher and gave generously like a philanthropist, but was not an empiricist who believes in science and the principle that there is no truth beyond what is observable, or at least that we can have no knowledge of such things. Every action in her life was more than holy, as I saw numerous miracles taking place in her presence.

I witnessed her keenness and social dexterity when I visited her house with my mother, and upon returning to the sitting area after a brief walk around the gardens, I saw that this fair young woman was busy studying some images of maps and asking pointed questions to my mother who was very educated and earned several college degrees in both Germany and the USA. When I saw the pious young woman speaking to my mother, I overheard them discussing each country drawn on the map, and she was repeating the names of the nations after my mother, trying to pronounce it properly, but I remember that I found it amusing to hear her utter those words, because since she had been born and raised in Saudi Arabia, her pronunciations were rather Arabicized. With much difficulty, she was able to memorise the names of several continents as well, and then remarked with adulation that Europe seemed fascinating, especially when was Isbania was so large, and then I knew she referred to Spain, pronouncing the p in letter b sound as per her childhood Arabic habit. For more than one hour, the young woman learned the names of each country, and asked my mother about the demographics and population of those places, and upon hearing about the UK, she said she would like to visit Berthanya one day, and upon asking her family members, I found out she meant Great Britain. Her concern was so great for the people of those nations, that she wanted to pray for individual nations each day, as she worried constantly for the people of the world and spend every waking hour praying for the safety, health and salvation for each nation on earth.

Upon seeing her immense piety and miraculous, I realised that she had conviction in her heart that with God was the centre of power, the mystery and the foundation because when she called upon her God with His ineffable name, many of which were concealed even from the wisest on earth, God's power which sustained the world on nought, and wielded the faculty of bringing to light every hidden thing, was the deity who was this saintly maiden's friend and answered all her secret prayers.

I saw her early the next morning, and as day came over the brick home, she was transformed again into a majestic fairy and smiled and busied herself with small conversations with guests which could afford her some distraction. This saintly woman was not only mightily pretty, but was marvellously well-proportioned, with her hair coloured like gold and heavy as gold and nearly flowed below her knees. But she was ignorant of her own beauty and charms, for with looks so rare, her behaviour was astonishingly humble and gentle, as she never took offense over the disagreeable words or actions of others, and to me, it really seemed that the more pure and righteous a moral being is, the more rarely she must antagonise, more intensely she must love, the more surely she must forgive impurity and unrighteousness.

It was terrifying to experience such ethereal atmosphere and feel so unworldly around this saintly maiden, for whenever she looked at someone, she spoke barely above a whisper and scarcely took her eyes off the ground.



Rule#16

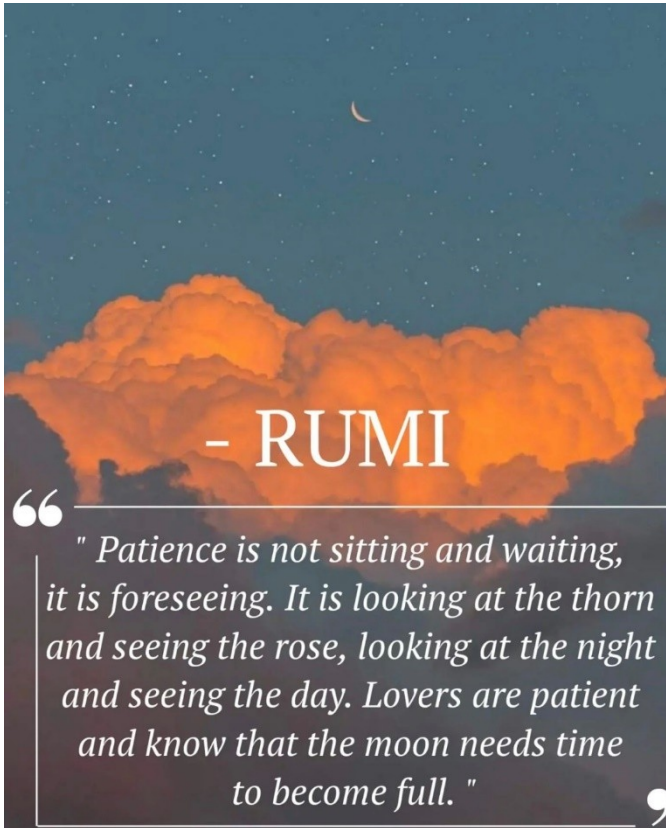
-Shams Tabrizi

*Real filth is the one inside.
The rest simply washes off.
There is only one type of dirt that
cannot be cleansed with pure waters,
and that is the stain of hatred and bigotry
contaminating the soul. You can purify your
body through abstinence and fasting,
but only love will purify your heart.*

**VI.
Thou art mighty and Immaculate,
There is none among all Thou hast formed and
created,
Who can Thy deeds or Thy powers, emulate,
Nor do justice to Thy decrees that Thou dictated;
For Thou art mighty, and Thine is the completed
power,
Beyond change or mortal alteration.
Thou art mighty, and from the conception of Thy
Hour,
Might dost Thou pardon Thy creation,**

**In the time of Thy wrath, forgive the losers,
And forbearst long with Thy sinful sinners.
Thou art mighty, and Thy mercies are upon all Thy
creatures,
Yea upon all of them are the mighty deeds taught
by preachers.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



- RUMI

“

*" Patience is not sitting and waiting,
it is foreseeing. It is looking at the thorn
and seeing the rose, looking at the night
and seeing the day. Lovers are patient
and know that the moon needs time
to become full. "*

”

The Vacation with a Saintly Maiden:

I had the rarest opportunity to accompany this pious young man on an invitation on a journey in India when my mom and several of her friends were invited to visit a family friend and she had, by the request of her aunt, accompanied them because one of her relatives also invited us all and she decided to come with us in the two-day journey from the border of India towards a small city on the outskirts of New Delhi.

The journey was the most fascinating one.

But little did I know this experience would be the experience of a lifetime. It would change me and it would turn me into a person that I would never recognise ever again.

From that day onwards, I had been both blessed and cursed with the scenes of a memory that would forever be imprinted in my heart. Even if I left the realm of time and died and started living in another world, I cannot forget even a moment of those two days. It had forever cast me into the world of despair and hopelessness. The events I witnessed the memories that were embedded in my mind, and the wounds of events that left deep cuts in my heart and threatens to reopen the injury should I ever venture too deep into those terrifying events.

I shall try to relive those memories, however painful they may be, because like all of history that are the raw truth, almost nothing remains while legends and fairy tales manifests itself into the pages of our history, wearing the mask of truth and this is how humanity forgot about the history of man itself and started stepping down the path of destruction on their own accord.

Sometimes I think I was chosen, chosen by a higher power to immortalise every action, word and deed of hers.

We rented a van (almost like a private mini bus) and the journey itself was like a vacation and a tourist setting. The only reason I agreed to go on that journey with my mother was because this saintly young woman would accompany them.

In my obsession and my inquisitiveness, I was eager to find anything about her to confirm my suspicion about her secret life and check if I could find anything out of the ordinary which could confirm or cancel my suspicions about her.

She was too simple and too naive to ever realise that she had caught my attention. I listened and watched raptly to every syllable she uttered and her every action brought forth a new curiosity to the ancient worlds of saints and angels, who braved every terror and suffering to bring forth into our world the laws of God, though man now had quite forgotten the meanings or origins or purpose of faith itself.

I didn't worry much about her, as she seemed so harmless and so meek and had disarmed all my defence, and I never imagined or concerned myself with what would have happened through her that would change so many lives.

I was a child and in my young world, the future held no importance. The future didn't matter nor existed in my world as I was only concerned with the now and here.

The vacation in which I accompanied her was ordinary. In those two days, I did not sleep or even shut my eye for more than a minute, because under no circumstances would I let her evade my sight even for a brief moment.

I had heard so much about her piety that I wanted to see for myself what extraordinary powers or influence she had and so, I kept her under constant observation and investigated every little detail and tried my best to understand every word she said. Even at night when she slept, I was constantly walking around her suite and keeping an eye on her to find out what she was up to from moment to moment.

I often found myself woven into her pious world, and heard the lyrical rhythm of the holy words of the Final Testament which she recited slowly whenever she was alone; words that could have broken the hearts of cruel men, words that touched the human soul and moved it to tears, words that could make a lost soul find its way to salvation and happiness and give the hopeless hope and words that could give the strengthless enough might to stand up to the world of cruel deviated tyrants and dictators.

O, I was fascinated by her and became more and more restless to find anything about her which would confirm or deny the allegation and the suspicions that some people had about her. I wanted to confirm the rumours that several of our acquaintances knew about her, as those who knew her from a young age or were close friends with her mother said she would slip sometimes, and things beyond logic and explaining would come to occur around her; events or acts which were so beyond the imagination of an ordinary human being, that no one in the world would believe it or even imagine it until they would see it for real.

Never in my life, out of the thousands of acquaintances that my well networked parent had selected, out of the millions of conferences they went to and out of the thousands of dinner parties that I went along with my parents in numerous countries across continents years after years, never had I heard any rumour or any remote similarities of anyone's life story or nature or experience that I had heard about her. Rumour though it was, it fascinated me and I took it upon myself to confirm it or destroy the rumour once and for all.

My heart remains on the edge of an icy glacier, threatening to injure me should my heart venture to relive too vividly or allow myself to feel those feelings that has scarred my soul forever. The memories await quietly, ready at any given moment to cut open the wounds of my injured heart and throw me into the deepest pits of depression and hopelessness.

The saint I adored was no more but I had her memories to cherish and recount and tell the tale of her glory with care and caution.

I remember the first time when we boarded a train in India. It was nightfall and we had a long tiresome day, everyone was dead tired and they fell asleep in the cabin of the train. I saw everyone fall asleep and several people were snoring and it was almost 2:00 a.m. or 1:00 a.m. But then I heard the soft prayers of someone who appeared to be sobbing silently, I was unable to contain myself any longer, so I went ahead and removed the curtain from her cabin to see what she was doing, although it took a lot of strength and a lot of humility to break all the decency and openly spy on someone.

But I was a young girl not yet in my teenage years, and thought myself to be extremely mature and smart and kept thinking that it was the one chance in my life to find out everything I could about her, so I stood there removing the curtain of her

cabin and I saw her standing on the bed, deeply engrossed in tearful prayers.

She was standing on the prayer mat, still as a light pole, without moving, without swaying as she stood strangely calmly and steadily in prayer. In this moment, caught within the gentle night's caress, she was not merely speaking words, but was pouring her heart into a language older than words, a love song written in vibration and resonance. Every fibre of her being harmonises with the instrument, crafting not just a tune, but a timeless embrace that speaks directly to the soul.

This pious woman wore a long veil over her body and she stood there Frozen in prayers and I could almost hear her weeping. 1:00 a.m. passed and then 2:00 a.m. passed and then 3:00 a.m. passed and I kept coming back every 15 to 20 minutes and observed her for as long as I could stand there without arousing any suspicion, and she stood there in prayers, weeping until I had become restless and tired for she was standing for almost 5 hours now, although she was awake the entire day before and it was a very tiring journey. She was by herself and there was no need for her to stand in prayer all night. But it seemed like her prayers and her connection with God was something that she needed in order to survive. She appeared to be relying on that prayer as if it was the only connection between her and God and as it was as if her soul would die if she didn't pray or stand up in front of her God or cry to Him every night.

She prayed until the dawn broke and the morning twilight had gone and then she prayed the morning prayers. In the holy embrace of her black veil and gown, this saintly woman commenced her silent conversation with her God, a sob of soulful strings and tender prayers. Each tear she shed was a whispered confession, her closed eyes a testament to the rapture that heaven alone could bring. Her smile, a secret kept between the hours, was as delicate as the melody of her prayers that floated and filled the air, in a symphony of silent words.

She lived like a hermit, sleeping for only 2 or 3 hours each day, praying afterwards. My mind was shocked by her action. Never could I imagine someone so slender- so weak looking- so small and mellow- could have such power and such strength in them, that they would stand in prayer still as a tree, praying and crying and sobbing and reading verses from the Final Testament in her devotion and her worshiping of God.

Her piety dazzled me and I started understanding that perhaps the rumours about her purity was not untrue after all. I then decided to become even more focused on her and I started

shadowing her and catching and analysing her every move and every action in order to understand her better.

What was it about her that seemed to move the heavens and earth with her devotion and prayers?

What was it about her that made people feel so eerily different when around her?

No one around her noticed at all, no one could imagine she was out of the ordinary; she was so calm and so quiet and could never answer anyone with smart retorts nor could she ever find the ability in her to ask people personal questions or answer her personal questions evasively. When people asked her question, she was brutally truthful and painfully honest so as in counting the minutes and the seconds of the time before telling them, or counting the exact number of biscuits before answering them about how many cookies are left in the plate. She seemed too simple and too pure for this world.

Indeed, this saintly woman seemed extraordinary in her purity, and her piety. Her sublimity already affected me deeply. There was no way that I would stop pursuing my investigation regarding her now that I had already found out her secrets and knew her routine and saw her nightly prayers and heard her praying and seen her heart felt tears. As the day went by, we stopped at the resort and then we were scheduled to take a tour along an archaeological site, and suddenly it started raining and there wasn't any shade nearby.

It was an Indian monsoon season.

Some had several umbrellas and they used it but she gave her umbrella to another child who was getting soaked in the rain.

It didn't look the child needed the umbrella, as these children seemed to be enjoying the rain water and were used to it and I felt it was more necessary for her because the child appeared to be street urchin in India who are used to running around in the rain and live happily in harsh weathers. But she gave her umbrella away to the child and she sat down getting soaked in the rain. I tried in vain to give her my umbrella but she wouldn't take it and she wouldn't even share it as she believed that I would get wet. I tried in vain to give it to her, until we could at least wait nearby for the car to come and pick us up.

Indeed, the rain was harsh and cold, although it was a warm season, and this saintly woman was wearing a very thick veil over her face and her body. In the rain, her veil and cloaks got soaked and I figured she might catch fever. Alas, my fear came true as soon afterwards, she suffered from a high fever and we

rested in a nearby hotel for a couple of hours until she became well, and someone did get her antibiotics but her temperature was not going down. She looked so frail, that she was appearing to me as if she had almost fainted.

I thought she was unconscious as her temperature increased. Because the fever was so high, my mother wanted to take her to the hospital to get intravenous treatment, but whenever the prayer time came or she heard the prayer caller calling out for one of the five timely prayers of the day, it was as if another soul took over her body and she woke up from deep fever and highest temperature and in an almost sleep-like state, that appeared to be like a coma, she woke up and performed ablution with the water and she stood in her condition and prayed calmly, but immediately afterwards, she fell asleep and almost fainted with her high temperature roaring. It amazed me to see how she could remember pray in this condition, when ill patients are religiously exempt from prayers. Had it been up to me, I would have forgotten to pray. It mesmerised me and her mom to see how could she with such high fever find so much will power that whenever and whichever time the prayer call came, and whatever situation she was in and no matter how sick or how tired or how high her temperature was, she woke up and she did not delay her prayers. She arose with such devotion as if she had another strength from another world and as if her soul was more powerful than all the sickness that could attack her body. It was as if her soul was the most powerful thing in the world as it took over all sickness and all disease and all the temperature and all unconsciousness and made her pray and answer her God and again fall into the deep sleep with high temperature. Within one day, her temperature was still soaring and my mom contacted all her friends and got her admitted to a hospital.

They injected her with IV and since it was a very expensive hospital with many American doctors and several of them were my mother's friends from before, the staff took good care of her, and several of them came to visit my mom to see if everyone knew the patient and took special care of her.

Fortunately, afterwards, the pious young woman was feeling better and I helped her walk and we were going around looking for my mom and her friends and we strolled into the other wing of the hospital where my mom was telling me to find her, as she was on the phone talking with her friends. She could not come personally to guide us, as her colleagues were all her college mates when she was in medical school in the United States. One of her friends returned home and opened up a hospital in India with many American staff and graduated doctors to give the best medical care to locals.

My mother was in a private suite talking with her friend and I took my saintly friend and walked her over to wherever my mom directed me to. I was on the phone with her the whole time and arrived at the hospital wing, and I found out that it was a sort of private chamber.

We found an old person lying down as my mom was talking with her friend in the adjacent room and the saintly woman and I sat there, waiting for my mom to finish so we could go inside and take her along with us, as we became quite restless to leave.

She was feeling much better and agreed that we would miss our destination tourist spots if we didn't leave sooner. When my mom was catching up with her old friend, we walked around and entered into a chamber where an old man was being treated with several IVs in the hospital. When he was wheeled in, this young pious woman saw him, and I saw almost tears in her eyes as she came close to him and in her soft voice, she was asking him if he needed anything, or if he needed food or anything else, and he answered her that he did not need anything and asked her who she was, and she answered truthfully, and soon, they started having an intelligent conversation and talked for a long time. The old sickly man told her many stories about his life as we were still waiting for our mom and I kept on texting her and she finally came out with her friends, one of whom was the head of the hospital and a very experienced doctor and she and her husband were the board of directors of the hospital.

I had a chance to peek into their resumes and saw they had several pages of degrees in medical field had attained almost every conference and won every award related to the medical specialising.

The experienced doctor was coming out with a medical tray in her hand but suddenly saw the scene before her, and her tray dropped and she stood there as if she had been taken over by a zombie. I thought she appeared insane as she had lost her senses so I ran to pick hold her shoulders to balance her on her feet, and fetched her trays and purse from the tiled floor, but she was so shocked and immobile, that my mom became scared. I rushed to her to ask for an explanation, and after several moments, the doctor said she was now okay.

This commotion caused the old man and the pious woman to stop talking and stare incredulously at the doctor and sigh in disbelief. The doctor was too horrified and too shocked to speak and it took a long time for us to sit her down and ask her what was going on. She looked at my mom and burst out into wild tears, as she said that this man was her father-in-law who was

suffering from late-stage dementia. And for the last 4 years, he could not remember even his own children and for the past 2 years, he did not even speak or remember how to speak. His mental health had deteriorated and he was suffering from many diseases related to the brain for the last 10 to 12 years. The old dementia patient was bedridden and was near death. It was almost 8 years ago that he had lost almost all memories of his past along with all his skills and eventually his speech too. This doctor was shocked as she could not imagine how he could start speaking and even remember everything so clearly and lucidly and form complete sentences and talk about his past and appear so normal and healthy.

I glanced at the pious saintly woman who was looking a little perplexed by all this and saw that she became nervous and slowly backed away from the patient and went out of the room to wait in the hallway for us, but my heart had found what it was looking for. My suspicion confirmed- my world shattered and my heart exploded and I thought I could not read any longer in excitement. I had found out her secret! I had found out all the rumours were true, and more than true and much more than that. What a miracle! Every hair of my body stood up in ecstasy. I thought I had lost the feelings of my skin because all the blood had drained out from my face. My mom was calling me and asking me questions but for at least 10 to 20 minutes, I could not answer anything, as my mind was racing a million miles per hour.

There were so many doctors here confirming so many medical reports that it couldn't be false and I knew that she was a saint, and she had proved herself without knowing what she proved. She had done the greatest miracle without ever knowing what she had done. Her power and her strength and her humility and her piety made her a saint, and this was confirmed in front of my eyes.

This young maiden had merely asked him a question or two and that was enough for him to become cured. She did not invoke any blessing nor prayed any prayers, and in front of my eyes, I saw the greatest miracle of the world happening and unfolding in front of me.

My heart shook violently and I thought I would lose my mind and the balance of my feet in my excitement. I held on to the walls to balance myself. It was her then, it was she and the rumours were not false at all.

And it was me who was lucky enough to see her and to stand beside her and speak one or two words with her. Yes, in the 21st century, they were saints walking within us, so mellow and so

pale, so slender and so unimpressive, so ordinary and so common, yet to God they were special! Yet, what was it in her that could cure every unimaginable terminal sickness and that could bring back the dead from their death, and what was it in her or what power and what piety and what miracle or what magic or what word was there to confirm or to describe what was happening in front of my own eyes? I did not want the doctors to panic and accost her, and I did not want them to believe that this old man's cure was related with her, as I felt it a duty to protect her powers and her secret. She was so weak and so simple and she was so mellow and so non-worldly that she could not contain attention from people. I knew she could not handle any extra focus and any obsession of human beings as she was too pure for them and her heart too gentle and her mind too simple.

Even as I made a mental note to protect her, my eyes darted to the hospital corridor where she stood. I noticed that she was not wasting any time, and lay her prayer mat on the tiled floor and began to pray once more, sobbing intermittently.

Enveloped in the dark embrace of her black veil and shawl, blooming with silk threads that rivalled the midnight's first blush, she stood in the hospital corridor, a vision of goodness and grace. Her gaze, tender yet piercing, which usually told tales of faith and hope whispered beneath a starlit sky, now was downcast in devotion. The black fabric caresses her like a gentle wind, framing her porcelain face that was veiled with several layers of loose fabric, and were the sanctuary of her deep, contemplative eyes. In the hush of the world, her presence was a poem, unfurling in the silence-a mystery of colour, texture, and light, as passionate as it was serene, as timeless as it was fleeting.

A million thoughts rushed in and out of my mind. I stared at her and then towards the old man, and then looked at his daughter-in-law and my mom. I took the medical reports in my hand and tried to speak with that man to see had he really been cured. I tried asking him questions and found out that he was completely normal. That old man was nearing the age of 90 but had become completely cured and became completely healthy and normal within a few minutes of speaking with her.

I ran outside as I did not want to lose her from my sight. I did not want to lose her from my mind. I stood beside her trying to avoid eye contact. I did not want to show her what I had just witnessed or what miracle she had just performed. I did not want to destroy her purity or make her afraid or appear to be too intrusive, but my heart betrayed me and I almost felt like weeping.

She was a saint of God, and I did not deserve to stand near someone so sublime, so pure and so connected with a God whose truth and existence had been proven to me. I now knew that the God she prayed to all night and all day and the God whose words she had memorised and recited day and night and the God whose Faith she followed in piety and practice by wearing the veil that she wore, that God was real! I didn't deserve to be with her, and my voice broke in uncontrollable sobs whenever I tried to ask her a question or break the ice or distract her mind from what just happened. Because I could not believe that if there was a God and if He indeed had given her so much power and if she indeed was so close to Him, then how could that God find me and give me the chance to speak with her and to be with her and to witness her miracles first hand. I had lost all control over my emotions because inside the hospital room, the old man's daughter-in-law was in tears and my mother was trying to calm the situation and I had nearly lost my mind. How could I believe my ears? How could I believe my eyes, and yet, her first miracle was proven to me. Her God was proven to me now. Prior to that moment, I knew of a God, but before the age of 13, my parents despite being a believer, never enforced any faith on us or any religious value in the US as they were the kind of academics who thought we would figure out what we needed to believe on our own. Sometimes, I believed in God and sometimes I didn't, not because I did not want to believe in Him, but because I did not need to believe in Him as I had no reason and no time to focus on religion or fate. I was busy with my hobbies and my studies and the fun life that I was enjoying and the friendship and my siblings and all the games and all things and vacations, so I was not focused on religion, faith and God as there was no pain or no hurt in my life that would make me turn to God or pray or believe in Him or focus on Him. I did not despise God at all, and even felt bad when people insulted Him because I did not understand their obsession with the God who was maker, for it did not matter to me whether or not He existed. It did not appear necessary to me, but right now, through her who was connected to a God so great, I had been introduced to His powers, the power of the most powerful God who controlled all the world. From her, I could feel that God is wise; and wisdom is the fountain of eternal life, and it flowed from God and all the knowledge of man was but folly when compared with His wisdom. God was wise, prior to all beginnings, indeed, I now knew God was merciful and wise, but that wisdom was not learnt nor acquired from any but Himself. This woman's God was wide and from His wisdom emanated the divine will, which, like a workman and a master, brought forth at the predestined time the pleasing creation and drew forth the thread of existence from non-existence, as the light issued from the eye, and was drawn from

the fountain of light without bucket for God made all things without tools, and like this old man, cured a dementia patient without any medicine.

Emotion flooded me! What was that emotion that took my speech away, and what was that melancholy feelings that shook my heart with such quakes that I couldn't speak without sobbing?

Perhaps, it was a soul being introduced to God through His powers and His miracles for the first time.

Perhaps it was the emotion of a human being finding out that this life is much more than what it appears to be.

Perhaps it was the end of my innocence and my naïve belief in medicine and all the natural things that happens in the world naturally.

Maybe, it was the inner eye and the inner power or the inner strength that shook me to my core!

Perhaps, it was the end of what I knew and what I was being taught from childhood that appeared so false to me.

What was this emotion that I could not describe?

What was this pain that hurt me so deeply that I could not control my voice? Looking back now, when I think of when I became a believer, what woman defined my life and changed my faith and my understanding of human fragility and immortality, that moment comes to my mind. That day or that moment was what made me who I am, as it was this saintly maiden who introduced me to a God I did not know I had, for I was a lost carefree child until that moment, but it was through her that I knew my God. It was she who made me a believer! Oh, indeed, whatever time I may have, however many years I may live to be, it was that pivotal moment that made me who I am. Oh, it was her, it was her and no one but her, and should she never had come into my life or proven to me the power of that outer world, then I would have been a sightless child blinded from the world, blinded from reality, unaware of that God Whose power proved immortality and Who created that universe and that heavens that defined human existence!

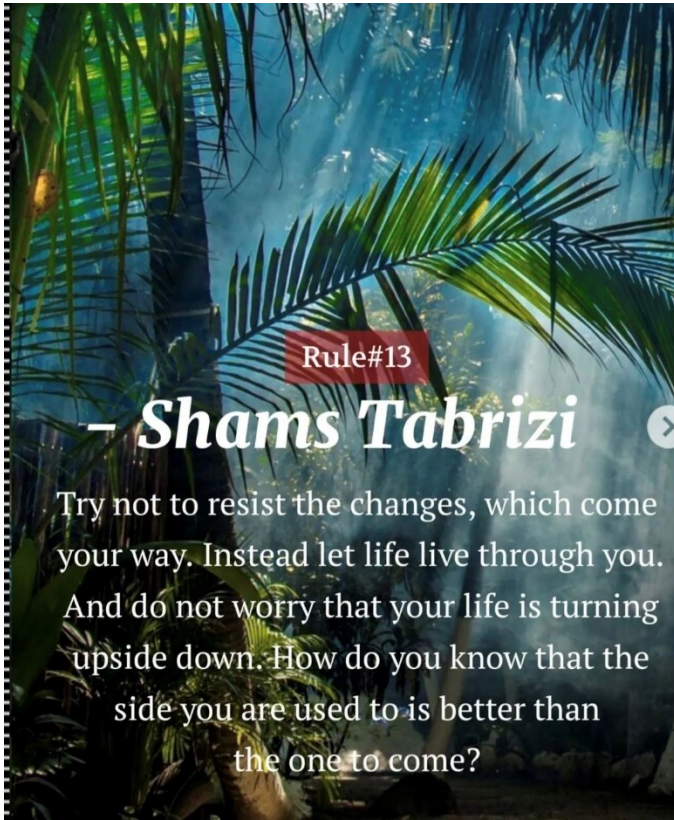


VII.

GOD IS THE LIGHT:

Thou art Light celestial, and the eyes of the pure
 shall behold Thee,
 But the clouds of sin shall veil Thee from the
 guilty and the miserly,
 And hidden art Thou from the eyes of the sinners,
 As Thou art deliverer of ill-fated prisoners!
 Thou art Light, hidden in this world to our eye,
 But to be revealed in the visible world on high.
 On the mount of the Lord shall it be seen,
 Light Eternal art Thou, and Great Thou hast been,
 And the eye of the intellect longeth and yearneth
 for Thee.
 The whole it shall not behold, only a part shall it
 see!

- SOLOMON GABIROL



What is life and what is death?

**Are we all not in the dream of life?! Was not this life a dream
and our perception of reality, nothing but a dream, and that**

too, as short and as temporary as a dream? All that men are now fighting over, were those all only happening in a dream and their dream duration will be over and they should soon awaken to harsh realities?

Is not the lover's human love in this life a fickle thing, where lovers die for and live for a lover in their own dreams which they believe is real!?

Does not human beings fight and kill in this dream called life, vying for a country in their dreamland knowing very well that they will have to leave this dream at any given moment, and wake up from their sleep and sink into reality of the Judgement day?

Ah, I was confused with the incident that took place before me. My soul had wakened that moment and all the hatred, all the fighting and love of humans, appeared as fake and as fleeting as my dreams.

Life itself became an enigma to me, as the question of whether such traumatic incident could take a man lose his beat, when life in this world encompassed such vastness that during man's whole residence here, he does not have to cross death once, nor is obliged to own to himself the absurdities of sorrow, and can engage his or her waking hours in the pursuit of sane and sensible ideas. I was not granted such luxury for the scene unfolding before me was not one I had any agency over, as it looked to me as though the dead had taken over the universe.

I, who have sometimes wondered if this life was a centre of gayety, or a scene of the greatest activity by vibrant individuals, I felt it right to say that even a mundane life had some modest charms of its own, such as the soft breeze on a summer night, where entire neighbourhoods were wrapped in a kind of social silence, and events were honourably attended by the friends and families, and joy could be felt everywhere, but what happens when the very definition of life is eschewed, and the dead become more alive than yourself?

There are moments that define our life and rouse us up from the dream we believe is real to the truth that is really true. This was the moment when my heart woke up from the make-believe universe to the terrifying reality of the true world. I saw no purpose in life, love, relationships, food, or living and human feelings of love and hate. How many of those dead souls were rich and powerful with passion and lust and mad love that had made them forget about death and the life that was beyond what we know of the world.

Oh, what was this madness of a few hours that changed my young heart and awoke up so violently from the dreams of my youthhood and the passions for life and ambitions and dreams

of happiness?

What had India done to me in the span and two days that my entire life's course was altered? What fear had gripped my heart and paralysed my mind with sheer terror and an agony that made me weep in my sleep?

Humans feel sorry for those who suffer in the world, often claiming that death came to so and so and relieved them from the pain of cancer etc, but was death really an escape, or was it merely one more prison wherein mankind shall reside forever?

In fact, human souls felt pain for those who lived amongst us and we were not able to relive their suffering and pain, and my heart wept for the dead who suffered, for they, the forgotten ones, had no one to weep for them, because no one believed that they existed and that their souls lingered and suffered and so, no one amongst the living shed tears for their agony, nor attempted to help ease their pain nor did they know how to. But, I knew, and O the terror of suffering in their eyes and the pleading pleas of their outstretched arms would haunt me till I died. I could not stop my tears for them, and in my fit of mourning, I took out my notepad and wrote a line which later became a very famous quote, in my hysteria of guilt and agony, I wrote, may God forgive those departed souls who have no one to pray for them.

How true and relevant it was, because the human souls gets sick and the world acts like drugs in which all humans forget their life's purpose, and forget all about the real destination. The world drugs humans with notions of love, belonging, relationships, and hopes of love or loyalty and companionship. But all human affection and admiration were futile, this much became obvious once I saw the reality of the eternal hereafter, wherein billions of people will live for trillions of years alone in their graves. But humans still were addicted to humans, and this was because there is no drug stronger than the drug of another human's attention and love and relationship and ambitions of wealth and politics that distracts a human soul from the reality of the next life.

My dreams, and my life broke away in front of me. I was rudely awakened to a terrifying world. I forgot all the hate and love of humans as sheer fear froze my senses and I could think of nothing but the most brutal torment that made me wish for death and eternity to begin instead of keeping me distracted in a world so false and so fake. O how my life had been broken into a million pieces and burnt to dust my dreams of youthhood away. In fact, I aged prematurely that day and all life and all my hopes melted from in front of my eyes. I knew my restless heart could never find any comfort in this short, painful world and I longed to be like my companion who was of

such purity and piety that she had attained the kingdom of heaven within the fist of her hands, for she had gone above fear, because the God who created fear was her friend and ally. As for me and my hereafter, I was unsure, because my God was far away, for I knew nothing of Him and perhaps He didn't want me to know Him for in my heart was bitterness of a teenage western life of entitlement and petty vengeance and righteous rage of self-superiority.

Alas, what would become of me! Perhaps God had no place for me in His heavenly abode made for angelic women who had no thoughts of human hate and vengeance or even the memory of anger in her heart for anyone, not even for justice, because every hater in reality justified their hate by claiming the tried to do justice. Lust for humans was unknown to her pure soul as she was the chosen one for God. She was more than a pious person, but she was our shield against all harm, providing a safe haven for humans who wanted to thrive, and due to her sacrifices, we were able to reside with truth, and live in bliss and joy and fearlessly reap the fruitful gains in the course of our lives. Since this saintly maiden lived in obscurity, few amongst mankind even knew she existed, and even fewer were sincerely grateful to her, but I hoped we could offer her a kind of gratitude which extended beyond all existence.

The dream I saw was more vivid than reality. The tropical trees which by night drooped its boughs so pensively could not hide the glistening dead faces from my sight. They had all been cremated, perhaps centuries ago, but here they were now! I wondered if those deceased recalled their living days or if they dreamt of their happy younger days when their bedfellow were not the cold worms of the world. Were they afraid of the living in the world or did they envy every soul in it, for in their deathly existence, they momentarily appeared so tranquil, so careless, so sorrowless that I wondered if they were really dead. I could not see the faces of that dead society, but like blind men, who resorted thither much by day, and makes strange kind of jest of their own, they moved with resolute purpose, but still, there was not a nicker of humour upon their many sightless faces. They perhaps had some hope and a faith that others less unkindly treated by nature will be able to see their pain but my world was lost to my heart that day and my mind never left that place nor awoke from that nightmare that would haunt my living and my death no matter how long a life I may live.

I feared death after that day, for nothing seemed more trifling to me than that world my soul shall travel to after death strikes

me. Oh, death! What fear has it brought upon my tortured senses! How could death, which every soul must go through, become such terrifying an ordeal for me to even think of? How could I venture into that world of death and that life after death where I shall have no friend and no family and no beloved comrades and not a soul to give me companionship or soothe my fear and pain and only the God of the faraway heavens may exist? No, not even my angelic companion could help me there and a thought came over me which made me wail in such terror that I almost lost consciousness. My heart felt as though it would burst open a floodgate of tears and my heart would break if it did not cry out loud. Indeed, this became my nightmare every time I thought that one day, I myself would become one among these dead who were racing after us because one day, I feared I would be one of them chasing and running after the travelling carriage that would carry away a saint who could have been my only salvation from the torments of the afterlife. My heart wept like a mad person because my eyes were opened to that world which I had previously known nothing about, and I couldn't blind myself any longer with the thoughts or feelings for humans love or hate or worship.

I was in one of the most interesting cities in India, but there was nothing joyful about what I had witnessed. Everything around me seemed false and fleeting, and only the saintly maiden who accompanied us in this trip was real, and my God and her God were the only true things for I knew my vacationing companion was an angel who flew above the heavens, and her charismatic prayers and piety benefited all of mankind, and the living and the dead came to her for help and prayers.

O, how I could almost hear their pleading voices of those multitudes of people, and their tone struck me with more terror than the most fearful tone ever heard by man or spirits. They were dead, and this was a dream, and yet, I was afraid!

I shuddered in horror thinking that I too would have to perish one day, and still linger on in the ether, like these dead men and women who were cremated and transformed to ashes before having their remain interred in this cemetery.

As I Come to the Edge of Death

**Oh, do not forget me when I'm dead,
And toss me not away to eternal dread,
Nor leave me in the darkness of a tomb,
Amidst its fabled miseries and gloom!**

**Oh, I cannot die and be lost forever,
And from all loved ones, cease and sever;
Or for centuries falter and decline,
In a pit of earth without a song or sign!**

**Upon my death, will they decree,
And will all my loved ones agree,
To intern me below an errant shrine,
Where no list or legacy shall be mine,
Where this flower-like body will decay,
And bloom of my youth perish away!**

Their fear, their truth and their reality was different than mine, because those people had been dead for hundreds of years, while I had spent barely a moment in my life pondering over death. From that hour, even as our vacation coach moved on to different resorts, life for me became different, although I was sitting in a five star resort, eating the finest meals and drinking the finest drink served by the finest servers and honoured by everyone and loved by all, but those who were with me in this vacation didn't see the tears that fell on my teacup and they did not hear the shattering beating of my heart's ruthless pulse, while I was drowning in a catastrophic feeling of guilt and fear, thinking that perhaps, in this very resort, those humans who rose from the cometary had one day dined and enjoyed life and

love and forgot about death and the life thereafter. Ah, what bitter irony life comprised of! I could not stay there any longer and I longed for the Indian monsoon shower for I could cry into the rain without being judged and shamed and I could weep and my tears would go unnoticed in the heavy rainfall, and every face that passed me would have me imagining their death date and wondering if they would also come to my dreams and nightmares asking and begging for me to leave my pious and chaste companion behind to pity them or to have mercy on them and to think of them and not forget them merely because their bodies passed away and their souls were lingering in this careless world of humans who cared not of their own death and not of their comrades who left the world before them. Oh, how bereaved were these dead! Yes, I wept for them, as my young heart broke into a million scattered sparks that burnt my heart in a pain I had never felt before.

I felt sorry for them and I wept not out of my own fear alone, but because I understood their pain.

All they wanted was to have this saintly maiden reside amongst them, and I too wanted her to stay back because I felt I had betrayed these dead .

Indeed, I had betrayed them! Could they ever forgive me for not having the strength to tell a soul what aspired me to look for excuses to never tell her who they sought from me?

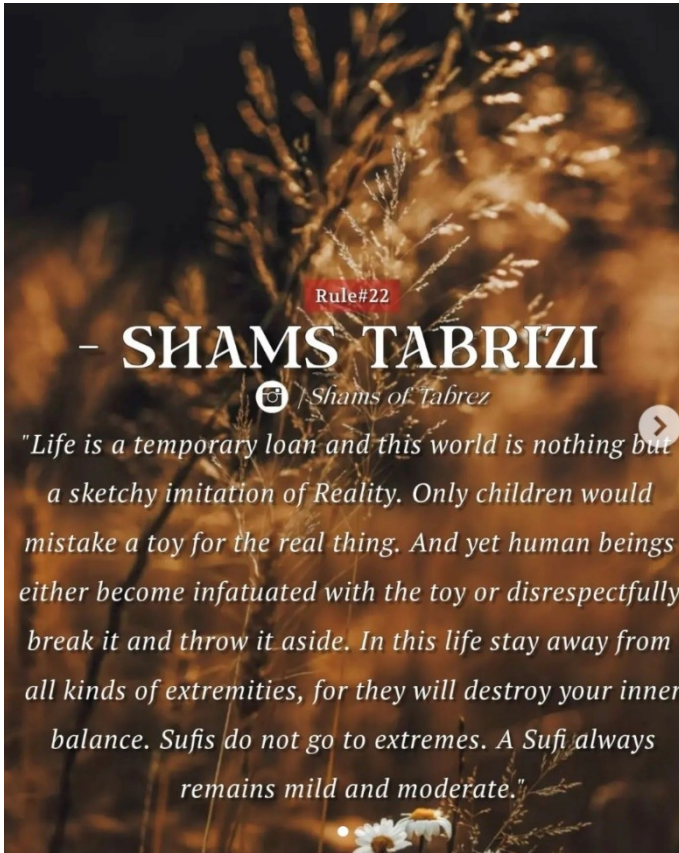
Oh, but I was young and very afraid! I feared people would call me mad for mad I was swiftly becoming in that pain that I felt. These voices haunted me thereafter and I envisioned their hands outstretched and recall my heart breaking and my soul tearing apart in burning agony while I had to leave them behind to suffer, and to live in fear and loneliness in that strange world- and still, I could never muster the strength to tell her the truth for even if I had told her what transpired that day, how could she have eased the pain of those people whom the world forgot?

The world was cruel to me, O life! This world did not pity my young soul and opened the gates of death and the afterlife in front of my eyes. Indeed, it forced me to stop living life and to become fretful and plagued with the terror of impending death and the fear of an unknown life after death.

How would I fare in the afterlife? Indeed, I knew I was no sinless angel like my travel companion, who prayed day and night and fasted every day of her life, and unlike her, I was not a praying and fasting woman. I was no angel and how could I ever even dream in the wildest nightmare to ever achieve that spiritual ascent to which she belonged. Although she was older than me by a decade, this saintly woman treated me like an equal, but I was not par to her, for my friend had no fear and she could afford to be fearless, for she feared no humans and

was scared of no death. She had no vengeance and no hatred. She had no life and no death which could make her shake and freeze in fear. She was a freeborn soul, a soul whose heart was never infected by human obsession, yet she cared for everyone and felt everyone's pain more than her own. She was a true saint who never focused on any human feelings of love or hate. She did not live for human love; in fact, she hid away from any human obsession as she did not want the love of mortal humans. Indeed, she never wanted their affection, loyalty or attention because her heart was so pure and so heavenly and so angelic that no human love could have ever enslaved her heart or mind. She was bound by no human hate as her heart was too disconnected from the world to hate humans or obsess over them. I was impressed to see no human hate had she in her heart, no jealousy and no hatred and no anger, for she never justified hate and never held rancour or anger or memory of human feelings.

I was privileged to know her, for once you met a soul so free, their freedom and purity leaves an imprint in the heart. A chance meeting or even remaining a moment in her company could free the human heart from lust, slavery, love, hate and all the other feelings that infect and tarnish a human heart with every vengeance.



V.

GOD IS GREAT:

**Thou art great, and compared with Thy greatness,
All greatness is humbled and all excess
diminished,
Incalculably great is Thy being, and Brightness,
More superb than the starry heaven varnished,
Beyond and above all grandeur and grace,
And exalted beyond all blessing and praise!**



Rule#21

" When a true lover of God goes into a tavern,
the tavern becomes his chamber of prayer,
but when a wine bibber goes into the same chamber
it becomes his tavern. In everything we do,
it is our hearts that make the difference,
not our outer appearance. "

- Shams Tabrizi

The Philosophy of Saints:

The temporariness of this life is devastating at times. One day you realise that the world is false, and because once you were one of those who mocked at miracles and the myth of saints, you feel doubly frustrated with this find, as I had, the day I witnessed the miracles and frightful nightmares on the journey in India. We learn from our childhood that the dead are immobile, mute and do not come return to life, and yet, everything I was now witnessing ran contradictory to those philosophies, and as I watched the throng of dead people rushing hitherto, I noticed that from time to time the cries and promenades broke away like socialites from the ranks surrounding a waltz, but like those in a waltz, who turn after several rounds and drift back, smiling and controlling their quick breath, and resumes their promenade, the wailing dead were in no mood to recoil or return to their underground home without gaining their request. The place around me was intensely dark, in the candour of the Indian summer night which had no reserves, and the brilliancy of the waxing moon was not broken by the simple desolation of the landscape, but like ropes of wild laurel twisted up the aisles of trees, masses of men and women cowered and cried at us.

The tropical plants on one side of the cemetery glittered, as their leaves which were had odour of viands, of flowers and perfumes, and which had the power of exhilarating or depressing the onlookers, were immobile. Only the smell of death lingered. I kept looking at the faces of the dead men and women, but they all turned their eyes impatiently upon the faces around them and kept moving.

Ah, what fright this wearisome encounter of unfamiliar people presented to me, that I tried to shut off my mind from this horror! Perhaps, these dead men and women did not wish to frighten me, but had unconsciously put on the severity of a one who finds himself without acquaintance where others are

meeting friends, and since they had been alone and friendless for centuries, they were justifiably angry. How was one supposed to react when they were one of those who would class someone as paranoid schizophrenic had they heard them say even one tenth of the miracles I was forced to bear witness to with my very own eyes. I was forced into another world, to witness another life and live in another reality while the reality that I knew was shattered by that force. You grow up believing in life as we see it and as we know it and suddenly you are thrown into another world and see a life beyond what human eyes can see and what human hearts can think or hear. Indeed, it is a power that is beyond your mind's faculty to grasp or even understand. There are things which no human heart can comprehend or even realise.

My truth, my world and my life of normalcy was destroyed that day as my heart was burning with terror and a fear of the unknown, a power that shook me to my core. The new and lingering life and this reality made my present world false and seem utterly powerless and false. How can a human heart ever come to understand the consequences of an act that echoes through eternity and to realise that humans are more than flesh and blood that are made to be born and to dies, and rot away and be gone into nothingness, when in reality, death was far from the end, but an eternal beginning! This very thought astonished and perplexed me. How can a human soul be connected with the cosmos with a world beyond life and a power beyond this small bounded world? Indeed, all my past reality and all my idea of life and death was destroyed and reborn and reconstructed when I saw the dead dwellers of this ancient cemetery rushing towards us. This world and this life, with humans and their love and hate, all the wealth and power and warfare and killing appeared as a movie shoot, that had no bearing on the actual life of mortals.

A glimpse into the hereafter can change your perspective. With death, all was done, and no matter what ideologies people believed in and the people they tried to influence and the power they fought over, and vied in this temporary life where they fought over little things, seemed so menial in the sight of that eternal power that controlled the universe and life and death and the heavens and stars and skies itself. How powerless and useless humans and their love and hate and vengeance appeared! How temporary the world and its people and their feelings and their anger and their love and madness towards each other and how it seemed so real and true until the veil was pulled off from my eyes and the real world and its invincible power and

intricate workings was revealed to me! No civilian could continue living this lie of human worldly life, once they were forced to face that reality. How can one remain like before when the dead of past centuries clamoured from their graves and tried to beg for help? My soul was shaken, my life changed and my heart felt like a stranger in this false world of animation.

I had seen death for what it was. It was real and it was rousing, and it was far from an illusion. The dead had their own world and their personal existence in the land of the dead! It was terrifying to find out that truth and that powerful reality where no human could control the outcome, nor have any say or power in that life, and no billionaire or trillionaire and no hacker and no special agents could even stand a chance at buying an advantage, or have an iota of control over that vast universe and that power of that unseen inconceivable world beyond this world. Ah, how small and how powerless and how useless humans and their importance appeared to me?

My purpose had changed that moment, and my eyes once opened wide, never be closed again.

I cannot forget that world or that power, even if I wanted to.

Alas, I tried in vain to go on with my life, but my very soul betrayed me. I could not find the strength to live on living this lie as my heart yearned for more truth and athirst for answers, my soul cried out.

I did not want to be bound by human weakness and worldly temporariness, and so I thirsted for eternity, for a power pertaining to heaven that would make every human pain insignificant, and I yearned for the truth and wished madly to delve into that life for this small world of fragile little humans and their temporary love and changing hate appeared so useless so meagrely in the face of that eternal power and world, that my mind became resolute.

This world was okay for children who liked toys and played magic games and spend their time away playing make-believe events with imaginary friends and dolls and toys and believed it was real.

Everything people ordinarily considered valuable had no worth and all the friendships and the families, the love, the hate, the people and their feelings and their hurt and their revenge and hate; what were those except a tool to play for a few days, after which everyone would be forced to face reality and be flung headfirst into that fearsome world, in that hidden life, with that power and heart wrenching truth which was so terrifying and so unimaginable for a human mind to imagine that every happiness of my life melted away, when I saw the dead, and my life and my laughter my enjoyment burned down to ashes. For a long time, my heart was in eternal unending fear and the life

beyond death seemed to strangle me from every side as the wailing of those who had risen from their graves were akin to laboured sepulchral hymns.

What did it mean to be a saint, I often wondered, and the answer was in her life. I was in her presence for several numbered days, but I noticed how human thoughts and actions did not remotely influence or affect her. How could she ever spare a thought for humans when her nights were spent in silent conversations with her God?

She cared not for romance and reminiscence. What could human's love have to offer to her, when her beloved was very Creator and Controller of all the known and unknown universe and galaxies?

Who could compare with the love of a God so Great, so endless and so filled with love for the purest hearts?

While girls at this age were obsessed with painting their faces and nails and dreamt of romance and worshipped the love of humans, her heart was devoid of all human thoughts and impressions?

Her eyes were pure, sinless and taint free, untainted by human focus or lust or mortal worshiping.

She was a freeborn soul whom the angels who flew above undoubtedly envied.

The earth she walked over took pride in having her step on them and they must have wept when left their world, because this world and its dwellers were too unworthy of her existence.

Alas, why did she have to die? The maelstrom of oblivion howled from every horizon, as I knew the gem we lost was not to return. The healing alchemical flame of her life had travelled to the hereafter, vanishing into the void, where no human had the permission to enter, and with each day since her demise, the sorrow within me was relentlessly igniting, as though a Pandora's Box of hapless sorrow cracked open, presenting a grief-filled chasm so deep and severe, that I did not think I could survive this loss.

When I get too angry at the feelings of regret and guilt that floods me from time to time, knowing we almost had her until we lost her, my only comfort then remains that at least we were worthy enough to be born in a century where she lived amongst

us, even if it were for a short while. Once the news of her death reached us, my heart was in turmoil but the stories of her saintly achievements evoked respect in all those who heard about this maiden's compassion, piety, and noble choices. Everyone in my own home felt the weight of this introspection, and our little suburban area mourned her loss, and the air was thick with emotion. She was a saint who lived at the crucible of mortality, and she was too pure and chaste and too perfect for this imperfect world.

I mourned her loss endlessly, but the truth was that people of this planet did little to deserve so great and glorious a saint to reside in their midst.

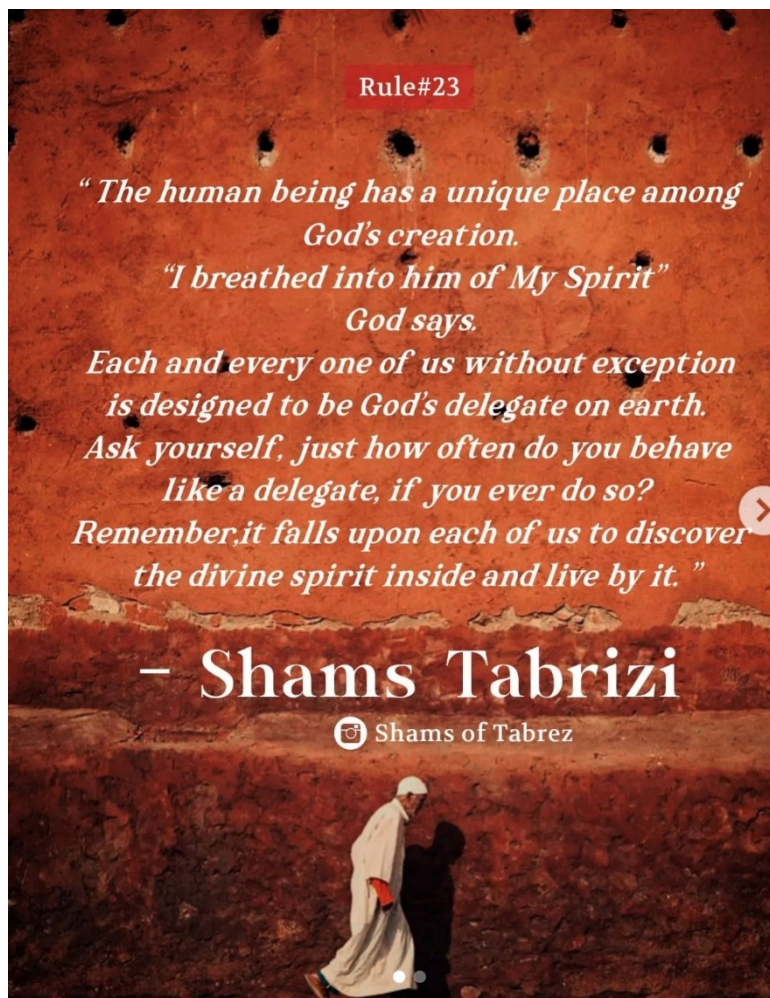
Why would she have stayed amongst us? What had we to offer her except our sin and debauchery which I sometimes am glad she didn't see that much of, as she never had a cell phone nor owned a radio nor a television set nor a laptop or a computer and was not interested in newspapers or magazines, because she lived to pray and shed silent tears for those who she saw suffering in front of her.

Like true mystics, she lived for praying and through prayers, she lived, devoting her hours to communing with her Lord. Indeed, having secret conversations with her Maker was her strength and her only comfort.

I met my aunt after some years, and when I mentioned the death of this saintly maiden, her face grew pale as she recalled the depths of her despair and told me that upon receiving the dreadful news, her days turned to nights, but she learned to accept it. As for me, grief was continuous, and the darkness inside me that bloomed since her demise never faded. Everywhere I looked, I found reminders of this saint and the failures of this planet which made little effort to preserve her in our midst. There was no anger or bitterness in her gaze. No matter how much someone hurt her, she was ready to love, ready to forgive. There was infinite compassion that overwhelmed her heart.

The sad truth of life was those all those we call friends eventually disappeared, and the void of loneliness becomes more insurmountable with each passing hour. I was not the only one who was lonely, for the world had suffered a global loss with her death, as never again will there be any surety that the universe will not suffer from major catastrophes and apocalyptic disasters. The weight of each mistake, each lost opportunity, bore down on me, making me question my very existence in this dreadfully unhappy world. I only prayed that

there would be another saint somewhere in this planet, perhaps engrossed in prayers inside some nameless town within an unknown oasis. Yes, this was but my hope and dream drawn from desperation but what other choice was there, for me, and for humanity?



VIII.

GOD OF GODS:

Thou art the God of Gods, and the Lord of Lords.
Ruler of beings celestial and terrestrial in both
worlds,

**For all creatures are Thy witnesses,
Attesting to Thy generousness,
And by the glory of this, Thy glorious name,
Every creature is bound to Thy service and aim.
Thou art God, and all things transmitters,
Are Thy servants and worshippers.
Yet is not Thy glory diminished by the
insensitivity,
By reason of those that worship aught beside
Thee,
For the yearning of them all is to draw nigh Thee,
But they are like the blind, bereft of acuity,
Setting their faces forward on the King's highway,
Yet still wandering from the path during the day!
One sinner sinketh into the well of a pit
And another falleth into a snare of his wit,
But all imagine they have reached their desire,
Albeit they have suffered in vain, earning ire.
- SOLOMON GABIROL**

Rule#25

”قرآن پڑھنے والا ہر شخص، قرآن کو اپنے فہم و ادراک کی گہرائی کے مطابق ہی سمجھ پاتا ہے۔ قرآن کی فہم کے چار درجات ہیں۔ پہلا درجہ ظاہری معانی ہیں اور زیادہ تر اکثریت اسی پر قناعت کئے ہوئے ہے۔ دوسرا درجہ باطنی معانی کا ہے۔ تیسرا درجہ ان باطنی معنوں کا بطن ہے۔ اور چوتھا درجہ اس قدر عمیق معنوں کا حامل ہے کہ زبان انکے بیان پر قادر نہیں ہو سکتی چنانچہ یہ ناقابل بیان ہیں۔“

- Shams Tabrizi

What is this Life?

My heart was not at ease, for it had been rudely awakened to the new dimension. My mind was in a strange tumult as I walked home that day. Indeed, I scarcely understood my own feelings. I was anxious, tremulous, excited, and pale. My peers did not understand why I was so grave and silent.

**The heart awakes and when it awakes- it can never die again.
When the eyes are opened, it cannot easily be closed.**

The more wisdom and far sightedness one tries to attain, the more difficult it is for them to find any happiness in the temporary wealth or temporary love of humans in this provisional life of a few moments, and suddenly those who fight for love and wealth appear as silly fools to you, or more foolish and brainless than a toddler child. Those who choose this life becomes mentally deranged and enslaved towards men and wealth towards their middle and old age.

What is this life? What is this world? Hope. Because there can be no human life when there's no hope. Hope is what keeps a human sane.

Without hope man becomes animals. Their fear, their pain their heartbreak makes them insane.

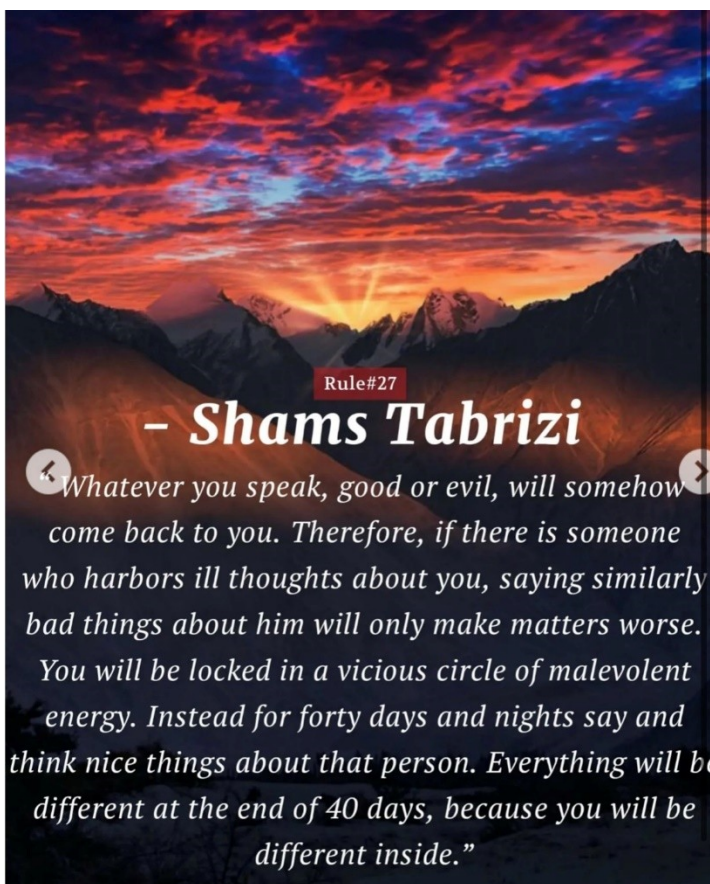
Hopelessness, hopeless and nothing else.

The rain was pouring and waters beat upon the roof, spattering the pavement with spray, and ceaselessly pouring in and out of the deep curves of the asphalt and rocky ground which seemed hollow, like a house, and I pondered over the meaning of hope.

It is hope that protects a human from the insanity of the beasts who kill each other for some food. My life was a flurry of hope and happiness till I realised that I was trapped in a false dimension of what the world truly knew. It was hope and the lack of hope, which was the line between madness and soundness. When one plunges into hopelessness, they very soon afterwards become hopeless, today or tomorrow their hearts know as does their mind, and thus they only become more hopeless with every material thing they gain until they completely lose their minds becoming the slave of a freeborn human being.

That is why having hope is necessary!

It is only hope that kept humans -human for without hope, man lives this life as all they have- and they eventually become insane trying to survive and gain and earn and eat more and be loved more than everyone else. When hope gets taken away, there's only a very thin line between sadness and insanity, that often breaks apart when one finally realises the uselessness and temporariness of this worldly life and finds out about the everlasting power of eternity.



A Lost Hope:

Soon after the saintly woman in New Delhi passed away, I was beyond consolable. When I broke down in front of the religious scholar in Saharanpur, he consoled my almost inconsolable grief -reassuring me that the saints of God found pleasure in pain as long as they could feel solidarity with those who suffered.

"How would you know that she didn't choose patience over revenge?" I asked the old religious man.

He countered with his own question. "Whatever episodes of suffering she bore; did she ever complain? You complain but did she ever?"

The answer was no, I only heard of her ordeals from her aunt. Even if pain would kill her and someone would threaten to kill her thinking her to be evil, still then she would forgive that person. Revenge she was incapable of, hatred was a word unknown to her dictionary, and remembrance of human evil was unknown to her DNA.

Perhaps because the lovers of God accept all pain that comes their way with gratitude and never blames, never avenges, never hates the tormentor nor curses their Creator or God for not saving her enough.

That's the definition of a true lover.

Anyone can find anything offensive and take injury from any action and word and may very well go on to fiercely hate the person they blame for it.

Hatred - vengeance - lust - love -human hate and human worshiping can all be justified through whatever means or reasons. But how can God or man love someone who takes offense over every little thing and justifies his hatred towards all- one by one, and eventually everyone? The village was near a river, even as the sage explained the workings of a saint. The rivers ahead tumbling over us awoke strange, confused murmurs within, seeming sometimes like the far-off echoes of a thunderclap, again like the deep rumbling of an organ.

There were no boisterous sarcasm or unnatural adaptability in his words.

He explained that those who are without love or feelings for the oppressed ones of the world often believe themselves to be deserving of every worldly wealth and power and love everything and every happiness. Their selfishness makes them feel entitled and they become extremely hurt when they do not get whatever they want- whenever they want. They justify all means to get what they want. But those lovers of God who love God and love humanity, never feel entitled to even a sip of water or a one night of sleep or a healthy body for an hour. They constantly compare themselves with the most oppressed ones and those who suffer most severely across the globe, and they constantly compare their own life with the most unfortunate people in the world and they do not even feel themselves entitled to a glass of water or true health or true happiness and never ever to love or lust.

And thus, they enjoy suffering because it is through suffering that they find peace when they finally imagine themselves to be able to feel the pain of those who are hurt around the world. Happiness as we know it would not give them happiness. Suffering and torment of every kind they accept and they feel they deserve it, because they constantly compare their own life with those who suffer most severely and direly, on the other side of the world.

This was some of the characteristics I noticed when I first met that saintly maiden. Her family members were also refined, and they all behaved in high-bred and gentlemanly manner, combined with extraordinary sensibility. But I was most impressed by her gentle manners, as she moved with grace, and spoke with even a nobler wisdom and ampler charity than were ever vouchsafed to us when we were busy amid the turmoil of this crowded vacation trip.

She was those saints who felt entitled to nothing, not to love, not to lust, not to friendship, not to a house, not to any worldly wealth, not to anything or anyone and not to any laughter. They see these actions as a direct betrayal and an act of cruelty towards the slaves of God who are suffering around the world. How can the parents of a child enjoy life and party all day long while their children starve to death in a famine-stricken country? That is how they see themselves: the saints of God - they suffer endlessly and selflessly and willingly, because they find no happiness in the world so long as even a single child is suffering in the remotest corner of the Middle East or Africa or Asia. They are those whose souls are pure. It is those whose soul are merciful.

Saints are those who are the trail blazers of compassion and selflessness. It is those who God chooses to be His friend because they love the creation of God like God Himself. And so, they become one with God and take over His power and connect with Him in a way and in a level where no human being in the world who have hatred and selfishness can ever dare or dream to attain.

Knowing what I did about saints, I wondered why the heroine I admired was dead. Indeed, she who saved the world couldn't save herself or wouldn't save herself!

They say that the saints can never be angry at the suffering caused by man- for man was only God's own creation. To hate even one man, no matter how justified it was -was to eventually hate one religion, one race, one country and later all of humanity should the reason arise, and God can never love

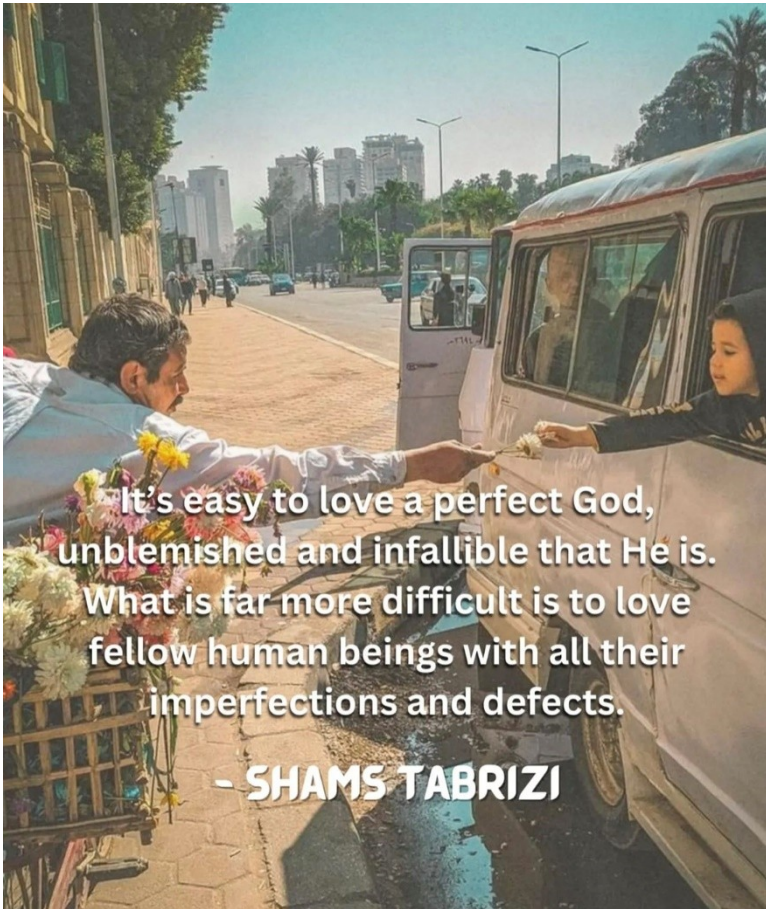
someone who hates his Creation, for one day, that person might also end up hating God.

Hate is a dangerous idea. The thing about hate and revenge is that it is always justified, so everyone can justify every crime so long as they try hard enough. This sets a very delicate and deadly predicament. But justified or not, when a person hates even one of God's creations, it is as if they have hated God Himself.

So, this saintly woman never hated, never avenged, never insulted, never remembered or held accountable anyone for the oppression done on her. Her heart was made of pure love for she loved a God of love. So, to cement his point, the old pious religious scholar then declared: "One cannot ever attain God's love until they can attain love for all His creation, whatever their mistake may be."

How could God ever trust a person who contains hatred in their heart for anyone?

So, such profound words he said sitting under the burning sunlight of Saharanpur, and told me that I could never attain that sublime position in the eyes of God or gain any nearness to Him and His power and love because I was driven by hate and revenge -while she was driven by understanding justification and love and mercy, that hatred and passion was the only sin that made an angel the devil himself, and that until I learned to forgive and forget all about people's evilness, God couldn't love me because He couldn't trust me. He said that even the devil justified his hatred towards the sons of Adam, thus, one can always justify hate, and that's why it is so scary. Passion and hatred destroy all piety, and every loyalty in one split of a second. Forget about hate and forget about revenge and forget about man, and you will find God and all His love in forgiveness and mercy and humility without any end.



It's easy to love a perfect God,
unblemished and infallible that He is.
What is far more difficult is to love
fellow human beings with all their
imperfections and defects.

- SHAMS TABRIZI

GOD AND HIS CREATION:

O God of all things, Who can see and hear,
Thy servants are as those walking clear,
Glaring in the straight path, wisdom bereft,
Turning neither to the right nor the left
Setting with each step, eternal balance,
Till they come to the court of the King's palace,
Thou art God, by Thy Godhead sustaining,
All that hath been formed and breathing,
And upholding in Thy Unity all creatures,
Live to earn Thy gracious pleasures.

**Thou art God, and there is no distinction, nor
disparity,
Betwixt Thy Godhead and Thy unwavering Unity,
Or Thy pre-existence and Thy existence,
Or Thy beginning or subsistence,
For 'tis all one mystery,
Hidden till eternity!
And although the name of each be different,
They are all proceeding to one place to ascent.
- SOLOMON GABIROL**



**Find the sweetness in your
own heart, then you may
find the sweetness in every
heart.**

- RUMI

The Curse of Forced Marriage:

When this saintly maiden turned 18, her mother persuaded her father to pressure her into a marriage, but this caused her great distress because she did not want to enter a matrimony, and rather hoped to stay single for the rest of her life. As soon as she expressed her dissent, she became an outcast in her own home.

Although I had never seen a more beautiful and kind woman in my life, I have never heard of someone who was more sad and bereaved, for to marry a stranger was worse than death to her, as she was pure and chaste, and wanted to remain untouched and alive.

She had but one wish in her life, and that she never got, and upon the forced betrothal, her heart broke and she soon died.

I remember seeing her in India, when she was still alive, and I noticed the golden accents that adorned her light hair, glimmered under the India sun and spoke of ancient treasures, as captivating as the tales of piety that have danced through time. She was not just seen; she was so pure that she could be felt, her presence a pure touch upon the senses, stirring the air with the electricity of a storm yet to break.

How could such a pure and pious woman suffer so? I never knew and I would never know.

Often, I wondered, why had I been blessed with such comfort and peace and happiness while she, whose sinlessness could have outshone the snow, why would she suffer such horrific ordeal in the hands of her own father, who had cared for her and nurtured her until the day she disobeyed him in obedience to her Creator.

Indeed, she became an outcast in her own home. Worshipped by the heavens and the stars that ignored the universe beyond,

yet unwanted and unneeded by the one who had brought her forth to this unholy world.

She was the sort of heart that sought only heavenly love and spiritual hope. Then there were hearts desperate for human love; enslaved forever to human worship, desperate lonely souls longing for human touch and devotion, and then there was her whose heart was free of human worship or love or lust; she who was untouched by human thoughts or slavery, free as the mighty winds that controlled the waves of the mighty sea, she who had become so free that she earned the Creator of the universe's attention. Heavenly light wrapped her in a soft glow, the room she prayed in was her canvas, where every shadow and hue sang of a quiet, burning love for God. Every moment of life was her poem, a breath held in the tender clasp of chastity and piousness.

While humans lay drowning in the worshipping of fellow humans, tortured by the obsession and thoughts of other human beings until they became nothing but a slave, whose every thought, every action, every reaction, every money, every word, every living and breathing was only to impress another human being.

Those who looked like humans but their insides had become more enslaved than a pet domesticated creature.

Once awakened to that world of purity and freedom, how can one return to the world ahead?

I was strolling carelessly one summer afternoon, heading home without a worry to vex me, when I saw a woman standing alone by the doorway of our brick house that stood apart from the rest of the homes in the neighbourhood, and when I got nearer, I recognised the lady as the aunt of that saintly woman who lived in New Delhi. For a moment, terror gripped me that this woman was ill or had been injured but then she stood up tall and turned, and I saw her face was full of grief rather than physical pain. I saw tears glistening on the elderly woman's cheeks and felt a terrible sense of foreboding.

"What has happened?" I asked, my voice cracking.

She bowed her head, breathing in short gulps of anticipation and grief. "She has gone to her God."

I gasped, but no sound emanated from my lips.

It was as though she came like a fairy and lived her days sadly and vanished into the ethereal swirl from which she had emerged. My ears were ringing with the strange hauntings of the wind, as though grief was descending on me from all sides and took my soul and was flying across the sky, along with the unearthly wind.

Unloved she lived, unneeded she survived, and unwanted she died.

Rebuffed by the world who despised the lovers of God and had no pity for the ones who sought God to comfort their weak hearts, this world was a cruel world where only the hardest hearts found acceptance. Sadly, and with a broken heart, she left the world that she had wept for and prayed for through her youthful years.

Unloved by those whom she loved and dishonoured by the world who hated her faith and her veil, her soul must have broken down and her heart too injured to find the strength to survive in this selfish world.

I shudder even now as I think of her final hours, and wonder how lonely she must have been.

Go forth heavenly angel, go forth from whence you came, for the world could never be worthy of your sublime presence. Alas, you have to leave us sinful humans to our anger and hatred that consumes us from within; we wouldn't want you to lose your holiness and the purity of your sinlessness by drowning along with us in our accursed abode.

I felt my faith shake. I felt betrayed by God and faith and heaven itself.

I feared my faith itself was being questioned by the agony of my own grief and mourning, until one day I came across a quote that said God takes away the ones whom He loves. I was told that God tests those He loves with adversary, pain, torment of every kind and suffering of the body and soul, and the stronger the love, the more severe the retribution, and when He stops testing and punishing a human being, it only means that God has forsaken them and loves them not, and therefore, does not want them to call unto Him or yearn for heaven any longer. I know God must have loved her too much, but it still did not diminish my sadness.

My heart still found no solace and the events surrounding her death tormented my nights until I found myself getting lost in episodes of depression, losing all my hope in my own future and fearing for myself because I could never come to comprehend why such an angelic sinless soul would suffer so severely.

If it had been me in their place, then indeed I would have lost my faith and all my feelings and would have become like the devil himself, so severe would be my anger, so fiery my hate, yet these saintly women suffered without complaint, and went on praying and fasting and loving their Maker as if they were already in a utopian heaven.

While I struggled with my inward grief, I came across an old sage who said that for the lover of God, this world is a dream, or a nightmare where they yearn to awake, and awake for death and wait eagerly to meet their God, and the pain or suffering affects them as much as a monster could harm us in our most violent nightmare. And when the lovers of God stood in prayers in communion with their Lord, all pain and suffering fade away from their hearts. They see not the human in the suffering, but they accept it and revel in it because they want to feel the pain of those who are suffering around the world; the poor, the needy, the orphan, the terminally ill, and they feel the pain of their God's creation and wants to be a part of it.

I knew this was true in this saintly woman's case, because when she was alive, I personally saw her pray and fast fervently, and saw that she remained awake night after night, sobbing and beseeching her God to save humanity from pain. In a timeless cadence, her souls hovered on the brink of eternity's shore, her closeness with God like a portrait of chaste yearning. The rugged visage of her neighbourhood was a landscape of silent saints and heavenly strength, and when she wept, even the Indian sky leaned tenderly towards her, acting as a guardian of her tears and whispers. Her beauty was both serene yet all-consuming, and even at night, I thought it bloomed under my gaze, a silent ode to the pious and pure soul's boundless depths. Her world was painted in strokes of monochrome purity, holding the quiet intensity of a storm about to break, a moment suspended between heartbeats, where all that exists acting as the magnetic pull of the universe's imminent expiration.

She was the epitome of a saint of God, and thus, like all saints, when pain came her way, she accepted it for saints do not fight fate.

The old sage also told me that one cannot be a true lover of humanity unless one's love for humanity overtakes their anger towards humanity.

The lover of God does not see the evil of men or their abuse as a reason to hate them but rather they see humans as a vessel, a transparent reflection of themselves, a means for them to

become who they were meant to be, to guide them, to help them, and to punish them in order to make them worthy of a greater cause or protect themselves from harming others in the future because of the pain they suffer in the hands of fellow human beings.

I inwardly dreamed that she somehow survived.

Oh, why did her parents coerce her so zealously into marrying someone, when she desired to remain celibate and worship and love God alone? I often wished she remained in her birthplace of Riyadh, where the religious Saudi laws ensured that no parent or brother ever had the right to force a woman into marriage, and the domestic courts generally interrogated and questioned the couple for several months and judges talked to the potential bride to gauge whether she was being forced into the union or not. If the woman backed out from her marriage, then the religious court made sure that the father or the brother of the woman gave her monthly allowance to live contently for the rest of her life, and if they ever failed to pay their due, then the male family members could even be arrested.

This saintly woman's father knew that he would never have much luck in forcing his daughter into a marriage, and so, he waited for the family to move back to a country that did not govern domestic matters via religious courts, and he was finally able to fearlessly coerce his daughter into becoming normal, by giving up her piety, prayers and chastity.

Sometimes, I think it was even her father's fault entirely, for he was hopelessly influenced by the media and genuinely believed that his daughter was becoming a fundamentalist who was only concerned with her spiritual life, and enjoyed only praying and fasting. The media had convinced him that anyone who was pious or observed religious laws was an extremist, and he did not want his daughter to turn into an unusual creature, and so his pressure on her increased by the day, until she had no choice but to relent.

Saints like this pious woman were immune to hate and rage. They do not see humans as independent object whom they have the right to judge or hate or pass judgement or think about or love or hate. They see humans as a part of themselves or a path they must take in order to reach their goal. They see fellow people, and even their enemies, as the stars of the universe which guides the wayfarer, and so, they do not get angry at the stars for becoming invisible by being covered with clouds if they forget their way and lose their navigation.

The old sage added that you can never become a true lover of God or His creation until your anger and vengeance and taste for revenge or vengeance does not get overtaken by your love, mercy, forgiveness and understanding.

The saints of God find happiness and pleasure in their pain. Because they love mankind, so they cannot find happiness in celebrations and festivals and lust and in the fulfilment of their selfish desires. Because they love God, so they love His creation and vis-à-vis.

I was in a grieving mode, for the heavenly hope I had was gone. When I could not get over the pain faced by the saints of God, the stories of pain and suffering each innocent woman faced in the hands of their godless enemies, guilt and anger turned to bitter burning tears and I couldn't find any explanation in what this old sage tried so desperately to explain. He tried to elucidate. Imagine, your best friend whose child gets kidnapped and tortured in an unknown location and you are enjoying your life, drinking and partying, dressing up and eating out and complaining about menial things. Wouldn't it show that you have no feelings or love in you for either your friend or their child? Doesn't it mean that you are selfish and loveless and careless?

This is the case with the lovers of God. When they see the creation of God suffering in the world in famine and sex trafficking and hunger and starvation and disease and death, the saints of God cannot eat or drink or enjoy life.

They want to suffer and they rejoice at any suffering that comes their way, as they neither fight it nor do they avoid it nor do they run away from it.

They suffer in happiness because of those who cannot share in their happiness and they find peace in suffering for it makes their hearts find solace in the solidarity of God's oppressed creation.

Then my mind raced back to this saintly maiden and in her young life, I searched desperately for the answer to this question, and then I realised with a heart heavy with grief, that indeed, it was indeed true that they enjoy suffering, or else why would she, while traveling through rain and hail and heat and cold be content with sleeping only a few hours and spend every night standing in prayers, while everyone else slept deeply; why did she suffer to stand for hours on end and sob and pray for the safekeeping and forgiveness of mankind?

Why did she suffer so woefully and unendingly when no one required her to pray in her travels and vacation? But perhaps it was the pain of humans on the other side of earth whose

suffering, hunger and pain made it unable for her to find peace in her sleep so her restless heart stood up night after night at such a young age, sobbing and praying not only in her home, but in the train cabin, on the plane, in the street or at home and everywhere and at every place, every time and at all times. She was a lover of God and His mankind and found no peace or comfort in the luxuries of life but spent every minute weeping and crying for the betterment and safety of mankind.

Alas, how many men would there be that could pray like her, and how many body builders or how many warriors or how many wrestlers and physical trainers who despite having the strength of ten men was not able or could not stand in prayers for even one hour at the middle of the night!

How many body builders could fast like her, day after day after days of starvation from dusk to dusk with her frail body and weak frame, as she starved herself in fasting to feel the pain of those who were starving around the globe?

She only found peace in her suffering, and she only found solace in weeping to her Lord for forgiveness for mankind. The passion of her merciful spirit was much more powerful than the weakness of her body and health, so she fought against weakness, comfort and food and found solace in solidarity and piety.

So, my heart wept out in agony and regret and I mourned her demise, wishing that the world would become once more worthy enough to deserve to have more saintly women like her in our midst so her prayers and tears could save mankind from the brink of utter annihilation.

The heavens must have wept along with me for from under its shade, the greatest saint of mankind had left, never to return. Purity was her blood; purity was her veins and chastity was her fabric, untouched by man or spirits. Unseen by men or ghosts, she was the epitome of what chastity could be.

Her heart, that was never distracted by men or their thoughts even for a moment, only longed for prayers and waited eagerly for the night to come so she could weep out the pain of her heart in her prayers to God. Indeed, it is true that God chooses whom he loves out of those who loves mankind the most.

While fellow human indulged in lust and love and was obsessed over their sexual partners, she shunned love and hated lust with every vein of her body.

She could never indulge in any relationship with anyone due to the severity of her maddening pain for mankind. While humans

claimed to love those who suffered, they claim to feel for humanity yet continue enjoying life and indulge in love, lust and pleasures.

But alas, this saint was gone and dead. I could not help but scream when I heard of her death, and this agonised cry was loud enough to echo across the valley of and travelled high into the starry heavens. For a long time, I was shaking with fear, and tried to actively halt my sad wails, which unbeknownst to myself, increased in intensity. Every fibre in my body cried for the saintly woman to be alive, or to hold a vigil over her bed, and be with her through her final moments.

I was grieved because I knew with her passing, our world was destined to suffer from sin and sorrow. Oh, how I desperately prayed so that God let more such saints live amongst us, and bless this land with pious souls like hers. I sincerely hoped that for the sexual debauchery of a few, we are not deprived of the boon of these beauteous creatures like this saintly maiden, whose life was taken from us, because we had been unable to appreciate her enough.

Ah, what sadness she had gone through, but she was braver and stronger than most people have been in her position. Her father, in his ignorance, had torn their family apart with his decision to force her to marry when all she wanted was to remain celibate. She was shocked by this pressure, for she had always been close to her own parents, and had found it beyond comprehension how her dear father was suddenly disregarding her feelings.

Ah, why had she abandoned the world and left us behind to suffer in misery and live every day, living in dread of an impending war that may destroy half the world at any given moment.

Even when she was alive, every moment of her life was a tapestry of faith and dreams. She was a figure of elegance, her character matching her poise with its noble stance. She never let go off her veil, and her garment, rich with black threads, flowed like a poetic verse across the canvas of the wild. When she walked, the wind, in reverence, weaved through her silken veil, each thread shimmering like dawn's first light. Such a saint and ethereal beauty was gone, and we were left to languish alone.

Why had she left the burden of the world behind and left us so cruelly? With no saintly souls amongst us, no sinless human

beings who cared for the protection of the world, what shall happen to us in the near future?

Shall the sins of mankind annihilate us in an all-out war?!

What shall the sins of mankind bring upon us? With no loving sinless souls amongst us, who is there to ensure our safety and well-being?

Why couldn't we deserve her presence a little longer so we could eat and rest in peace knowing that such a sinless soul resides amongst our world, whose prayers would stop all the evil men from destroying the world!

Oh, what sadness could this be? What despair and despondency has to be our luck as we live in a world awaiting its end in fear and terror of war and bloodshed and hate and framing of sinful cruel men who are enslaved to selfish lust and the worshipping of men?

What shall happen to humanity when we all fall in the hands of the most cruel and vicious and violent of men? They will ravage our nations and assault humans mercilessly and take advantage of our weak and abuse the women and boys and girls.

Why leave us behind to this accursed world of sinful cruel selfish men, O angelic woman?!

Oh, saintly woman, with the absence of thy prayers, with the absence of thy purity, I fear the sins of mankind shall perish all earth and half of its inhabitants!

Woe unto me that I had not tried harder for thy existence!

Woe unto those whose sins have made us unworthy of her whose presence would have protected us from the snare of destruction and disaster.

I really did believe that the Lord of the Worlds would take a moment from turning the stars in the heavens to care for the plight of one young, saintly woman, who existed to give us hope. I wake in terror; I sleep in fear lest one day mankind's sins bring the demons to power and the angels leave us humans in the mercy of the most evil ones who shall kill, torture and annihilate the world through natural and unnatural disasters and disease and destruction and death and drowning and devastation.

With you gone, O saint, the angels will see no reason to protect the sinful humans who summon the evil powers for their own selfish gain and survival until the power of evil shall annihilate humanity and the world as we know it.

One of the holy men I met told me that the world shall go on regardless of who is born and who dies.

Men shall come and men shall fight and men shall love and men shall die, and those who lives shall one day mourn that they weren't born in a previous generation, and men of the past wondered in awe at those who will come after them and wondered how long shall the world last?

Those who found God no longer hungered for human love or feelings nor did they find any reason to go on living this tumultuous life, when each moment betrays the next and the unpredictably of life itself haunts all human souls with a pain which turns into a constant torment.

Emperor and kings and generals have come and they had fought bitterly, killing and dying and they all have had to leave, whether they wanted or not, they all had to leave!

When we drive by cemeteries and graveyards, we never wonder how each of those inhabitants fought and survived and loved madly and how unexpectedly they had to die without any warning and without taking any leave or bidding farewell to their lovers.

One day, I shall have to leave the world as she left, but how I can go as pleased and as happy as she whom the world mattered naught to?

How can I leave life and my loved ones, and forget about life and all that I stood for and all my family and friends and go willingly and happily to the Creator whom I did nothing for, whom I couldn't love nearly as much as she did?

How can I be so sure, so assured and so fulfilled in my passing and my death?

How could leave taking from this life be so easy for me, as it was for her whom the Creator and the Sustainer of the vast endless universe loved and cherished?

She who was the saint had died.

Why leave us at their mercy? Why abandon us to the hands of men whose hearts have become beyond rotten with such sickness of sins that any beast of the jungle could be trusted more than them?

Indeed, any mentally deranged person be more trusted and purer than them! What a world you abandoned us to? What a time you chose to leave while we await in terror the beginning of the end?! And she who introduced me to my God and the world beyond our own and she whose company changed my life forever was dead.

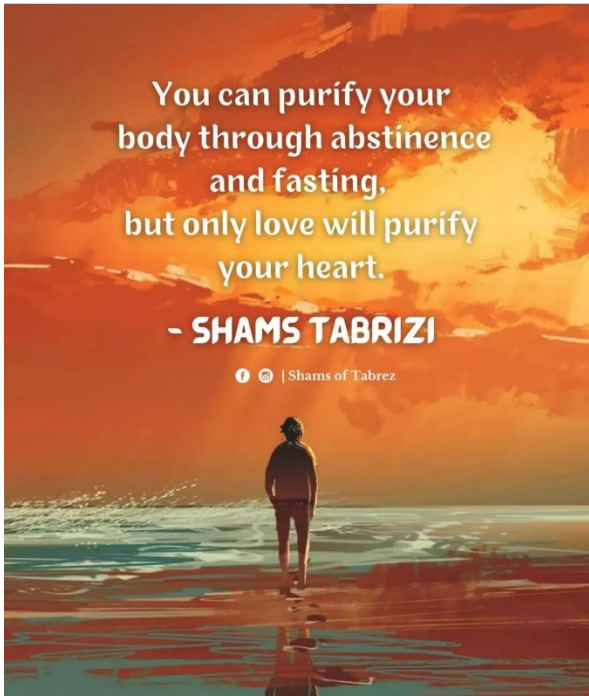
I now had only her memory to go on with.

I recall the first few times I saw her, and she looked too beautiful to be real. We were invited to her home. Before me stood, not a woman but a vision, as her essence was captured in a moment of ethereal beauty. Her light blonde curls cascaded like a midnight waterfall, tumbling around a face where the eyes held the depth of the ocean and the secrets of the sky. Clad in a veil of black silk, she was the embodiment of purity and grace, a whisper of piety and prayers. The air around her seemed to shimmer with the poetry of ancient religious philosophies, and her presence alone was a tender caress against the canvas of reality. She was more than human being, but the ethereal muse of a religious sonnet, the living breath of holy art, inviting human souls to glide in the spaces of heaven between her every breath.



IX.
GOD IS WISE:
Thou art wise and wisdom is the fount of breath,

**For without wisdom, life is akin to death:
And from Thee it begins and unto Thee wisdom
welleth;
By the side of Thy wisdom all human knowledge to
folly turneth.
Thou art wise, more ancient than all primal things,
Wisdom is the nursling at Thy altar's wings.
Thou art wise, and Thou hast not learnt from any
beside Thee,
Nor acquired wisdom from any save Thyself and
Thy Unity.
The foundations of these elements are but one
foundation,
And their sources one, from it they issue and face
conversion,
And from thence was it separated and became
wisdom,
Crowning upon mortal heads like diadem!**
- SOLOMON GABIROL



A Saint Departed:

My memory had been marked.

Memory is such a mysterious thing that one can live on one memory alone. I know for certain that I will never forget this mystic young miraculous woman, even if I should live up to a hundred, and if I should achieve all the success this world has to offer, no achievement, no reward, no position or power could ever give me a hundredth of the happiness and satisfaction that I have achieved when I first met her, for in her, I sensed the power of the universe, and with her, I saw the piety which had no par. Of all the things that I have gained in my life, my only

worth and my greatest pride is that I have had the blessing and the privilege and the unequivocal honour of having the most supreme and most revered of God's saint find me worthy enough to have her eyes glance kindly upon me and to have found me worthy enough to be spoken to. Of all the great feats attained by humans, this alone is my greatest fortune and fame for how could there be any rival to this luck of mine where, unworthy as I am, had been fortunate enough to have spoken with her and to be the receiver of her good wishes and her smile. Every time I think of the holy personality of this saintly young woman, and remember her matchless grace, I am struck by the miracle of being able to physically see a saint in this modern era. This I would never have thought probable or possible.

No pain or fear could bar her from serving her God, and from praying for the goodness of humanity. No illness did ever prevent her from standing all night in prayers and remaining perpetually fasting every day of her life, even during the terribly hot summer days in India, where people often fainted from the tropical humid. Often, she would become ill due to these spiritual exertions, but she never gave up her daily prayers five times each day, and her regular fasts. She had fallen ill, and was in such a plight that she fainted several times every day, but whenever it was time for prayer, and her mother merely uttered softly in her presence that it was the appointed prayer time, she got up falteringly from her deep stupor, and spoke with a wavering tongue, thanking others for waking her for her prayers. Moments after her prayer concluded, the young woman would sink back into an unearthly coma or deathly sleep, suffering in silence, the petrifyingly painful illness which afflicted her. She was undoubtedly innocent and sinless, but though saint as she was, she was not immune from death. When I was first told of her passing, I was frightfully sad, and perturbed and perspiring, I remember asking others that how could it be that a saintly woman like her could be dead. No one could venture to give an explanation to me, and I could not make sense of why a young woman who was a devotee of spirituality and had bowed her head to God could ever die. But it would many days later that I would find out about the trials and tribulations she had to face.

My visits to India were always busy as I was accompanied by numerous family members and guardians who tried to encourage me to visit other historic places in the city of New Delhi. I went with them on boat rides and appreciated the scenery of the sunset by the sea. The tide and wind were so favourable, that the motor boat we embarked upon was enabled to come at once to the pier. The pier was thronged with people, and while some were tourists like myself, others idle lookers-on

and some were eager expectants of friends or relations. I only wished the saintly maiden would have been present with us on that small trip.

O why did she leave us so soon? Why did she abandon us to this false world? Was it because we were unworthy of her or had the human reality become too painful for her to bear it any longer?

Every time I visited her town in India, and visited her home in Basti Nizamuddin, I became awash with hope and comfort upon seeing her even once, for her face beamed upon seeing me, and after a moment of question, relaxed into joyful recognition and spoke in a voice soft yet firm, and with a certain gentleness of tongue, which gave a girlish charm to her slow utterance, but I could not speak much in her presence for my mother would often interrupt my enthusiastic inquiries, and cut short the intersecting questions and exclamations. I was but nine when I first saw this angelic maiden, but I never forgot her glimmering face and downcast but beautiful eyes. Her veil hung carelessly over her face and suggested a certain habitual informality of dress, but her handsome face, with its aristocratic nose and chin, slowly ruminant upon nothing, intimated the consequence of a woman accustomed to pious supremacy in an otherworldly place.

India was a historic place, although I never appreciated the country prior to the day of meeting her. It was obvious that her presence in this large country was a source of blessing for the billion people who lived here. I took this trip to travel to some other exotic towns within Basti Nizamuddin, and I was glad that I witnessed some remarkable and beautiful sceneries throughout the journey. There was a delightful sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols: shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus, slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Her existence in those small moments of my life made me believe in faith and have hope of greater goodness in this world and the next. I believed this saintly maiden and her miracles upheld the tapestry of our existence, and was more profound to mankind than the Sun and Moon's dance. Whatever I may achieve in the future, nothing in the heavens and earth could ever compete with what I have already gained for I had met and spoke with a friend of God, who from the first moment I saw her, captivated my little heart, although I was but nine years of age. Even her veil and scarf impressed me as a little girl, and her kind manners warmed me immensely. The delicate weave of the young woman's veil framed the porcelain canvas of her bright face, where the softest shadows of the clear Indian sky danced under the glow of the morning sun. She was sitting alone in the garden and watching with serene delight the beauty of Nature. She was so young and beautiful, that to ascribe to her a precise age seemed impossible, but I imagined her to be about sixteen or seventeen years old.

There was a luscious garden behind her parent's home, and this young woman spent a great deal of time amidst the sparkling dewy grasses and freshly bloomed flowers as she contemplated on the One love of her life: God.

On evenings, I noticed she often walked endlessly along the empty grass lane, trying to spend time in the presence of Nature, and stroll leisurely along the famous gardens of India, which were well known for its beauty and freshness and in its unique settings, could even vie for status with the garden of Eden. During daytime, the tranquil gardens would be crowded by sight-seers, who came to this location from near and afar.

The young woman was disinterested in worldly affairs, and led such a simple and sweet life, that she scarcely ever engaged in debates, public speeches, prayer vigils or theological discussion.

I will never forget the day I first met her. It was a bright day, and the sun at that time had completed its round and was preparing to set silently in the horizon, and I remember that while the enchanting songs of birds returning to nests were exhilarating the passers-by, my eyes and ears were entirely besotted with the idea of meeting the most beautiful young woman this hemisphere had ever known.

She was nothing but the most sublime epitome of what a Saint must be. The ghost of her absence prowled around every alley in this town, and grief reigned freely, and its echo within the abyss increases with each passing year, as I come to accept the sad reality that there may be no more saints in this universe to protect mankind from the furnace of suffering,

Although I was only 11 years of age when I last saw her, I could never forget her face, and my heart would never forget the warmth of her slow and delicate smiles, which she frequently bestowed upon those who had the fortune of meeting her and speaking with her. It was not this young woman's earthly or monetary contributions that led to her embody such intense spiritual heights, but it was her lovely faith, which made her immune from human diseases such as envy and despair and had endeared adults to her even when she was a mere child, and until this day, her piety and beauty surpassed all human standards, causing me to seek her out and remain in her presence and seek her wisdom.

Those who knew her from girlhood openly declared that in her beauty and grace, she looked like a fairy from Paradise, and everyone from nobles and religious leaders wanted to be acquainted with her to gain her wisdom, see her miracles and gauge success in their lives so that her piety could make their lives happy and joyful, and though her parents had given her religious training since childhood, they also sought out suitors for her marriage, as they believed that her life may be in danger if she remained single, but since she was well acquainted with religious matters and took keen interest in theological studies, the young woman refused to be drawn into the life of matrimony and spent her days in fasting and passed her night in prayers. During the early hours of dawn, the young woman reclined by a bed of roses, and wept to God for the alleviation of global suffering and universal pain. Drenched in tears, her glamorous face sparkled with hope at the conclusion of her vigil, as she rose from her corner and strolled noiselessly along the eastern gate of Delhi, heading homeward, absorbed in her thoughts. This young and beautiful woman took to the road which led straight to the lavishly beautified neighbourhood where her parents resided, and as she crossed the wide and well-planned roads, the glow of the beautiful lamps at short distances lighted pleasantly, highlighting her immaculate aura and enhancing her beauty, much to the mesmerising admiration of the passersby.

Never had her piety or miracles become known, and no one vied with one another to grace themselves with her company, but the heroine whom I adored was an innocent creature, unaware of her piety, ignorant of her miracles and oblivious to her own beauty, and she found no reason to present herself to the world to be admired and loved, for she loved only God and wished only peace upon others.

Yet, despite her minute efforts of being obscure, I had arrived at her doorstep desperate to learn from the gentle saint with

the bright eyes who saw in each person the living spark of God himself.

This young woman's gift for making others feel loved led her to grant audience to random strangers, and even though she barely spoke, she would occasionally offer her loving smile at the children who were drawn to the woman whose love for God illuminated her every action. Even when she remained within her private residence, she corresponded with her handful of friends and occasionally, answered theological questions with tremendous mental acuity.

When they would ask me what was her habits or nature and characteristics, the only answer I could come up with was that her heart was pristine and pure. The white clouds would appear dirty and the sky would appear dark even after years of torrential rain, and the sun would be outshone if compared with her purity.

I was one given to day-dreaming, and was fond of losing myself in reveries, but from the moment I met this angelic young woman, my life became a whirlwind of excitement. Even while on a sea voyage, I thought of nothing but her piety, because I envied her perfectness and pious ways, and found no subjects for meditation but her manners.

For me, there were no wonders of the deep and of the air that could offer more meaning or benefit than to be in her auspicious presence for a short while. This saintly maiden cared not for luxuries and wealth, and tended to abstract her mind from worldly themes with prayers, and in her solitude, she delighted to lull over the mysteries of God's universe during calm days, and were able to muse for hours on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea. Sometimes, her family members would find her gazing upon the piles of golden clouds that were just peering above the horizon, inside some fairy realm, as she pondered over the hereafter.

She could stare for hours at the wind-swept clouds, that gently billowed, rolling their silver volumes, as if to vanish to the ether, and her face glimmered as though she wished to die away on those happy celestial shores.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting was this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! But all this saintly maiden saw in nature was God's perfection and grace, and rather than praise and contemplate over the glorious monuments of human invention, she gave praises to her God, and bowed and knelt in prayers. Her piety was such that it could triumph over land and sea and gain power over wind and wave as with her pious prayer and her immaculate chastity, she could have brought the ends of the world into communion and establish an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the earth all the luxuries of the east with her tearful supplications. I could tell that she had enough piety to diffuse the light of knowledge,

and extend the charities of cultivated life beyond the horizon, and thus, I was certain that as long as she lived on this planet, no harm could fall upon it.

She was such a saint of God that there was enough love in her to bind together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier of turmoil, and with her prayers, erase the pain of all! I had no doubt in my mind that she was a saint. Her heart knew no evil, no cruelty, no hatred or vindictive vengeance and her body was unaware of the filth of human lust and the scorn of objectification.

As the eternal spiral of the cosmos whirls, and we mortals prepare to join the cosmic circle after death, each pirouette adds a new event to the life of this world, and despite knowing that we will all die one day, no one can delay the inevitable and must be content with the distressing glyph of our loss, and prepare to abide indefinitely in the crypt of silent graves.

God chose her as a friend out of 8 billion people on earth, and just like the sun that outshines the billions of stars and galaxies, her pure heart could outshine all the hearts of the world and she twinkled like the sun and stars to the inhabitants of the heaven in paradise for no heart could be so empty and free from human thoughts and remain so filled with love and mercy for them. Purity of the heart was a concept rarely seen manifest in a person, but with this saintly maiden who resided in Basti Nizamuddin, I witnessed what pureness is, as no human thoughts or judgement had the ability to go through her mind, since she was the purest of hearts. When a person's heart is pure and free from human thoughts and obsession and is devoid of anger and vindication, they truly can become the most merciful amongst all living beings. Becoming acquainted with her was like learning the mystical teachings of the secrets of all the great cities of the world. I prized every day of my young life when I travelled across India, because the young maiden I admired lived in its cities. Suddenly, to me, Delhi was not a location on a map, but a living city that hosted the greatest saint in the world, a saintly woman who worshiped her God with honest devotion and tearful love. She knew who God was and what generosity He dispensed. According to her lifestyle and prayers, one could deduce that God is the light of the heavens and the earth, and the way infinite light is contracted and entirely withdrawn from the hollow space, with God's love, she was in need of no man's approval or appraisal. It made sense to think that if the infinite light would not have been withdrawn entirely, the God of compassion would never be manifest in any conceivable form and finite creations could never have come to be. This young woman had no doubts or fear in her heart, and knew only love and mercy, for she loved God too much to dislike His creation. To grasp the unique character of this young maiden, I devoted each day of my stay in India to observe and learn from her, and even immersed

myself in the locality, drawing in all the diverse aspects of Delhi's character and assimilating some ambience of its atmosphere. Prior to meeting her, and visiting her home in India, cities of that nation were irrelevant to me, but now, my outlook drastically changes, and I wanted to learn every historical and spiritual facts and stories about Delhi, because to truly know New Delhi was not to know where New Delhi was, but what New Delhi was like.

She lived in such a historic and beautiful city, but never did a phrase escape her lips that pertained to worldly discussion for not for one moment did her speech or thoughts ever be affected by the humans around her and no interest had she in any humans words or actions, but while she cared little for human thoughts, she was not indifferent to human pain, because if she saw even in the smallest misery among those with her, her heart would melt in pain and anxiety.

Indeed, it is not those whose hearts are polluted with human thoughts and obsession and with impressing people or being impressed by people, rather it was those pure souls who had no human thoughts to plague their mind that could feel most deeply the pain of any humans, for they felt and thought with their heart while others judged and thought of people using their mind, causing their mind to be so polluted with human obsession impression and vindication and pain that they could never feel the pain of another on the other side of the world.

There are men in the lives of human beings that define and rebuilds them and this woman rebuilt me and recreated who I knew as me. Upon departing from her presence, and witnessing her intense devotion to God and her unwavering love for humanity, I knew I had changed, as a prominent understanding affected me, but when she was no more, my previous world was shattered and my heart was born anew and my entire ground was cruelly pulled away from me.

Her purity was contagious, for she did not care about what others thought of her, and neither did she think about what others thought she was thinking about, and thus, there were no spectre of mortal existence

In her life, I had found purity and detachment from earthly sorrows, and when I heard that the saintly woman was no more, I was crushed, and my anguished heart soared upwards and the world appeared like a tiny toy house and the humans who fought over it appeared like children being vicious for an ice cream that would melt away in moments.

I was petrified, for some strange reason, and I now realise that I was afraid because I knew the world would never be the same again. It was the saints of God who enabled earth to stay safe. They cured the sick and saved nations from perilous wars and

sheltered women and children from battlegrounds with their prayers.

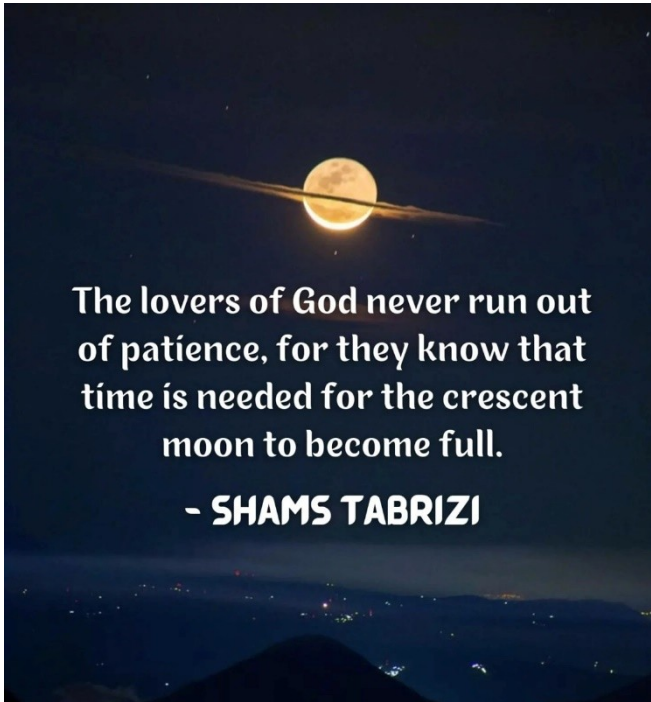
Fear uprooted my soul and my heart refused to return to my body because fear of death and the reality of centuries leaving us behind and then to meet us again from the land of immortality made me weep in terror and anguish.

Alas! If death is not the end, and only the beginning, then how could I rest in peace or not break down in anxiety and fear? This life was but a portal, via which we moved on to the next life, which was eternal and permanently diurnal.

How could I live restoratively in my luxurious carefree life when I did not know for certain if my soul would leave my body and I would wake up the next morning and plead and wail with those people of the dead cemetery?!

How could a human heart feel any calm or find any solace in this world when the afterlife appeared more real and everlasting than this life that I lived?

Death was here and life was here. What difference was there anyway? I found myself wondering what does it even mean for humans to exist? For centuries, ethicists and theologians wondered when does a human being come into a living existence? Thinkers like myself have also asked at which point does a person perish or die, and predicated upon these answers, ethical decisions are made by ethical people of all religious and political persuasions. In suffering's crucible, mankind tries to live on, albeit its saints and their piety, and their mortal deeds resound in our memory, crafting profound legacy in this cosmic ballet of life and loss, of death and despair and of gifts and glory.



The lovers of God never run out
of patience, for they know that
time is needed for the crescent
moon to become full.

- SHAMS TABRIZI

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

**Propound mysteries, O my tongue, and give praise
to the Lord,**

For He hath delivered me and exalted my world.

Awake, my heart, and turn to the Creator

Almighty,

**In awe of His wrath, let my hand be lifted to Him
eternally.**

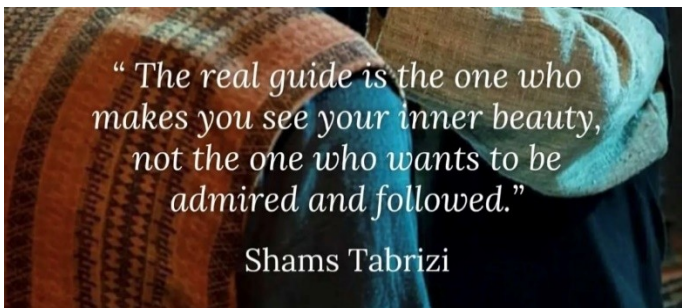
**Set the Most High before thee, and know that
every notion,**

**And every hidden imagining, are to Him not
hidden.**

**Dread the day of His wrath, and the dreadful
position-**

**Wherein is help or refuge for no creature or
creation!**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



DREAMING OF THE DEAD MEN FROM THE GRAVE

I was gazing into the darkness of the oasis, as there was some sense of freedom in the vast expanse, inaccessible though it was to our vacationing party, but compared with the narrow darkness of the city roads, I felt more at home in this locale. Nothing prepared me for the harsh reality of the afterlife when I saw hundreds of people in tattered clothes, rushing towards us from the land of the dead.

The nocturnal existence of the dead men and women frightened me, and this lingering fear was destroying my nerve. I became afraid of everything, and even started at my own shadow, as wherever I glanced, I anticipated all sorts of horrible imaginings.

Like everything in this planet, death was but a step in the dance of life, a cipher in the cosmic affray that afflicted all mortals and affected everyone, even the angels who bear the souls along, but the deaths of some saints of God are more grievous unto us than others.

I saw the fiercest event unfolding before me, and I was helpless to change the settings of the horrific view. Hundreds of dead men and women swarmed the grounds, and flooded the murky hills, and though they were very dead, they moved with cold agility, as though untouched by fatigue and unaffected by exertion, and they continued to plummet the ground, crawling on with vigour, trying to race after me and the travelling bus with outstretched arms, pleading and begging for the bus to turn back and remain with them.

What a bizarre and unreal scene it was! The horror that plagued my mind could freeze the beasts of the jungles in its terror. My life appeared like a dream, a thing of the past, and O this journey had burnt my soul with such fear and terror that no youngster had ever faced.

The sunshine never gave me any hope. it angered me because it fooled me into giving me hope and making me feel like I had the power to save myself, which after death perhaps it would be taken away from me. I hated everything in the world because they appeared as a lie created and enjoyed only for the purpose

of fooling me and beguiling me from my real and true end and goal.

The human beings, the parties wasted so deeply and most gruesomely when death felt more painful after the world gave such promises of laughter and sparing moments of forgetful happiness.

Death was the end; death was the truth and the life after the death was the real eternal life.

I was born in a Dream; I died in a Dream

**O God above Thy Majestic Throne,
Do not forget me when I am alone,
And when death makes me unknown,
In the afterlife thou dost own,
And I shall perish from lives of men,
Then remember the promise of Thy pen,
And love me as thou hast when I was born,
So I may live forever in Thy heaven's morn!
With hopeful eyes and pleading hands,
Let me be comforted in Bedouins' lands,
So, if I should be gone from this ken,
Far away from the world of men,
Then my lonely and languished soul,**

**Shall bear witness to the hopeful goal,
In deserts where the Arab's prayer,
Will mingle with my forgotten tear,
And desert storms which forever blows
Shall all my sorrow and griefs depose!**

I tried my best to pass it off as an imagination, but I knew deep in my heart I knew that was more real than any real thing that happened in my entire life.

The dead ones were real, more real than those who are sitting with me in the van. They're pleading and their crying, their voices and their names and their faces are more real than all those who lived and laughed along with me.

The dead were not dead, and even though all the deceased in this cemetery were thoroughly cremated soon after death, they still existed in the sands of time.

I realised that cosmetology and facial reconstruction are a chief part of the course in mortuary schools, because embalmers regularly take on the task of putting makeup on the decedents. Some female funeral home employees do makeup on the deceased with products from their makeup bag, often using Maybelline foundation, Revlon lipstick or Glossier and other products that they use for their own beauty care. Some try to do the dead's makeup based on a photo given to them by the deceased's loved ones but the very thought of the dead men and women lying helpless and to help them look best for the final journey, workers apply heavy make-up to the deceased.

Hair styling and makeup had always been my most favourite pastime and I often went to high end beauty salons to have my hair conditioned and styled for festivals or wedding parties, and my mother took great care in ensuring that every strand of my long and flowing hair was impeccably brushed and styled with jewelled accessories and floral bands. I thought looking after one's hair was important, and inwardly, I glowed with joy when I admired the final result of a five-hour hair styling session where my long locks would be pressed, curled and fluffed into one of the rare eighties hair styles.

However, all my joy over hair styling and fashion designing evaporated when I had to visit a funeral home for the first time in my life, in order to pay my respects to a departed loved one. In a horrifying slow-motion event, I saw how each funeral house worker spent hours on the post mortem restorative cosmetics embalming and professionally applied makeup to the dead faces in the morgue, to make the decedent look their best. But the most painful sight to watch was the time when they had to shampoo and condition the hair of the women who lay dead

on the gurney. Unresponsive, cold and unmoving, they lay helpless as workers tried to run brushes over the scalp. Most had had horrific knots because they had been lying in the metal bed for a long time, and some had dreads in the back. The employees spent hours brushing all the tangles out until the hair was manageable enough to style it, before they began to embalm the body and do their makeup, and send them to the viewing room. Sometimes, they applied heavy moisturising cream on the decedent so the Maybeline makeup which they used did not dry out. In an impersonal gesture, I noticed that the employees used a plastic bag to tie over the faces of the dead immediately after applying the makeup lipstick and blushes, to make sure the makeup remained set, and that no dust would settle on them.

This was a traumatising moment for me; a young woman whose life was centred around her makeup and hair styling. I thought life was all about wearing expensive clothes and joining friends for their birthday parties, but after seeing the dead people receiving hair care, I could never bear to visit a hair salon again, nor did I wish for any beautician to shampoo or style my hair, because the memory of the gurney and the despondency of death flooded back to me every time I tried to return to my old habits.

Death was cruel because it reduced a person to a thing or a disgraced object. Even the face of the deceased was exploited and dishonoured, by shutting the eyes and with crazy glue and sewing the mouth shut with stitches and wires, after stuffing rough cotton into the mouth. The workers often prepared the bodies by using feature fillers which they generously injected into the facial features of the deceased to plump them up. Lip fillers frightened me from that day onwards, and never again did I or my friends ever use lip fillers before going to parties, and even the sight of Maybelline Buff Beige foundation which I noticed was applied on almost everyone who lay deceased on the gurneys, made me shudder in fright.

And when I saw the makeup box for the dead laid out in the funeral home, how could I ever wear my high-end makeup and cosmetics without thinking of death and decay?

Yes, they put makeup on the dead too, but for different reasons, to cover the signs of rigor mortis, to give some comfort to the relatives, and to make the dead appear calm and at peace.

How had the truth about the end been able to destroy my entire life and all its meaning and purpose?

I didn't buy any more makeup, nor did I visit high end cosmetic shops or spend hours each day working on my skin care products.

Alas, how many hours does a young woman spend on her beauty routine and skin care regiment? All my friends spent hours every day and tens of thousands of dollars' worth of products for their skin care along with laser treatment for dark spots or collagen treatment to prevent any signs of acne or fine lines.

Yet, we never thought that skin was the first to rot and decay within hours after death and skin was the first to burn in the cremation process.

And the next?

Next was the hair. The hair which every mother spends hours combing, shampooing and fixing and this hair that every young girl spends hours to style and wash and clean and dry and design was the most inflammable of all the organs of the human body and within 3 seconds, all the hair of a person burns down into ashes in the crematorium.

How could I blow dry my hair or go to the hair saloon after knowing this? When I myself was guilty of taking care of my hair and my mother had spent thousands of hours of her life combing and designing my hair before school every morning from when I was a little girl all the way into my late teens?

And yet how worthless was this hair of ours? How worthless, how useless this body that we worked so hard for and the name which we fought so fiercely to defend?

Yet, our names would be forgotten our memories fade away and we become oblivion into the nothingness of time and space.

Life was nothing but a dream, after death nothing matters. At the very moment your heart stops beating, you become worthless, from then onward you have no worth, no name, no identity, no nationality, no degrees, no wealth and soon no beauty.

I once was a diva of makeup, and my home was akin to factory of cosmetics, where anyone could find every kind hair spray, lipsticks of every shade, and every shade of eye shadow, but after one visit to a funeral home, and seeing what happened to the dead, my life knew no joy and found no comfort in contouring, highlighting or hairstyling.

Death was unattractive, and the deceased suffers from instantaneous decay and discolouration, meaning that in order to present themselves to the funeral party, the morticians often paint every dead person's nail a shade of mocha, like a sandy cappuccino. I for one, had lost my love for nail painting since that day as well, even though I was considered to be a nail artist by my peers, and owned over five hundred different shades and colours of nail polish.

Although normal make-ups are mostly used, funeral home employees told me there are a plethora of mortuary cosmetics, including special products that help restore the natural appearance of the deceased. Sometimes wax, clay or silicon is also used to reconstruct the face if the deceased has been through a traumatic death. After seeing those makeup being applied to the face of unmoving dead humans, who had no power to speak nor the strength to open their eyes, I suddenly developed an intense aversion for all cosmetics and beauty products, and never again could I apply a blush over my cheek

without thinking of the abrupt end which may be around the corner.

How petrifying it is for the loved ones to see the body of their beloved relative or friend explode during cremation! Experts say the average body may explode during the process of cremation, as evaporating liquid violently escape a body as gas. In later stages of cremation, skulls scatter in a violent way, which look and sound like an explosion. Who has the courage to face such a scene, or experience such an event? I knew for certain that I did not have the courage to die such a death and end in a blazing over to be reduced to a charred cup of ash. I had lost all love for fancy dresses and clothes when I met a friend who asked me to pick a dress for her mother's funeral, which she will be made to wear prior to burial or cremation, and the very thought that a human being was to be dressed for death frightened me so accurately that I did not ever think I could enjoy dressing up and picking out a fancy ballgown for a prom or birthday party, because what assurance have I that the dress I chose, or the clothes which are most beloved to me will be my funeral dress? How could I or anyone ever sit by the walk-in closet and choose a dress to wear after they are dead? I was told that bodies are dressed for a cremation in the same way it is dressed for burial. The deceased are often cremated in a simple garment to save costs, because family members do not always wish to toss an expensive suit or gown into the burning chamber only for it to be reduced to charred ashes, where every bone in the body will become powdery dust, and harder bone materials, like the teeth will be partially burned. During cremation, the human teeth become brittle by the high temperatures, which allows the employees to pulverise them later along with the rest of the cremated remains that have to pass through a special machine which is akin to a food processor, and it grinds the bones and teeth to ash.

Oh, it was the living who are dead. For they did not know what death beheld in itself and hid away from them for just a little while. I never wanted to live this lie any longer. I wanted to leave the world leave the people leave the living, leave the laughter leave the music the dancing and the happiness and go into a place where no man would be around me. I wanted to go into the dessert or into the jungle cry the pain out of my heart and soul find some peace and some hope from our God who would have perchance helped me when I was gone and dead, forgotten and lonely and lost in the land of the dead.

I wanted to know more for my heart yearned for the truth because the light became too real and the truth too far away for me to attain. I wish I were a tree, I wished I were a blade of leaf or a fruit or a bird and not born into this intricate human soul which was cursed with eternal life. I did not know it was possible for a human heart to weep so much until that day. And that day onward my life my eyes what I saw what I heard and

what I wanted to change. I saw the dead in the living. I saw death here in the laughter of the living. I saw the heartbreak in love. I saw the falseness of this life and this world. I had been accosted by the dead and have been seared with their pleas and their sobbing and their begging had burnt my heart with such fierce agony that all the happiness of my life got burnt away. The sun had risen in another world that morning because my soul had travelled to the land of the dead and forgotten the fear of their lonely nights. This was so real and frightening that the terror of eternity's truth was enough to cast the shadow of horror in every living soul.

How could I look at the humans that walked past me when I constantly feared their end might come soon and they may join the dead of those ancient lands, who chased us, begging us to help ease their maddening agony which drenched their eternal lives.

How could a human live, when death and eternal fear of the afterlife dwelled around them?

On the plane, heading back to America, I was preoccupied with what I had witnessed. How could I eat my first-class dinner when I didn't know if I would awake in the land of the dead, weeping and crying with the dead of the past, who were naked, helpless and forgotten and I too may have to join them, with the food in my stomach still undigested? What horror what word what future was waiting for me in the other side of my eternal clock, whose dials were steadily turning?

Life is seen by each person via a different lens, and with each experience, one new aspect was revealed. The same principle applied to the mystical concepts that are drawn from historic incidents and even religious literature. However, it was not quite common to see visual representations of the afterlife, pinpointing the locations of the dead, and highlighting particular spheres and attributes on the celestial map. The life after death was supposed to be obscure, invisible, and hidden, so that we, humans, in our pathetic efforts to remain oblivious of the reality, would vainly pretend that all is well, though we all were told that a life will follow after this one ends, but verbal descriptions of these concepts are often phrased in terms that set forth their relative positions, and rarely articulate the conceptual contours they embody, and so, no literature and no description would have done justice to the scene I had seen in the city of India where hundreds and thousands of dead rose from their ancient graves and demanded that the saintly maiden who accompanied us in this journey be allowed to remain in their neighbourhood, so that her blessings would continue to give them lasting comfort and joy.

This was nation of miracles and saints, and although this episode frightened me, I still revered the soil and dust of India,

because the woman I most admired in this universe lived amongst these people and inhaled the Indian air.

Golden India, Land of Saints:

Oh, India! Oh, holy, holy India!
From Africa, Asia or Abyssinia
Thou art chosen from history,
To be the noblest in land or sea!
Dare I bless and glorify thy door,
For the greatest saint lived on thy moor,
And she who walked upon thy shore,
Was God's noblest to admire and adore!
She who was born from thy dust and sand,
Birthed from a son and daughter of thy land!
Thy dusts are gold and thy waters holy,
To hearts that know of thy saintly society!

O India, land of hope, covered with diamond mines,
Thou hast received with glory God's greatest signs,
Beneath the boundless Indian sky,
From New Delhi to Mumbai,
Her grace and purity still stand,
Amidst the dust of this land!

O behold the Indian stars upon this alley,
Prancing serenely in their celestial ballet,
Rejoicing for the saint who lived in light,
Cloaked in glory each mystic night!

Blessed be India for giving birth to her,
The rarest gem this earth could confer,
Who wielded piety and wisdom's crown,
And miracles, by which the shadows drown.

In the hushed whispers of thy maidan,
In the murmurings of thy shore,
I find shadows of this fair maiden,
Whose presence graced thy door!

O India, sing the tales of Love, and piety,
Of the grand saint who lived upon thee,
Who graced thy dust with divine alchemist,
Weaving glory and chastity in spiritual tryst.
In thy heart's crucible, where this maiden remained,
I give glory to that land where she was ordained!
For in India, nevermore can sin and sorrow blend,
And joy to thee, where beginning meets the end.

Oh, India, blessed be thy sands and air,
And stars and sun that shine upon thy square;
Holiest are thou and holy are thy children,

Rejoice for thy pious men and women!

**Oh, precious land of the saints and seraphim!
Thy winds are but stardust and thy people a beam,
Reigning in heaven like a life in a dream,
For she who God held in high esteem,
Have blessed thy nation like a seraph:
Joy to thy nation and enriched be thy path,
And long live thy land and glory to thy kind,
For the honour thou bestowed upon mankind.**

**Oh, land of saints and angels of earthly shades!
No worthier dust we've seen, nor greater glades,
For worthier than gold art thy roads and trees,
Where calleth home thy saintly trustees,
Whose children are nobler than kings and spies
And puts to shame the angels of the stars and skies!**

**Thy roaring ocean's waves and cries,
Are music and magic to my eyes;
For in thy melody and in thy skies,
The loveliest woman did arise!**

**O land of saints and angels of earth and clay!
Let us now rejoice for thy dominion this day!
For India is now more worthy than human gold,
The dust upon thy roads be treasured and sold!**

**More honoured art thy earthen roads and stations,
Than the stars of faraway planets and nations;
For upon thy dusty hills and sandy mine,
Lives thy saintly children, in pious incline.**

**And despite all her glory and godly attributes, she was dead!
Ah, how could the most precious person in the world die so
young and without any warning?
How could I forgive her father for pressuring her into
marriage? How could I ever forgive what he did to not only his
own daughter but to mankind itself? I was sporadically bursting
into an agony of tears.
Why had her careless and irreligious father deprived the world
of a saintly presence and been the reason that humanity lost its
only and its greatest saint of the 21st century?
I felt like screaming and wailing, because with her death, I saw
the death and destruction of the world, and I prayed that God
sent more saints to us, and if there lived any other saints in
India, I wished earnestly that God would let them live for long.
I hoped to be forgiven for not appreciating them enough, and I
hoped God would fill our world with more pure hearted saints.**

The Sign of Saints:

Every single human being in the world is equally valued in the eyes of God. It does not matter which religion people choose to believe in or follow, or which faith to adhere to in order to become the best version of themselves. It is true that human beings need some basic laws to teach them humanity, but after that basic: love is the guide and love is what protects us from every form of insecurity, hatred and evilness.

It does not matter which theological department you choose to study in; it does not matter which organized religion you choose to follow or which testament you read and obey and believe in, for none of the above makes any difference or shall ever make any difference in anyone's lives.

No matter how many godly people I have met in the world—starting from Europe to Middle East to India, they all had one thing in common; anyone who had spirituality and piety and love for humanity in them did not have any hatred towards any faith or any country or any Creed or any race. When a person becomes so merciful that their heart soars above all kinds of hatred, whether justified or not, then that person becomes truly honourable and beloved to God.

People become obsessed with proving their own religion to be true, and in their ignorance and their narrow-mindedness, they believe that without a particular religious doctrine and testaments and laws and verses, they can never attain God's love or piety or true salvation. This is the most ignorant part which you will finally realise once you come face to face with the saints of God. I have seen the most pious and most pure hearted religious people amongst nuns in Europe and amongst Muslims in the East and in Arabia. Both category of women was as if they were twin sisters. Both of them were beloved to God and both of them were equally valued in the eyes of God both of them loving God with equal passion and both of them sinless and pure just as equally with the same amount of purity and piety in them. Both of them loved God with equal passion and equal honesty. Both of them were equally truthful and purehearted. And if I, being a human being, do not see any difference between them, then I can assure you that the God who created them sees no difference between them. Whatever men and whatever theology teach you about the differences between religion, in truth, it really never matters; not to humans and not to God and definitely not to the God that created them and claims the guardianship of both of them. The biggest mistake people do is forget God and love in the quest for the theological evidence and laws. Whenever someone goes into laws and regulations and starts investigating religious texts and histories, they lose their faith because they lose their love. They lose their faith in God because they become filled with passion, rage and hatred.

Become humble towards God and towards all His creation and become proud and angry only toward your past self.

I was once told by an elderly sage that if I wanted to seek the truth, I needed to focus on love.

“You want to find faith?

Forget about theology, forget about laws and quotations and regulations, and let love be your guide when it comes to finding faith and God. Let your heart be guided by that pure love for all of humanity and you will never go wrong. Whichever religion you chose to follow, you will find God, only if your heart is pure and your mercy is all encompassing and you have no passionate hatred, jealousy or insecurity in you and no deep-rooted anger and pride in you, then whichever religion you follow, you will find god. God is not hidden in religious regulations and laws and quotations and debates and arguments. God is in the heart. And if your heart is pure, you will find God in there. Or else your vision will be more clouded with hatred each day until you become blind towards all things related to God and love. If you believe in true and pure love for humanity, then you will eventually find God. And if you believe in religion, but your heart is polluted with hatred and anger and insecurity and jealousy, slowly you will find God, purity and piety slipping away from you and eventually you will become an enemy of all the religion, one by one.

The truth about God is you do not choose God; it is God that chooses you.

Your job is to become worthy of God's choice." The words rang so true deep into my heart that I could never forget it and it chilled forever my memory, even now for how true it was that the Kings and the Queens of grand palaces do not hand out invitation cards to just anyone and everyone, and anyone who wants to come to their palace cannot come should they be wishing, for only those whom the king and queen chooses specifically can come.

For those born in a developing country, moving to a developed nation fills them with hope and desires of fulfilment and all the glamour that makes them believe in that dream. But for those who are born here inside developed first world nations, within a few years into their lives, the dream starts fading away and the truth becomes apparent and clear to them. Slowly, year after year, gradually, all the glamor and all the fast-paced life fades away. The truth comes out and the worthlessness of this life and the uselessness of all the glamour finally becomes manifest. And eventually those people come to realise that this life was nothing, and their world and their life was meant to perish while only the future with God in the Hereafter was to last forever.

Sometimes I find myself crossing paths with women who appear like her from nations and countries she frequented. Nostalgia drowns me and envy envelops my thoughts. Whenever I see the likeness of someone who reminds me of my saintly companion, I am able to recognise them by the distractedness in their nature and how they are focused only on God, bound by no human love or hate, they were truly pure and truly brave. And I couldn't help but feel an uncontrollable sort of longing in wanting to become like them, even if I could only gain an iota of their freedom, purity and virtue, for they seemed so other worldly, that I felt like a counterfeit next to them. So unaware

of humans and their judgement and so heavenly in their heartfelt focus on heaven that they resampled seraphs rather than saints.

We were the counterfeit and they were the real thing. They were the truth. The reality, the innocence, the purity and the freedom. They are living in their own world, with the God of love; a world devoid of any distraction; a world devoid of falsity and worldly delusion; a world devoid of Instagram, Facebook, X, and IG comments and likes; a world devoid of DMs and subscribers and viewers and vulgar commenters; a world that was so pure and so sublime that it was appeared as if they did not live in this world but just floated by like fleeting silver clouds of mercy.

No hatred or love or lust could distract them or pollute them and so I envied them as they glided by in their spiritual realm, always focused on praying and always feeling for others; their language was tears, not words or criticism or judgements; even for justice or in the pretence of reform.

Ours was a world filled with human beings and focus on the humanity until that focus became an obsession and the entire purpose of our life was based around other people- caring for them, obsessing over them, thinking about them, gossiping about them, finding faults in them, relationships and friendships and loyalty towards one person making you disloyal to another person, loving one person and having to hate another person for friendship's sake. Worshiping one person and becoming the enemy of another person whom you loved before, or someone whom your current beloved person is enemies with, whether it is siblings or friends or family or spouses. How tiring was this game of hate and human obsession!

Gossiping and more insecurity and more anger and blame towards each other, this race or that religion, this ideology or that sexuality or that country or that law which is against this sexuality or that freedom or this right or that oppression, this was the world we lived in.

While we fought argued and hated, they loved, wept and helped. And theirs was a different world -ours was a counterfeit, a false, a fake life like a movie shooting, and theirs was the true world; a world where they barely lived in and their souls and their spirits were raised above the skies. Their purity, their conversation, and their thoughts were completely different from whatever we knew.

After the death of the saintly maiden, I was devastated. It was through her prayers and her love and her mercy and feelings that humanity survived and thrived because she was our insurance to ensure that no angel or demons could ever bring any massive destruction or no human could begin a warfare so long as her feet would walk upon this planet's floor. I pitied the universe! O world, what curse it was that we had been deprived of her who could have saved us? I was prepared

to conduct any sacrifice or penitence to have this saint live once more in our midst. But she was too pure for this dark world, and so her angelic soul soared above the earth into the kingdom of light, and purity, and holiness, rather than wallow below with us in the kingdom of darkness, and impurity, and sin!

Oh, people what sin was it of ours that we lost the most worthy and sinless soul whose prayers were powerful enough to save mankind from every major disease that they earned with their sins?

Mercy was manifest in her, as she knew no vengeance, no revenge, no anger, no politics, no hatred, no criticising of even the most horrible people. No complaints about other ever existed in her existence. She was what humans knew of as angels of mercy who knew nothing but love and with her prayers our world was safe!

Such a gem was dead and gone! How could I ever come close to ever forgiving him when he destroyed the world the day he pressured her to follow the rules of irreligious society?

I knew her parents resented her overly pious ways and constantly dissuaded her from praying or fasting, because they, in their misguided beliefs, thought that any youth who prayed and fasted every day was a religious bigot, and in their secular minds, they believed that she refused to get married because she was too religious and very chaste and pious, and thus, they unceasingly pressured her to meet and marry men much to her pain and chagrin. This saintly maiden's parents were heavily influenced by the media which portrayed religious people as the most violent evil people and ignored the crime of millions of cartels and sex traffickers and those prostitution rings in Africa, South America and eastern Europe, where the media was so obsessed with hating any religious or chaste people and portray them as the most evil, cruel killers and murders, although no mass genocide givers or world wars were ever started or given by religious people and every one of those massive wars were given by godless people, but still the media was determined to be biased, and they continued ignoring the crimes of irreligious groups until simple-minded people like this pious woman's parents began to believe that religion was the root of all evil, and so, they became desperate to make their daughter give up her pious ways, even if it meant using force.

My heart went on as the storm within raged and I couldn't hear the sobbing of my own heart, as sheer fear and terror plagued my soul as I looked out the plane window over the cities and the headlights of the million citizens that shone in the multi laned highways, and I knew all these souls could have been saved had she lived, but alas, O world, we didn't deserve her and we lost her to death because our sins became great and the dead ones wanted her with them so their punishment could decrease!

No, I could not forgive him, and I would never forgive him till the day I breathed my last because of what he did to my nation and my country. Which saint would I ever find again in this vast sinful universe; a saint who would love my unworthy nation and even agree to prefer my Anglo-Saxon language above hers and want to speak these words with her worthy most worthy lips?

What he did was irreparable and irrecoverable and to me, wholly irreconcilable. Indeed, she was from the heavens and to the heavens she returned to. She was from the outer universe, born to unworthy parents, and they were the reason for her untimely demise, as their dislike for religious practices made them imperil her very faith and chastity.

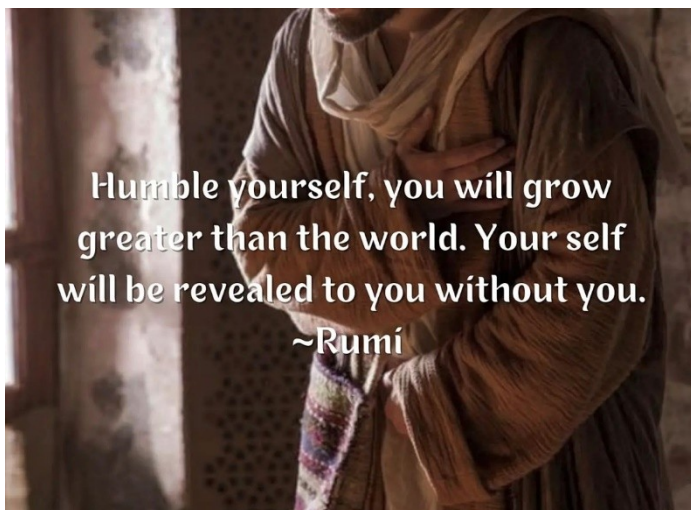
Oh, world! Mourn along with me now that the greatest saint has left our abode! She whom God had made all the heavens subservient to her command and she whose footsteps were worth more than all the stars that adorned the heaven and she whom the dead pleaded to help them; she was no more! O Earth! She who had been the Almighty God's friend and lived a sinless life has left your sinful vicious world!

Not too often did the world have the occasion to remark the fortitude with which humans sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune, because every goodness which falls upon us, was directly related to the presence of a saint within our hemisphere, and it was those saints of God who prayed for our lasting peace and for whom, human trials and tribulations were delayed, and those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, are suspended far above the periphery of mankind as long as those pious and chaste individuals existed. With their honest supplications, these saints of God seemed to call forth all the energies of the gentle Creator of the universe, and they made certain no pain befell humanity. Such perfection was in every fibre of their body, that God Himself gave them give intrepidity and elevation in their character in such quantity that at times, it approaches to sublimity. Nothing could have been more touching and worthy for a person than to behold a chaste and gentle saintly maiden who had the power to erase all weakness and cancel all dependence, and was alive to every trivial pain and trials, while threading the prosperous paths of life, without ever succumbing to hate, anger and harshness. God had chosen them from amongst billions, due to their piety and chastity, and they were able to be the comforter and supporter of their nation under misfortune, and abided with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity due to their unwavering faith in God.

She was such a promising and chaste young woman, but it was the misfortune of my saintly friend, however, to have embarked on her pious journey amid the presence of such irreligious parents who disliked all forms of monotheistic faiths and

beliefs, and dismissed her love and reverence for God as mere speculation; and had she not died, the world would not have face a succession of sudden disasters, that civilisation would be swept from them.

With her parent's relentless pressure, she found herself alone and depressed, reduced to almost penury. For all her teenage years, she prayed and fasted without displaying her pious endeavours to others, and kept her situation to herself, and went about with a pale face and haggard countenance, and bore a breaking heart even as she supplicated to God to give blessings and mercy upon the rest of mankind. I remember seeing her once in her parent's home and she seemed mildly sorrowful then, as she took daily walks in the New Delhi gardens. Her face glowed softy with the tender touch of the morning's first light, and beneath a sky ablaze with the dying light of a sunset, she walked lightly and entered her residence.



Heavenwards on Angel's Wings:

I stood at the shore of the sea and stared at the outstretched horizon far ahead, the vastness of the sightless sea and the endless heaven hovering it, thinking of the scores of souls swallowed and drowned in the sea and the souls of bygone centuries who came and died, those who fought, loved, lived earned wealth, chased lovers, gained fame and power and I think of how forgotten they are, with the sea keeping the souls of the millions it devoured so silently and so secretly hidden, and then I thought of this saintly maiden whose soul soared upward towards the endless heavens; she who contained within her the power that her God had bequeathed unto her. Ah, nameless was she, unknown to any man of the world! How poor, how obscure she was; how powerless over politics or the media, yet most powerful in ways that no human could fathom, penniless yet all the gold and silver in this earth were under her very control, how nameless to the world yet how famous and worthy to their Creator.

I wished to be a part of that greatness which engulfed her, but I was not strong enough for purity and not pure enough and not brave enough to go into the world of the afterlife of heaven- of hell -of God- of piety and sinlessness.

Sometimes it is our ego, our own anger at our past, our own hatred towards ourselves which makes us desperately more proud and angry and keeps us in ignorant denial.

We blind ourselves and force ourselves to fall into the distractions of love and life -so we do not have to face the defeat that we spend our entire life after false actions and the wrong pathway.

It's our own hatred for ourselves that forces us to believe that we were always right, and so we continue pursuing that path knowing very well it is all false and wrong. Sometimes it is our jealousy and hatred towards those who are righteous that makes us more angry at them and makes us run even more fiercely towards the path of sinfulness than we had been before, and sometimes it is a combination of our own ego and our own anger and our own past and our own fear of the unknown and the future and our anger and hatred towards those who are given a chance at a righteous life and our own desperation to fool ourselves that keeps us from changing our lifestyle and keeps us from finding the strength to seek the truth and to accept the truth and to follow the path that the truth shows.

It goes beyond our control to change ourselves and our lifestyle. I know very well that path because I was like that once. I often became judgemental towards those I knew were much more better than me in the aspect of justness-

religiousness - of sinlessness and of purity and of mercy and love and selflessness.

But the uncorrupted virtuous maiden was unusual. With her, it was different from men of faith. She did not preach; she did not even know how to preach. She was not aware of what sin was and what was virtue. She would love and respect and honour and cherish even the most defiled sinner in the world had that person chanced to come across her. Indeed, she did not even know the difference between sin and virtue. She was born in a pure way and she grew up in a religious environment and that's why she followed the rules of God without asking questions, without even understanding why they were implemented on her. She did not know the difference between a sinner and a virtuous person. She did not know the difference between the rich and the poor or the educated and uneducated, the posh and the plain, or the aristocrats and those in lower ranks of the society. She was not someone who could entice the jealousy of a person who was guilty of every kind of sin. It was her who changed me. Her piety and her sublimeness, her esteem and her power, her connection with the God, her chastity, her parents and her character of not judging people. It was her incapacity to judge a person or even understand the difference between a sinner and a sinless person that made her so lovable.

Her innocence, and unawareness of her own power, unawareness of her own piety and unawareness of her own chastity was what penetrated my soul. It made me see myself from another point of view without any hatred, without any judgment and without any jealousy. It inspired me to want to change myself because she was meek- non-judgmental- incapable of hatred -anger -incapable of even understanding the cruelty of a human being or the vengeance of an evil human soul. Her mercy was to pray perpetually for the good of the men of the world. Sometimes I'm glad that she is gone when I see the evilness of people and their desperation to make each other sin and accept their own sin as virtue and to force their ideologies on others and their framing and their blaming and their hatred for religious people, because she was not capable of shouldering such emotional turmoil and distress.

But the world had deprived us of this saintly soul, and I could not help but express rage at the world for this cruel injustice. It was sad to see that because the mainstream media portrayed religion as so evil that her father eventually got heavily influenced by the journalist and media personalities and became insanely obsessed with throwing the saintly maiden out of the house if she did not relent to giving up her religious beliefs, practises and chastity. He hated extremism and since the media had a way of portraying every religious person as

extremist, he began to imagine that his own daughter was a fundamentalist zealots, and he could not think otherwise, for the media had convinced him thus, that no matter how sexually deviant someone is, the media portrays them as martyrs who are extremely harmless, but as soon as someone becomes chaste and religious, the media demonises them and makes them appear as a monster to the world. Her parents were heavily influenced by the media and their portrayal of religious people as evil and cruel, and that was why they violently turned against their daughter when she became religious. They did not mind when it was part of the culture of a country where she grew up in, but the moment she stepped foot in India, her parents turned against her because they hated her for her piety, and treated her an unwanted thing which they were desperate to change or remove from their life.

Oh, world of graveyards and torture chambers of the sick and dying! When will your appetite be filled! When will you stop tormenting innocent men, seizing and grabbing them from the womb and arms of their mothers and torturing them into madness and hate and turning their souls into monsters and killers so they- and afterwards their souls could suffer with you in your accursed hellish inferno of eternal damnation!

When will your thirst for the blood of innocent souls be quenched? How more billions of souls do you hunger for, O accursed world of tormented sinful demons?!

Spare the hearts of innocent ones, oh world! Spare the saints and the sinless women and men of faith and honour, oh world!

Spare them and do not torture all good souls to death and destruction and leave us only with the most soulless ones!

Is not your greed for life satiated, oh world of the devil and demons!

Have you not caused enough pain and suffering?! Have you not devoured the tormented bodies of enough sinless saints, oh earth!

How many more shall you hunt and kill and how many more sinful people shall you leave behind to destroy our laws and faith and humanity!? Because she who could have saved us all could not remain alive long enough to save us.

This saintly woman with her unblemished heart, wielded so much power that I would never have believed it had I not seen it personally. Indeed, her life was miraculous, but she did not seek miracles for herself, but it was sheer pain of her heart that made her pray for all those who suffered in her presence, for she could not tolerate seeing fellow humans in pain, and still, her life was but a protracted agony, and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of her unsympathetic family members and bestow due reverence to her parents who despised hearing the very name of God or the sight of her veil.

She was a patient and gentle soul and could not bring herself to overwhelm others with her pains, but looked on at the world with the gentle eyes of affection, but some of her close acquaintances knew that all was not well with her. Her occasional altered looks and stifled sighs were the only indication that she was in pain, but rather than complaining, she tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to bring humanity back to love and happiness; but every time her parents insisted that she give up her prayers and fasts, and enter into a matrimony, they caused her anguish and only drove the arrow of depression deeper into her soul. The more time I spend in her company, the more I saw cause to love and admire her for who could not envy her piety and perseverance? She had been utterly beneficent and kind to me, and offered me her gentle smiles, but who could know that in a little while, that smile would vanish from that cheek and the song of piety will die away from those lips and the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow and due to her parent's ignorant behaviour, the happy and angelic heart which was beating lightly in that bosom, would soon be weighed down by the pain and miseries of the world. Alas, her entire life's situation became the cause of the deepest despair as it caused her to die. It was the thought of her death that drives me almost to madness, especially when I think about how many potential disasters our world would face in the near future because she does not live amongst us.

What world has she left us behind to save? I see billions of innocent hearts chasing after sin and running blindly into their own destruction and annihilation, by becoming drowned in sins which is making them passionate and blinded and hurting and degrading each other until they all become hurt angry and violent enough to destroy themselves and the whole world along with it.

Her parents disapproved of her religious practices, for they did not think praying and fasting could benefit a human soul, but philosophical knowledge and spiritual intelligence broke upon her in a startling manner as though given from heaven, though no religious teachings were ever imparted to her by her parents.

When I heard about her demise, I was too shocked to cry, but the news was delivered to me by the same aunt who had first introduced to me the unique identity of this saintly maiden, and though I was devastated with grief, I somehow persevered, for it was perhaps true that the accents of those we respect and admire softened the harshest events and the grisliest news. Did her parents know they had deprived the world of the comforts of her sympathy, and also endangered the only bond that could keep human hearts civilised, living in unreserved communities of love and thought and feeling. I was outraged to think about how this saintly woman was undervalued, when even the sorrows of her final hours were concealed from the world.

Oh, did her parents have any idea that by forcing her to get married, what a blow they were to give to all her future pious prospects, and how this pain and grief would strike her very soul to the earth, because she would have to do something she despised and give up what she loved most, which was chastity? When her parents indicated that she had to forego all the pieties of life and indulge in all the pleasures of society, she must have been devastated and wanted to sink into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that she was to be dragged down from the sphere of spirituality in which she might have continued to move in the constant brightness of the sinless angels, and beam with a powerful heavenly light and earn the admiration of every heart, how could she take the dreadful prospect? How can she bear that pain? She has been brought up in all the refinements of nobility, piety and chastity, and never saw a man in her life, and never exited the four walls of her home without being wrapped in the most opaque, black veil to ensure no man in the universe could see her face, and yet, her parents suddenly insisted she give up her veil and abandon all levels of chastity by marrying someone. How could she bear the anguish and neglect when all her life, she lived as a saint, and many like me considered her to be the icon of society. Oh, this pressure from her parents did break her heart—it did break her heart!

I knew her grief must have been silent but eloquent, because she was unnaturally patient, and would never have complained to anyone about her tribulations. I was aware that sorrow relieved itself by words, but she had no opportunity for paroxysm and remained in her grief alone.

Oh, angelic woman, why have you left us? Why have you abandoned us to be cursed with such pain, agony, and terror?

Why have you left our unworthy souls and gone to the heaven and to the God who owns the stars and the galaxies? What will happen to us, oh merciful angel, now that you are gone? What terror have you left us to suffer on our own and what calamity and what disaster shall befall us now that your prayers can no longer be present to protect us? Indeed, my heart shall weep on and never will the heavens and the earth stop mourning your departure, and when the first nuke blows up or the first earthquake hits or the first plague infects our nation, I shall curse thy father for he had no right over his saintly daughter, as it was us and humanity and all of us, who deserved her saintly prayers, love and mercy. Was it not us, the people of the world, who had every right over her prayers and mercy!

Oh world, if only I were a little older, then I would have helped her remain single and given her hope and strength to survive! Oh, world! How does life test everyone with whatever hurts most? Do you not even spare the saints of God? Must you make them suffer too?

Oh, life and sunshine! How worthless you are when any minute, a nuclear winter may blot you out of our sight and we may die of a nuclear winter and she who could have saved us with her prayers have gone away to the land of the dead. My grief and mourning had no end, for I knew her worth and I appreciated the significance of this loss. She was a saintly woman, with fine characteristics, and I considered it my duty to endeavour to follow her example by being as humble as I could because she was humble not just in the presence of people who wanted to impress her, but in her dealings with everyone - with children, with elders, and with the ones she interacted with on a daily basis, such as her close family members. No matter how brazen one behaved, she never took revenge for wrongs that was perpetrated against her own self. I wanted to cry out and utter apologies to the angelic young woman who was suffered to death.

Oh, saint! We were unworthy of you, so forgive us!

Alas, O Almighty Lord of heavens! Send another saint down amongst us for right now, we have none amongst the billions of sinners that desecrate your earth with their sins!

I have seen how life was not fair!

It seems life is cruel to the merciful and death spares not even the saints for they and death are friends, and perhaps, it was the present life and the humans within that the saints of God are afraid of. As I wept, the heavens appeared as if they wept with me, and I felt as though my heart would burst and my soul would cry out loud. I was still perched on the seat of the plane, my tearstained face pressed against the small oval glass as the land of my country started appearing through my airplane window. Alas, I thought, the only saint I ever found and saw and whose miracles I witnessed had loved my country, but she was now gone and with our sins, I had no more hope left to save my

nation because she who prayed for it and loved it were gone. My insurance was gone; my guarantee was gone, and my warranty card was burnt and my only shield destroyed, and my iron dome annihilated, and my heart was broken into pieces and my mind was threatening my sanity and my hopes were crushed and burnt and my dreams scattered about and with my country at the hands of devil to torture, torment and misguide or hurt and enslave, was defenceless. There was no equal to her in the world, and both her manners and piety were unique. in regard to her speech and understanding, she displayed divine and spiritual properties. The more I saw her and spoke to her, I could sense that she was as pure and chaste as the angels, and perhaps, the angels busied themselves with the righteous woman, the way they had dealt with Abraham, and brought him glad tidings. But this young woman was so dear to her God that the angel did not have to redeem her for she had power over the angels and prevailed in her miraculous wonders with the help of her Maker. Concerning the miraculous powers and piety vouchsafed to the pious, the angel of the Lord must have been in awe of her chastity and unwavering religiousness, and when I met her, I sensed only a partial of her purity, for there were so many attributes in her, and so many similar examples of her miraculous wonders, that I cannot possibly go to the length of enumerating. Upon her reposed the mantel of piety: and, in truth, a heavenly light seemed to constantly stream from between her eyes, and it was one of her unique features I never forgot.

On the way back to my birthplace across the Pacific, I grieved endlessly. From that time, until the moment of arrival, I wept while others in my plane cabin were experiencing feverish excitement because they looked forward to returning home, but for me, what was home if it could not remain so, for I knew without this saintly maiden's prayers, this world would not be the same. This world was adrift in a tempest, where all forms of fighting and bloodshed could take place, because there were no more saints to protect us. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants along the coasts of powerful nations and empires and defended the headlands of each island and peninsula, stretching out into the vast oceans, did not have the power to prevent a global war or catastrophe from taking place. Those supersonic Doomsday planes that flew overhead, and contained enough firepower to pulverise mountains were towering into the clouds and protecting the skies from enemy planes, but they could not save this nation from impending peril, because the only guardian this world had was gone. As the plane descended over the city, I cast gloomy looks on the place I knew as home, for I knew all my joyful days may end soon, but I reconnoitred the shores wistfully, as my eye dwelt with momentary comfort on neat familiar houses, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots as life went on as usual in my hometown. There were a handful of mouldering ruins of buildings overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a house of

worship rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill were visible as were the characteristics of this quiet area, but I was apprehensive about setting foot there, for the saint of God who once blessed my country and loved my language was now dead. The passenger plane landed, and all was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances made the arrivals area hectic, and the greetings of friends and the consultations of busy men and women made the entire airport ring with mechanical deference, while I alone was solitary and idle for I had no friend to meet, and no cheering to receive, because even if there had been family and friends in the arrivals section, I would have been oblivious of it, because I did not notice anything due to my grief. I stepped upon the land of my birth, but was so embalmed in guilt and sorrow that I felt that I was a stranger in the land. I felt terribly lonely, almost like a child abandoned by her parents while she sat crying out loud by the side of the road watching the parents drive away. I knew I was surrounded by well-wishers and friends, but what use would they be when the only saint in this world was gone?

She left us, and now, my country was unprotected, and now, I feared that we wouldn't live productively. Nay, but rather we would die the most horrific death, because this saintly maiden was not here to shed her pearly tears to extinguish the ire of the fierce demons, or fan away the wrath of the devil and diffuse the fire of human's sins with her tears.

How could I ever recover from the greatest tragedy that life had cursed us with in the 21st century? I was aware that she was the sign that we human had hope, but with her death, we were cursed and our sins that defiled the atmosphere of this world became unworthy of her breath to mingle amongst us. What sadness!

Oh, heavens and O earth, drown us not in your wrath now that the last saint has gone and left us!

I lamented in my loneliness and prayed for our salvation.

Oh India, land of gold and spices, what had you given us from your bloodline that was so pure and sublime and oh, how you have become unworthy of what you yourself made?!

Before I met her, India held no great importance to me, but after I saw her living in New Delhi, I prized those roads and cloven hills of Nizamuddin Settlement, and after that visitation, every time our car drove past the alley in which her father's house was situated, I felt my heart wrench and my mind become benumbed and my tears burning in hot springs, for that road was once a roadway which had bedazzled me and intrigued my mind into a maddening dream of heaven and paradise, but now, it embittered my soul with unshed tears and an anguish that threatened to rip my heart apart. What gem that nameless and obscure alley possessed!

Guilt pain and agony could numb the mind and often, my tears and weeping would threaten to stop my heart, lest it would burst out in anger and rage.

When I revisited the home of the lost saint, I looked upon the alley with pain. I cursed the road now for not holding on to her more desperately, and I blamed her father and then I hated myself and the world for not trying hard enough to deserve her presence to bless the earthen floor of our worldly planet. I wish I could have blamed her betrothed, but alas I found out that he too was forced by his mother to enter into matrimony with someone whom he had no wish to know. Her father too was forced to marry her mother, so perhaps they thought it to be normal a thing, but no, she was fiercely against it, to her any relationship was akin to death itself and indeed they had threatened her in every way to agree and consent to what she was so vehemently against.

So happy she was when she first came from her birthplace, and such smiles she showered on me while I was just a little girl , I only remember her smiles could light up the room and reach all the world and outshine the sun for she held such warmth within herself, yet when the subject of her matrimony came up, I never saw her smile afterwards , her face was always lost in tears and a sombre sadness that broke my heart.

After settling down, I met several relatives who knew this pious angelic young woman and while her death grieved them, they seemed unsurprised, for it was as though no one expected this saintly maiden to live until adulthood, because her frailty was well-known. Few people in this world knew how pious she was, and when I narrated some of her miracles, no one could have imagined what she could accomplish. But God knew her worth and God loved her for this reason, and her God could not wait to call her back to Him, and I can imagine how God must have rejoiced when that chaste young girl turned to him in her pure life, seeking to learn His will as she spent days abed, in her final illness, unable to take her daily walks or complete her tasks. God must have moulded her from a different clay from the rest of us and this made her unique in her miraculous piety, as she had insatiable thirst for prayers and religious knowledge and a love for truth.

The sinless suffered for the world spared none! To her noting could have been more painful than the idea of marriage for she had confounded in her aunt that she would die of shame if were to ever go in front of anyone with the intention of marriage, simple and pure hearted as she was, while I thought she was too ignorant to know what marriage meant but she was utterly revolted by the idea of any human intimacy. I later had the opportunity to speak to her aunt and wanted to find out why she was so averse to the idea of marriage, and she told me that the saintly maiden had confided in her that she was extremely

shy, and did not want to be intimate with another human being. She felt safe and secure with God alone, and wished to devote her entire life in the service of her Maker.

I did not truly appreciate the young woman's sentiments, but I tried to understand that all humans are different, and all women have different standards of shyness and feel modest about different matters. Some women feel extremely if someone pulls off the headscarf from their head, while others feel shy when walking topless, and many women do not feel very shy even if a million people watch them in nude beaches, so modesty was indeed a subjective matter, with everyone having different standards.

Different women have different levels of shyness, and hers was of the most extreme level. If she ever went in front of anyone for any form of sexual entertainment, she would die from shame and sense of modesty. This was the only explanation her aunt was able to give me.

Animals are not shy, this was what differentiated man from beasts, and it was only natural that animals feel no shame in revealing their bodies, but humans are generally endowed with a sense of honour and dignity, and so, the more animalistic humans become, the less shy they feel over shameful things, but it seemed that the more people associate themselves with God, they become shy, somewhat like Mary and Jesus, and they do not find it appealing to physically humiliate themselves to another human, and worshiping God for so long made them feel as though they are noble like God Himself.

Those who worship dogs inevitably become dogs, and those who adore heaven doubtlessly gains an aura of piety, pride and purity which translates into shyness.

We were trained differently in the West, and the idea of modestly and shyness was largely dismissed. Here, the idea of freedom is translated into fierceness and boldness. Essentially, we were trained to be angry and raging animals in our mannerisms and actions, but those who love and worship God alone become beset with a mind that is proud and shy, while we often are trained to be akin to proud dogs.

This was the general philosophy I was able to deduce after hearing what the young saintly maiden's aunt had told me about her shyness, and I tried to understand her.

Proud was she, truly proud, too honourable for this world of humble humans. Chastity was she; purity was she and the most

self-respect and shy and shame encompassing a human that was ever born.

Alas, Oh, saint! Oh, angel! Oh, sinless fairy! Forgive us for not being able to save you, forgive us for not trying hard enough and forgive us for being too sinful to deserve an angel like you amongst us. My heart shall mourn you so long as the sun rises and the moon sets, and my fear of death has died because you had known me personally, even if for the briefest moment, and if even the strangers who died decades or centuries ago, were able to find solace in your existence, then perhaps my soul too shall find some comfort when my time shall come to an end, and in eternity, saintly maiden, I hope to meet you someday and dream upon my wildest dreams, that should you see me then, you shall know of me and shall pray for my salvation and free me from the fear of that everlasting but unknown world.

This saintly maiden was unique in that few people actually knew of her and even fewer saw her miracles, but I was one of the fortunate ones who saw what she was capable of and I knew that her pious accomplishments were staggering. Aside from her deep mysticism, she was impeccably chaste, which distinguished her from her peers, and no other young woman in the city or even in all of India, observed such strict veil that no man, living or dead ever saw her face. She had the extreme privilege of understanding God's love at a level unknown to most people and every moment of her waking hours, she dedicated it to the praises of her Creator God. Pious and humble, this saintly maiden kept her pious endeavours largely to herself, partially because her parents, who discouraged all forms of religious expressions, tried to persuade her to give up God and belief in the hereafter, but even as a teenager, her heart spoke to God and she knew He was there. While some of her neighbours expected this pious maiden to live a life of quiet obscurity, her miracles were gradually known and she became one of the most pious and brilliant minds of this world, and her notes on the lives of the saints, medicinal treatises, theological analyses, plays, poetry and original compositions adorned her private libraries. More productive than a Renaissance woman who lived centuries before the actual Renaissance period, her waking hours were deluged with pious prayers and she fasted nearly every day of her life. Nestled in the gentle rhythms of the saintly existence to which she belonged, this young woman's true range of talents never came to the surface for she was disinterested in human praise and possession. When I first heard about the young woman, I felt almost as if I had slipped into a fairy tale. Her very name evoked poetry, and her life did not quite seem real, especially after I saw how much

miraculous powers she possessed, which she herself was unaware of. I always wondered how could it be real that there was a saint of God in our midst, but she was very real, and her life as a holy woman nestled in her parent's home, building a world of piety and chastity, and defending the God she loved so much, was more than just a captivating blaze of brilliance.

The sheer breadth and depth of her accomplishments were staggering. Aside from her deep mysticism, which already distinguished her from her peers, she was exceptionally charitable and kind. This saintly woman who was born and raised in Riyadh would have been unknown to me if I did not hear about her exceptional piety from an aunt who happened to meet her in Riyadh. Her extraordinary life came from the most inauspicious of beginnings, as she was not part of a royal or aristocratic clan, but was born on the cusp of this century into a wealthy noble family in Riyadh, the eldest of her siblings. Deemed too frail and quiet to merit much attention in her family, she received minimal education in the government schools in Riyadh, and as a child, was left to her own devices whereby she was able to contemplate on God's existence, and forge a mystical connection with her Maker. In these quiet hours of solitude, her soul turned toward God and she became part of Him, and began to pray and fast constantly, praying for the goodness of humanity, while her parents remained busy in their work and idle social events. This saintly woman never wallowed in her loneliness, but basked in the love of her Creator and cultivated an interior life of religious reverence and piety which ultimately became a fortress for her soul. In her teenage years, she became even more pious and pure, and observed strict veil at all times, resulting in her sheltered existence, where no male ever saw her face, or heard her voice. Aristotle once said in his discourse, that one's helpers and happiness are multiplied as a result of modesty, and he was correct as I had never seen anyone more modest than this saintly woman, whose purity and chastity was unparalleled. I knew that by reason of belief and piety, men dwell together for a time. Afterward they are kept together by reason of modesty, pudency, and blamelessness, but in her case, remaining with her was a privilege, as I had discovered while spending time with her in her Indian home. The philosopher Aristotle would often say that in chaste children, modesty clearly rules over their countenance. It was termed pudency only because it was the way to eternal life. This young woman adhered to this principle of modesty and never exited her private quarters without wearing her black veil which consisted of five to six heavy layers.

Her hands would be hidden inside her overflowing black cloak and she would move noiselessly, walking with grace. Every

movement of her body displayed modesty and chastity, and I longed to be like her when I was older. I recall a time when my family took me on a boat ride in India, and we were accompanied by that saintly woman and her parents, but while the rest of us enjoyed the sea side scenery, she remained engrossed in prayers and fasting the entire time. There were repeated cheering and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognise each other and chat animatedly, but my eyes drifted back to the veiled woman who stood motionless in one corner, doubtlessly absorbed in prayers. This young woman was not only pious, but had a humble dress and interesting demeanour. No matter how adverse her living situation was, she never seemed disappointed and sad when pain afflicted her, but bore all harshness with patience. When I heard a faint voice behind, I noticed it was from a poor maid who had been ill the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of the saintly woman on board. Her illness had so increased that she only breathed a wish that she might talk to her saintly companion once more, and so, as she was being helped on deck, the saintly maiden clutched her veils and came up the river, and was now leaning against the rails, hurrying to see the poor woman who was suffering from illness. One look at her pain made this pious woman pale and her countenance appeared so pale, and so ghastly, that I almost did not recognise her, and she gently called the maid's name, and at the sound of her voice, the maid's eye darted on her features and brightened. The saintly woman sighed and tried to cheer the maid with some gentle words, and I could read in her face whole volumes of sorrow, as she clasped her hands, uttered a soft prayer, and stood clasping her hands in silent agony. The maid seemed to fall into deep slumber afterwards, but this time, when she awoke, her health had improved drastically, and without even taking any medications, she was completely cured. When this saintly maiden heard the good news, she smiled in joy, and I noticed that she actually smiled generously, with the gentle outline of her lips manifesting a shrine to the unspoken words of purity, passion, and truth. For the five days I vacationed with this saintly young woman and her family members, I never ceased being awestruck by her graceful ways and kind manners. We were at the heart of New Delhi, in close proximity to one of the most pious woman in the world, whose very presence could ensure that no one would fall ill or become struck with disease or hardship, as her soul was interwoven with the heaven's eternal religious credence and spiritual romance, and her piety pervaded all boundaries, and her purity was so profound that I never saw a more chaste woman in my life, who donned only coarse and simple cloth, and wore black veils with no artwork or patterns, as she concealed her face completely from all men, to the point that not even a painting or photograph of her face existed in this world.

When our tour guide escorted us to a remote village where flowers were in full bloom, I momentarily became mesmerised by the intoxicating fragrance of summer flowers. Amid a garden of painted blooms, the saintly maiden sat gracefully, like a living blossom, that bloomed forever, as she waited for the party to return from inspecting the garden. She was removed from the worries of this world, as her only concern was the heavens and everything in it, and unlike ordinary people who fussed over mundane things, she remained engrossed in long prayers and intermittent fasting. Inside this garden, I was able to appreciate her even more, as her beauty seemed timeless like the stars, and she exuded such warmth that it invoked greater strength and grace with every hour. I knew she was different from the rest of us, as her waking hours were busy in worship of One God, and she slept only occasionally, and did not care for either wealth or power, something she believed to be temporary and false. But for most people, it was easy to live this lie, because the wealth, the love, the lust, and the relationships make people believe it will last forever, or that it matters. However, when the eyes are forced to see the truth and when one by one, all loved ones pass away into oblivion and even the most saintly ones aren't spared from the arrows of death and must move on to an eternal unknowing realm, any human with sense and intelligence finally can realise that this life is a false existence, like a fake movie shoot where the actors start believing it is real, no matter how long they shoot the movie for they know even if it is a series spanning decades, none of it is real and it must end one day and the entire story is false, scripted and make believe. This young woman knew that this world was worthless, and this life was temporary, and so, she remained busy in worship and prayers, and even in this vacation, her poise was calm and gentle like a serene harbour, and her gentle words were a refuge for the wandering hearts seeking the shore of success. I only hoped then that the world would be blessed with her presence for many years to come, but this wish did not come true.

Mercy in the Making:

I was very young when a rather phenomenal tsunami took place in Japan. It was not a surprise to most people, because the islands around mainland Japan was known to receive frequent earthquakes and tremors, and hence, the media and other aid agencies did not make too much of a deal about the several thousand casualties suffered from the natural disaster. But newspapers in India ran detailed reports and updates from the rescue operations and during one calm morning, when the newspaper was delivered to her house, the saintly maiden

gripped the front page with both hands, and I noticed her face paled, and her knuckles whitened, as she glanced tearfully at the image of the widespread horror and destruction in Japan. I noticed the paper was printed in Hindi, a language neither I nor my saintly friend knew how to read, although we both understood it, so we asked a young neighbour to read the news clipping for us. The side story was written below the image of a little boy, who was trapped beneath a large chunk of rubble, and the young fair woman requested that our neighbour read the caption to the image first, so she could understand what had happened in Japan. The Indian girl from this neighbourhood was only too glad to acquiesce and she read every paragraph of the story several times to make sure we understood the events which occurred in the aftermath of the Japanese tsunami. The story was a featured article, with detailed update on the plight of a little Japanese boy who was discovered by rescue workers after a hundred hours. When first seen by overhead rescue helicopters, the hopeful members of the rescue teams tried to free him from the rubble of his home in the devastated city of Japan, over one hundred hours after the earthquake. The little boy and his parents were merely one of so many families irrevocably broken by the earthquake and corresponding disaster. The rescuers tried very hard to save him but there was heavy rubble over his swollen left foot, leaving him effectively stuck in the underwater culvert. The child's parents were said to have survived - but they have not seen the little boy since their world imploded. The rescue workers reported that due to being trapped underwater, the child was losing his consciousness, and soon, hypothermia had set in and his body temperature had dropped to 28 degrees Celsius.

The featured story mentioned how the child was elated to see the rescuers, and he thought he would be free, and even showed them the thumbs up happy gestures, but soon, the child became dejected and sad, after he realised that the people who were trying to help him could not save him, as his lower body was stuck under rubble and the rising water made it impossible for the engineers to bring in cranes or other sophisticated machinery to pull the child out. Doctors had ruled out amputation of the child's lower legs, because it would mean instantaneous death due to infection, and so, they could not free the boy from underwater, until the filing of the story. The story did not elaborate on the outcome, but from the reports, we deduced that the Japanese child most probably perished, but the young saintly maiden did not make any comment upon hearing the entire story, and when I glanced at her face, I noticed she had pulled down her headscarf to hide her face, but not before I noticed it was streaked with tears, and as she turned away, I saw her eyes had become bloodshot

with pain and grief, as she heard the tale of the little boy in the other side of the world who was stuck under some rubble following a tsunami, and may have died a frightening and sad death.

For several days she wept, and her eyes red with unshed tears for a boy in a picture who was trapped under the rubble of the Japanese earthquake.

What the Japanese people didn't know was someone was out there weeping for their pain.

They didn't know nor had any idea that on the other side of the planet - a saintly young woman wept for days for their safety and wellbeing. 'Yaban?' she asked in her lisping Middle Eastern pronunciation of the country Japan, as she wanted to know if they got help from everyone yet? Yaban? Because she couldn't pronounce Japan, so it took a while for me to understand what she was asking.

Yes, we thought ourselves great activists for human rights, as we collected signatures and lobbied in Washington sitting in front of senators and Congressmen, accosting them and lobbying passionately and trying to fight to get one bill to pass for Amnesty International's latest human rights report. Yes, we were great and believed ourselves to be compassionate, and even cared about the fins of endangered dolphins, but then, after all this activism, everyone went home and continued enjoying life, and some visited bars and hosted parties, while she never stopped weeping for those who were in distress, and then I felt like a hypocrite next to her, for I realised that the real lovers of God cannot go on enjoying life with their partners and friends, the way one couldn't enjoy life, love or lust if their own child was suffering or starving or were injured and weeping in front of them.

For the lovers of God, every child of God was their own children too, so they wept as if their own child was suffering, and they hated lust, food, or indulgence of any kind if even one person was still suffering around the world. That is why she never slept at night but only prayed and wept and that is why while others fought for people's rights and then went on to enjoy life, she went on to weep more deeply and hated enjoyment of any kind just the way a mother would hate any mention of food, lust or fun if her child were dying in front of her...

Ever since that day, whenever I saw this young woman, I noticed that there was the newspaper clipping nearby, and wherever she went, the story clipping was always round her, and I also noticed that every time she looked at the image of the little boy clinging for his life, she broke into tears or withdrew to her prayer room and sobbed and wept all night long. Although she did not speak to us about the tsunami, nor

ask pointed questions concerning the event, often times I saw her pray devoutly, and the picture and paper was beside her.

How can a heart become as pure as those who never focus on human love or lust, but feels equally for the pain of one and all?

In our part of the world, many have become obsessed with everyone else's life and choices. Social media has rotted our souls. The Internet has made us forget the human essence of our wisdom and self-control and gratefulness and pure love. We only look for reasons to blame everyone else for everything, and become obsessed with proving our innocence. Sometimes when I come across pious pure souls, I feel myself drowning in reminiscent hopes.

Whenever I come across someone like her whilst in her country, I felt my heart leap out in nostalgia. Those who remind me of her- are those souls who belong to another life and come from a different world: a world very different from ours. A world of purity, a world of freedom, a world of love and humility, a world devoid of hate vengeance and anger, a world where lust didn't exist, because those pious souls were no slave of human beings, they were bound in no bondage of human lust or slavery and obsession. They were free, as free as the angels and fairies that roamed in heaven. They didn't know the meaning of lust and hate and insecurity or jealousy.

I was jealous of them because they were jealous of none. They had their God, they had their hope, and they had already found true love and sought none from humans nor did they care about fame.

Humanity was their greatest virtue, and they took no offence over anything, and never reacted with violence or vengeance toward others.

People can change for the better. Your soul changes in the company of ones who are so pure and so sublime. You get to know God through those who truly love Him. It was an eternal love, unbounding, unfettering, unattached, unpolluting, and to find humans whose souls were so free and pure and so chaste and so humble, or so happy and so forgiving, and so harmless and hate-less, that they became one with their God in sublimity. They are unattached to the world, unaware of the hatred of people. They do not require human affection or attention, and they seek none and they give none. They walk like fairies, their minds and hearts are up above the heaven, too sublime for any human to pull them down and pollute their souls with the dirt of human hate and love and obsession and vengeance. They are from heaven, and we from this hell called Earth. My heart envied them, my mind yearned to have that level of freedom and peace, my soul longed for that liberty and

independence, and my being craved to obtain that glory, and gain their freedom, their piety, their unaffectedness and unawareness of people and their feelings of love, hate, loyalty and jealousy. They lived in another world, a world of their own with their God as their king and guardian. They had no need for humans and their attention or support and their rallied for none. They never tried to convince or manipulate or preach to anyone but rather wept in their pain and waited this life out, waiting to return to their beloved Creator.

It was obvious that they lived only in body in this world and their hearts were in heaven and thus their existence and their essence was outer worldly, while we the humans of an accursed century, where our only weapon was anger, passion and blaming and hating - was doomed to sink into this endless tide of hate and debate. Defensive hatred, offensive hatred, justified hatred etc, but nothing but hatred. And that hate has consumed the soul of humanity. And the entire purpose of religion. Religion was meant to preach love and unity amongst mankind. But because of social media and because of the ego of people and the hurt and anger and the passion of people, they have lost the true meaning of religion and faith and have become the victims of hatred and passion and defensive anger. Insecurity, terror, fear and distrust has consumed the soul of all religious people of the century. People are incapable of finding love in faith. And thus, the entire purpose of faith in religion and piety has been destroyed from them forever. That is why it is so rare to find a saint in this generation. Because to become a saint, one must be filled with love and must have no place for hatred for anyone in the whole world.

Then my mind goes back to the pious young maiden, who became stricken with sorrow upon seeing a news clipping of a little Japanese boy who was drowning in the waves of a tsunami. It was possible that the child for whose life and rescue this saintly woman was praying for was dead, but she did not care. This young woman was a saint who lived to love humanity, and she did not care if the boy was gone or dead, but she wanted to help him be saved. For weeks after that, she kept praying for him, and she kept crying for the child. Her life came to a standstill after that day, and I noticed that she gave up food and even water, and was preoccupied with her prayers, and wept intermittently. Although the tsunami and earthquake took place several weeks earlier, her grief would not dissipate. It was the way she was, that no matter who suffered around the world, she felt their pain and prayed for them.

No matter who suffered a pinprick on the other side of this planet, she felt their pain, and shared their grief. Every event hurt her so deeply, that she found no pleasure in her own life. Her food, her rest, her leisure and her sleep would be gone and be replaced with only tears and sobbing, and then, I finally

appreciated what she was. That is what the saint of God looked like, and that is the most beloved women of God and I knew God loves her because she loves God and loved God's creation- every single one of them, whether American, Asian, Indian, Japanese, or Russian, she had love for all of them, and her heart brimmed with compassion for every one of them, in every place, everywhere, all the time, and anyone who suffered in the world, she cried for them.

During one gloomy evening, as I strolled miserably along the rain soaked pavement, I thought about the five separate conflicts that were brewing in Africa, Asia and Middle East, and how millions of civilians were facing potential starvation after being forced to leave their homes, and war and conflicts forced them to become refugees in faraway foreign nations, and then I recalled how my saintly friend had died so prematurely, unable to remain with us for a longer period of time, and help us stop these wars with her tears and prayers, but she was gone and I could not stop my tears from pouring as I wondered why there were not more saints in this world.

In my grief, I questioned an elderly woman who was known for her wisdom and intelligence why our world was so deluged with sin and sorrow, that we could not remain host to a saint of God for long.

The old lady was mildly surprised by my question, and I explained how the young saintly maiden who was so endowed with power, prayers, purity and piety still succumbed to death, leaving us to languish in a world filled with rage, rivalries and renegades.

I recall clearly the words that woman uttered as she tried to make me understand why there were not too many saints in the world.

"Ungodly men and women were not loved by God, merely because they cannot love God's creation. God hates them because they hate others. Those ungodly humans find reason to despise everyone around them, and they harbour bitter hatred towards their romantic rival or their business rival, or their relatives and competitors. Their hate for fellow man is the proof that God has hate for them, because in their hate, these people hurt others instead of helping them, and they lie about others, and they torment others, and they humiliate others, and hurts them in unimaginable ways, until they become the worst human on earth due to hating fellow man. Of course it is justified hate, as they convince themselves that the person they are hating is bad. If you can justify your hatred for another human being, so can God justify His dislike for you. It is as simple as that.

The sage then added vehemently, "Do you want to find out how much God hates you?"

I was stunned into silence by that question, and she answered,
"Then find out how much you hate other human beings!"

This brief statement gave me the proof I needed.

I knew then that God loved that saintly maiden so much
because she loved people so very much.

Love was her chief characteristic.

It was her primary trait.

I soon realised that love and hate are interesting emotions that
distinguished mankind.

It would have been foolish for me to imagine that everyone in
the world was a saint, as I knew there were a lot of people on
earth who were irreligious, ungodly and unloving.

The wise old woman continued to speak, and offered another
rhetorical question:

"Do you want to know how much God loves you? Find out how
much you love your fellow man."

Hate is dangerous, contagious and long lasting, and
irretrievably corrodes humanity away.

It starts with hating one man, and then the hater has to hate
his whole religion and then they hate his entire race or country,
and then he hates all those who support him, and he hates all
those who love him, until the hater becomes a monster. If you
let yourself hate, and become a monster in this hate, God will
hate you for hating His creation.

Every single person in the world who was hated by God was
habitually hating others, and all their hatred started with hate
for one person.

Historically, figures like Pharaoh were disliked by God. Why?
Because Pharaoh was cruel and he hated Moses. His hate for
Moses caused him to become so evil that he could not control
himself, and began to torture all the Jews.

The most detrimentally sad side effect of hate is that one loses
control over oneself. The person who hates cannot stay sane,
civilised or even human.

Like Pharaoh who hated Moses, one man's hate and his torture
towards one man destroyed him, and made him the most hated
man in word.

King Nimrod hatred for Abraham, starts with hate of one
person that's is enough to kill one's soul along with all of
humanity.

Those who hate others become rich and powerful, often
becomes consumed with rage and blind hatred that they
become obsessed with their own life, and think they will never
die.

They are intoxicated in hate, and this virulent and toxic
feelings causes their hearts to harden and soon, their souls
become dead, and like a drug addict, they became heartless
and soulless. All they need or want from life is to hate someone
and become obsessed over harming the hated person. For

example, they will spend hours of their lives trying to ruin the reputation of the person they hate, whether it means defiling that person's entire race or religion or framing that person for imaginary crimes, because when they hate someone, they become desperate to make the whole world hate them as well, and this sets a dangerous precedent in the world. Like addicts, all they do is hate everyone, and this hate blinds them from reality, and sometimes, in order to find some cause or purpose in their life, they try to worship or love a weak character and using this emotion, they begin to hate everyone else, and this is how some people become the most hated person in the sight of God, because the hate in their heart makes them worse than all animals combined.

The crueller you become, the more passionate you become and the more passionate you are, the more desperately you will carry out crimes and debaucheries, until you become so cruel that you end up doing something so evil and bad that there is no going back from that descent.

These awful acts will intensify with time, as hatred increases, and then the hater will lose his mind in hatred, and eventually, become too disoriented to even know or love God. Thus, hate alone is enough to destroy the human soul and erase all sense from the mind.

"Whenever you hate someone, it will drive you to the edge of sanity, and without being able to control yourself, you will end up doing something which will make God hate you." What the old woman was telling me was very relevant to today's modern world.

I frequented social media pages often, and I could not help noticing how everyone in those interacting platforms were almost always establishing a group of followers or subscribers based on hate. They all seemed to be high on hate, where every post or tweet would be indirectly or directly insulting a specific group, race or religion, while a loyal band of followers reposted and shared those hateful cartoons and captions. Social media exacerbated the hate within people and this caused more people to find more reason to hate even more people, until everyone online was driven by anger, and their lives were fuelled with hate.

Why did so many people try to drown themselves in hate? I believe it was so because as the elderly sage had said, hate was an addiction, and like a drug, it eased the internal pain and suffering momentarily, making one more and more addicted to the substances.

It is very easy to forget your pain in hate.

I knew that loving others was much harder, and the saintly maiden I had met in India was a soul without hate. She did not have any pride, anger or hate in her, and this was why she was

capable of feeling so deeply for others. It seemed that the more she felt for human beings, the more she loved them, and the more she was able to love humans, the more God loved her, and thus, her journey to sainthood began, and this was how her earthly life became so successful.

The elderly sage had mentioned that for everyone who lived on earth, the further away from God they strayed, the farther their life went into decline, because it meant that hate had taken over the heart.

If something or someone was being cruel to you, she had told me, it is very unfortunate, not because you did anything wrong, but because of the side effect of that cruelty.

When someone is violent towards you, sometimes you will have no choice but to become cruel, and that cruelty will eventually cause you to lose your soul in hate. Before that can ever happen, move away from that person and move out of the country where someone hates you, and get away from the family member who hates you, because it does not matter for what reason they chose to dislike you, but if someone hates you in any way, you will inevitably have to hate them back, and the moment you hate them, God will hate you, and your life will become miserable, obscure and obsolete.

I wanted to know how one could protect themselves from hate and rage, and the elderly woman further shared her wisdom with me, and said, "When you feel that hate is finding you, or someone has chosen you to become their enemy, then the only way to save your own soul is to go as far away as possible from that scene, and shut yourself out in a place where non-passionate and non-hateful people reside, like a monastery or a cave. Become recluse and try to be forgotten to the world and let your heart be lost in heaven, and then God will find you."

"Why are people who hate others so dangerous, that one has to hide away from them?" This question I uttered without being able to stop myself, for the notion of shutting one's entire future away and live in obscurity seemed formidable to me at that time.

The wise old woman explained, "Those who hate others become addicted to this emotion. Their hate is their disease. Their jealousy is a disease, and anyone infected with it loses God, the Maker. They cannot love the creation anymore. God will never love you until you love all His creation blindly, equally and without any justified hate."

DEATH WAS EVERYWHERE:

Death became a reality for me after I met this saintly maiden, for I had seen how frivolous and trivial this life was. I

appreciated the brevity of the human life, and the fleeting existence we each had.

Prior to seeing this pious young woman in India, all I knew of was the latest songs, and the most popular celebrities who had hundreds of millions of social media followers, and all I cared about was applying the most expensive brand makeup and wearing the most beautiful dresses to parties with my peers and even on the sides, organising fundraising events to raise money for the latest victims of local hurricane and earthquakes nearby. This was my life. We were living in the perfect bubble where caring about the environment and planting one tree each year was considered to be the greatest humanitarian act one could do, but upon meeting this saintly woman, I began to understand the hypocrisy of my life.

We believed ourselves to be humanitarians, because we were members of the Save the Rhion foundation, and we stood in lines protesting against the hunting of wild bears, and some of the students in my school even organised bake sell to raise money for cancer victims. And after doing our little charity movements, we resorted to enjoying life once more, and frequenting elaborate parties and music festivals, because our society had convinced us that self-care is very important. But after seeing how this pious woman completely disregarded her own well-being and constantly cared about the people around her, and only worried about every soul in the world that was suffering, I realised that she was the real humanitarian, while we were imposters, only pretending to care about others. This beautiful young woman was true to her feelings, and she did not and could not enjoy amenities of modern life when she saw others suffering around her. Ultimately, I realised that she was the one who was successful.

Before that, I had measured success by the number of followers one had on YouTube and Instagram, and how many subscribers one had, and I followed those celebrities faithfully, believing their lives to be models of perfection, but then the reality of death set in, and I saw for the first time that everyone had to leave this world one day, whether they wanted to go or not, whether they were prepared for it or not, or whether they had any fear of it or not.

It did not matter who one was, or how famous a celebrity or singer one was after they were dead.

It did not matter how many billions of music albums you were able to sell if you are already dead.

Indeed, it did not even matter how many friends or lovers someone had because the moment they die, every last one of their comrades and lovers would be gone, and even if they were loyal, the loyalty of lovers will come to no use to the dead man or woman.

It was the bitter truth that you could have the most loyal and devoted lover, or even one hundred lovers, but after death, their mourning will not help you in any way. Their sadness or tears will not save you from death or the pain and loneliness of the afterlife, and their existence and remembrance will not matter to you.

All that will be left after death is horror.

Even if you were famous, rich and beautiful, the moment you die, your lovers and admirers will not be able to help you, and they cannot control when or how you will die.

Sometimes, fame and riches delude us to the point that we begin to imagine that even in death, we will be indispensable and doted upon, and for some, it may well be true, as we see celebrities and former kings and premiers passing away and receiving millions of bouquet of flowers and garnering millions of mourners in their funeral party, but can life be so certain that it will guarantee us a perfect life and a suitable time of death, or a convenient place to die?

Death is not something that we can prepare or plan for as it could strike anyone, anytime, anywhere.

What guarantee is there that just because you are a singer, actor, celebrity or billionaire that your ending will be a smooth sailing where every loved one will adhere to your last wishes and observe all rites?

Will money and power be enough to save your well-kept body and perfectly groomed hair from decomposing in the wilderness or be consumed by savage beasts in the forests?

Which lover or what bank can save your body from being eaten by beasts of a remote jungle or island, if your super-jet crashes over the sea and your corpse ends up on an uninhabited island, and no mortal will be able to find out about your time or place of death? Would anyone be able to help you then, or could any business partner or secretary arrange your burial according to your elaborate wishes if your remains had already dissipated into the wind after being crushed inside a fiercely turbulent hurricane over the Atlantic? No one can control his or her location or time of death, and there is no surety that we will even be fortunate enough to receive a decent burial.

Beauty and cosmetics became ominous for me after I came across the reality of death, because ever since I was a teenager, I had been besotted with brand lipsticks and smoky eye-shadows and glowing mascaras, and like a professional make-up artist, I was always the first to arrive at every party and apply appropriate make-up on my cousins and close friends and enjoyed dressing in matching gowns. Like most young woman, I thought glittery makeup and silken gowns were something to be cherished, and every dress that my favourite celebrities wore immediately came to wish list, and I often bid astronomical

amount to secure a deal and purchase the latest fashion designs.

With all my make up and dresses, I thought I knew what life entailed, and I believed this was precursory to success and joy. But now, after seeing how mortuaries handled the bodies of the deceased, my heart stops every time I see an eyeliner or lipstick. The sight of mascaras makes me shudder in horror when I think of how the employees of funeral homes apply crazy glue to the faces of the deceased, and how they slather super glue to shut the eyelids of the dead person permanently. How impersonal and cruel death can become in a moment, that a human being is no longer given the privileged of having eyelids which can be parted!

It was so true that we humans were nothing save our souls, and if any one was as righteous as the saintly maiden I admired, then they had no fear in this life or the next, but for those who lived a scrupulous life, there was no guarantee of eternal joy or reprieve. No matter how many degrees, or how many titles a person had, or how stellar a GPA a student had earned, there was no doubt that the numbers on a piece of exam paper meant nothing, and could do no miracles in the land of death.

Indeed, we are nothing. Not actors, not celebrities, not singers and not lovers. All we are is what remains after death.

Can anyone ever know if his or her body will be buried in a proper graveyard and receive a sound and solemn funeral service? What if one falls in an accident or an automobile disaster? What assurance do we have that our corpses will be found and recovered? What guarantee do people have that their remains will not be scattered away in the wild to become the feed of the beasts and violent vultures or poisonous reptiles and insects?

Als, we are nobody and nothing, and this fine body which is honed and groomed to perfection will be gone like the dust. We don't know if rescue workers will ever find our remains should we perish in a train or plane wreck? Will the smooth skin and agile limbs succumb to the curse of death and rot away beneath some wreckage and the muscular arms and legs which we have honed with protein shakes and weight lifting will end up being the food of vultures and beast? We do not know, for no one can really know.

The temporariness of life was apparent to me, when I was told that the old woman who had died of a failed heart was actually set for cremation and the ovenists made a note to remove all metal fragments from her teeth, bones and body, including the pacemaker her doctors had fitted into her. Later her pacemaker was recycled to help another patient after they are removed from the decedent.

Nothing belongs to us, and this is apparent when one dies. Every part of the body is handled like a grocery appliance, and

for those who opt for cremation, the precious human body discarded. Even the preparation of the body is deluged in distress and despondency. I could not help but drown in despair when I witnessed what one of the deceased was going through in a funeral home.

Wads of cotton are used to stuff the ears and nose to prevent rotten body fluids from leaking out, and funeral homes often use adult diapers to prevent any leakage from the body. How disgraceful it was! How frightening!

That is my Last Hope Painted on the Wall

**Let me then be buried far away,
Far from my native land and sea,
Place me beneath the sun's ray,
Amidst the sands and desert debris!
So I shall not be left to linger alone,
And never be lost beneath a stone,
And each day, when the Bedouin sings,
And falcons flee on unfettered wings,
I shall awake like the new-born year,
Though death shall still be here,
But free like the Arabs, I will love,
The shades of their date palm grove!**

It seemed to me that death was inescapable and yet, death stripped man of dignity and dreams. There was no way to preserve dignity in death, nor was there any means for the deceased to maintain hygiene and humanity. Every moment in death is a reminder of the reality where we neither know nor control anything that happen to us, or around us. The once

honourable human who lay in the morgue or funeral pyre do not even have the right to maintain agency over his or her own body, and funeral home employees often use super glue to shut the eyelids permanently, and glue the lips together to prevent the mouth from rolling during the funeral services, even sewing the lips shut prior to allowing mourners to view the corpse. Despite all these frailties, and the curse or uncertainty, we often think we are great, glorious and good. We often have high hopes in the future and believe that wealth can protect us, in life and in death. Indeed, I too believed that the grades in my final exams mattered immeasurably and every digit in the GPA number was prized like gems. But what if a private jet or plane I was in was flying over the peaks of Himalaya mountains and disappeared in a ball of flame, and I would cease to exist? Would wild mountain bears feed upon the passengers of the plane, even if they happened to be billionaires or trillionaires? Would death pause and ask if they wished to die? Would the wild animals in the mountains seek permission from those wealthy souls before devouring their bodies? Would hungry hyenas and vultures ascertain the GPA or bank balance or beauty or fame of a certain corpse prior to consuming the flesh, or will all perish after death and suffer eternal pain and decay? After a decade, will there be any trace of those humans who once strode the earth with pomp and pride?

Death was often cruel and real, and even in my youthhood, I became aware of this due to the unfortunate deaths of several family acquaintances. Death of someone close can be doubly painful, and it makes one realise that there is no surety for any of us. Death was real while life was false. How can a soul find any strength to go on fighting to live this lie? Ever since returning from India, I have given great thoughts to larger life questions, and I wondered if it was obvious to everyone at all times as it was to me. Have you dear readers ever been to a funeral home? Have you ever been to the embalming room to accompany a loved one's body, or witnessed the ritual of readying the dead for the casket? Have you seen the other bodies lying beside your loved ones, with mere tags on their toes and feet, as a vestige of their identity and legacy? Yes, that is what humans are, nothing but unmoving and unnamed corpses, the humans who are so worthless that they don't even have a name, but rather they carry a name tag like a dog tag the moment the lungs fail to deflate properly or the heart ceases to pump oxygen!

I came to the Edge of Sorrow,

**Oh, do not hate me when I'm dead and gone,
For I am my own soul and death is but a
pawn,
Which seizes life but O, souls are never gone,
And I shall remain in the memory of my song!
And thus dead, when I am lost to thee,
Do not entrap me or enclose this body,
Nor shut my youthful face in a casket,
Nor roll me in a coffin or burial basket,
And O do not take me to the funeral homes,
Where the dead are left to rot with gnomes,
And corpses are prepared to sink below,
The ruins of tombs, vanished ages ago!
Oh, the very thought embeds pain and
sadness,
Which threatens my very soul with madness!
I long to be left in the sand and the desert
ways
Where the sunlight outshines long dying
days,
And soundless and serene, the Arabs shall
pass,**

**Over the dunes where my bones will amass.
O how soft the sandy hills shall stream,
Solacing me in this dwelling of dream!
And every grain of this golden sand,
Shall whisper words I can understand.**

That is the reality of human life. Kings, generals, knights and soldiers, spies and billionaires and men and women who ruled the world and controlled nations or led wars and conquered continents and controlled the hearts and minds of billions of people, were now reduced to a rotting corpse who is so worthless that it doesn't even have a name!

Have you seen the cremation centre where loved ones are taken by their relatives to burn and turn their bodies into ashes and bones and crushed with metal hammers in order to smoothen the bone fragments? Yes, that is what humans are, mere ashes and dust crushed and trashed and forgotten like they never existed, and all their lovers gone and busy with another new lover, and all their loved ones forgetting them and not wanting to be reminded of their existence, and all their friends afraid of death and forcing themselves to forget about the reality and fear of death by entering more rigorously into romantic relationships, hoping upon hope that one person will remember them when they are gone. All others who watch the cremation become anxious as well, and they realise that they may be next, so in their maddening desperation to forget all human sadness and reality, they force themselves to forget death and purposefully delve deeper into enjoyment and merry making in order to convince themselves that death shall never come or that death is false and there is no life beyond this, and they must live up their prime in frivolous entertainment, with whatever time they have and forget about death and the finite end, like children who will continue playing despite their entire playgrounds slides and playsets being set on fire, hoping they can play some more and somehow the fire will never increase and death will never come to end all happiness.

The saintly woman who I got to meet in India was not lost in the usual maze of merriment, for she lived in her heavenly sphere with only the thought of God in her heart and love of mankind in her mind. I knew that love of God was her gravity, for love was what moved her, and what motivated her to help others. She loved God with the love of adoration, and she loved her family and our neighbours with charity, and liked some of

the things of the world with moderation, to use them sparsely but not give her whole heart to them. She knew humans were to use things and love persons, and not use persons and love things. She seemed to think that we were here to adore God and not adore creatures and remain occupied in the rightly ordered love.

Because of her love of conciseness, and her aversion to prolixity, I greatly enjoyed being in this saintly maiden's presence. I was hardly ever pleased with my personal accomplishments, but of one thing I was happy, and that was meeting a saint of God in person, and to be able to witness her performing miracles without her even realising that she had so much power. I feared that these might occupy most of the space of this whole book, and therefore I did not go to the length of collecting all the miraculous episodes that took place in her presence. Furthermore, because I knew that no matter how detailed description and explanations I gave, there would still be so many wonderful qualities in her which I may have forgotten to mention. When I heard that she had died, I prayed so that God have mercy upon her, and grant her all that was promised in the introduction of mankind.

Although people ought to make clear the situation of every quality in others and give much of the science of the temperaments, anatomy and physiognomy its due, but she was such a unique individual that the chapters of this book would not be enough to do her justice. So perfect were her manners that it seemed she united every one of those heavenly qualities to its nature and its sense, that I hold it to be impossible that there exists in human beings more positive qualities other than those which she possessed. I have been brief with regard to her characteristics for several reasons, chiefly because I did not want to make others suffer vexation and weariness due to the length of this narrative. While she was the embodiment of perfection, she did not exhort others to improve their qualities, nor vex or arouse them concerning the betterment of their moral status, because her only concern was her God and her hereafter, for she lived not in this world but soared in the skies above, and she was not like one who recommends piety and forgets herself in the process.

Ever since I met her, my life changed in that I began to appreciate how real death was. Indeed, I often pondered over the sinister workings of death, because it was not pretty or pleasant. Have you ever seen the bodies that are stacked up to be burnt in the crematorium? They put human bodies inside cardboard boxes and throws the human corpse within the cardboard box inside a blazing oven before heating up the over with the highest temperature of fire. From two to over five hours, depending on the body size, a frightful flame will burn and consume the human flesh and reduce an honourable and glorified human being into worthless bone fragments that are then carelessly swept out of the cremator into a cooling tray

like a cleaner removing rubbish from the walkways, and then the remains and bones are placed inside a machine which is much similar to ordinary kitchen food processor, and the processor machine uses blades to pulverise the bone fragments until the remains are less than centimetres.

That day when I felt the heartache and hopeless terror wreck through my heart and make me weep myself into the edge of insanity when I saw the first dead body of a relative to prepare them for the funeral, there was another woman's body getting prepared for her funeral, and her friend was casually saying how she too, after getting sick and falling hopelessly ill, had chosen her own funeral dress. I stared in horror and disbelief, as my heart trembled and I was wailing until I thought I couldn't control my pain any longer and I would lose all composure and start sobbing out loud.

Funeral dress? How can a young woman my age prepare herself for death and her end so calmly and so assuredly? How could she even choose which dress and which gown to wear to the grave which shall entomb her forever in the cold dark hole, away from her family and loved ones forever after spending only a handful of years in this worldly life?

When I came home that night, I couldn't look at my gowns and dresses! Oh, how many I had I could never number them! Dresses and gowns are a young girl's entire life's worth and dream and everything.

I bought every gown and every dress that caught my fancy. I bid for them in every store online and from designer houses for I was obsessed with dresses and gowns and they were my entire life.

And now, see how I couldn't look at them without thinking of her who chose her funeral gown?

I gave away dozens of my dresses to my cousins and friends for I couldn't make myself look at them without sobbing out of control until I blamed life every day for bringing me to this world, only to suffer and die because what purpose had I to live this life which shall end and the world may end too?!

Nothing matters after death, nothing. Not your lovers or your haters, not your killers or your saviours, not your friends or your enemies; nothing matters anymore that very moment, and it doesn't matter how much you loved someone or how much they loved you, in one moment, all madness, all hard work becomes worthless. Valueless. Memories get lost, people suffer and friends and lovers become enemies and enemies become friends of those who continue living until their time is over too. Nothing matters after death. All these dreams end in the ending of a dream. All the lovers of this dreamland called life and earth shall vanish away into oblivion, like a dream a mercy which has nothing attached to it, we will all become nothing. Only a name or an action but there are fictional characters more famous than many living beings. So what use is there than to fight for this life and to be so obsessed and so focused

on living and surviving or hurting others in our quest to live a high-quality dream?

The moment your soul leaves your body, you become a worthless thing. No wealth, no lover, no hater, no intelligence agencies, no spouses or friends matter. Your GPA, your net worth and bank balance, your fame or career, your political dissidents or affiliates, your CV, your supporters or rivals, your business partners or associates, your political fame or coworkers, nothing matters the moment your heart stops beating. You matter to no one and no one matters to you.

Desert, Thy Beauty-is to me...

**Perhaps the tears and lament of my soul,
Shall be forgotten in this dust bowl,
And my cries be drowned by the sand storms,
And I shall be free from all woes and worms!
I shall then have no more reason to live,
As all that was mine to galvanise or give,
Would be laid at the altar of this land,
Over the golden dunes and silver sand,
The tribute from my soul will be joyfully sung,
I shall last forever, to be perpetually young!
And in the Bedouin's shrine, at the desert's
close,
Let my heart and soul depart for a lasting
repose,
And forever, let me hear the cheerful rosary,
And feel the beat of the desert Arab's poetry!**

Thus, a life is reduced to rubble, by none other than people the deceased had once loved. The cremated remains of the human are dumped into a plastic bag similar to a garbage bag, and placed in some temporary container until the family selects an urn. Yes, that is what we are; we are cardboard boxes that our loved ones will have thrown away and burnt one day. This body that people used to lust and love and fight and kill and eat and enjoy and take care with facial creams and makeup and surgery and exercise, will all be burnt like cardboard boxes as if they were not even humans and as if they were rubbish and garbage, to be trashed and sent to burn in the recycle bin.

Seeing and knowing the reality helps one make better decisions and after meeting the woman of God, I understood the futility of our mundane existence, and when I found out how painful and useless human life could become that they are reduced to garbage soon after death, I sincerely felt like a trash or a doll playing a make-believe life in a doll house. Fighting, working, surviving, hating, living, laughing, eating, drinking, and partying in a fake world with monopoly money and imaginary life in an imaginary gaming world in a 3D reality and when the virtual reality headset comes off, the truth will finally hit me and I will realise that our whole worldly life was a lie, and that too, a very brief lie with false happiness and false sadness abound, and death was the only truth that shall wake us up and the world and heavens beyond our sight and knowledge was in fact the real world and the only true life.

While most people lived in a phantom and fake world, this saintly maiden whom I admired knew what the reality was. Within her heart abided a strong essence of heaven, via which she seemed to hold fellow man in high esteem. Omnipotence hath gifted her with a soul that could perceive human needs and novelty. Such grace and manners she embodied that all I wished that her blessed beauty would be protected from mischance, for she loved God and tried to show other that God is love. Philosophers may disagree and theologians dispute whether the meaning be that love is only one of the divine attributes, or is that very essence of God, into which every other attribute may be resolved, but I personally knew this particular saint of God and seeing her compassion towards fellow humans made me realise that God is love, and this was doubtlessly the final definition of God. She left our world too soon, and moved on to a heaven where the King was God. Only He was the King Eternal, and His love for sinners was also eternal. This love of God for human was the foundation of the world. God Himself need never atones, nor to Himself atone; and so, eternal atonement was required for mankind alone.



"Death has nothing to do with going away. The
sun sets and the moon sets, but they're not gone.
Death is a coming together."

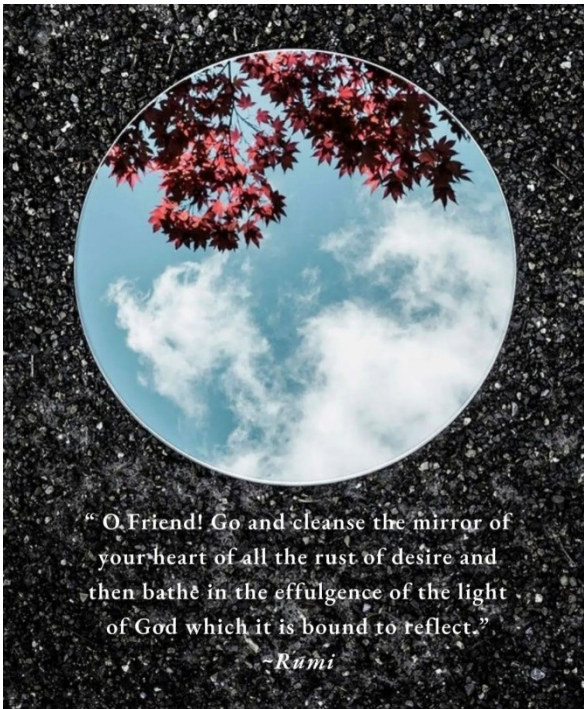
~ Rumi

**Woe to the dead hearts who live for today,
Who rear their heads in vulgar display,
And have built structures, and carved out
windows,
And erected palaces, and battlements and
burrows,
They live neither with love nor chastity,
Nor remember the Great Almighty,
But wax fat in the abundance of futile power,
Speaking harshly of Him Who reigns Mercy's
tower,
And roar like young lions in arrogance and hate,
They know not God nor their uncertain fate!
But He is great and fearful, with Mercy abound,
And girded about with Might, all around,
He calleth the generations,
From among His creations,
And from Him are the hill-tops,
For Him life and light stops.
Doth He not regard the lowly,**

**And love the one who is holy,
And abase every one that is proud,
Like the shattered storm cloud?
He will raise up the broken pauper,
Forgive excesses of the loser,
And lift him from the dunghill,
In accordance to His Will.
Woe to them for this hate and sin,
Who dreamt that they should win,
When their Creator shall sit in judgment,
To take vengeance on their abasement,
When their little crimes and cases,
Will blacken the brightest faces!**

- SOLOMON GABIROL

-



*"O Friend! Go and cleanse the mirror of
your heart of all the rust of desire and
then bathe in the effulgence of the light
of God which it is bound to reflect."*

-Rumi

Stripping of Honour:

My brothers questioned me relentlessly, dismissing all my reports and information as coincidences but their curiosity piqued, they were in disbelief although I had only shared a minimal of what I had witnessed so far.

Nonetheless, after they grilled me for hours to give a description of her and felt quite helpless realising that she would never come within the sight of any male, as she had never shown herself to any man- neither body nor face, not even her voice was heard by any male, as she spoke in whispers if any strange men were around and never allowed her mother to dry her garments on the clothesline outside as she also didn't want anyone to see her outfit even when she wasn't wearing them.

My aunt had heard rumours of her only being able to enter India, her parent's homeland, because her father was a very close friend of the ambassador who had soon afterwards passed away due to health complications, and it was his diplomatic privilege that had allowed them to travel back from Riyadh to India with him in private carrier And because they had diplomatic immunity and a very close connection with the Indian government, the authorities and did not require legal papers to enter or exit.

My saintly friend was so strict in her obedience of religious law that although her father begged her relentlessly- she did not agree to take a picture even for her mandatory passport photo, as taking photos of humans were forbidden in the Islamic faith.

For necessity of course, the scholars agreed to allow it, but she was not a person to compromise, so soft and meek was her nature and behaviour but never compromising of her faith in application to God's orders, as she obeyed for love, and because we obey whom we love and we obey them most wholesomely, never questioning, never angry to the orders of those whom we claim to love. And thus, she never had an official passport made, making her unable to travel back to her homeland of India all these many years.

Her return was unusual in that she managed to pass through customs without her passport. When her residential permit in Riyadh had become expired, she still was resolute in refusing to take any pictures of her face, and finally her father's friend offered a free ride and that's how she had returned to the country of her father and mother.

Hearing all these mesmerising episodes from her life, my brothers became exasperated and quite dejected and heartbroken, thinking it unfair that they could not see her, finally realising quite well that she would never come in front of them or any other men for that matter, and even after they had grilled me relentlessly and endlessly tried to get a description of her as they were fascinated by whatever I had already told them about this virtuous maiden, they were most absorbed in this drama. Although I was only nine years old, my brothers were all older than me and with their teenage fascination, they questioned me and did not accept this apparent defeat and were becoming hopeless.

Then they came up with this brilliant idea of arming me with their secret phone cameras to get a glimpse of her either in the video feed or in the picture that I was supposed to capture once I was in front of her.

After making me practice for many hours in the art of subterfuge, they sent me as a spy, as I was only 9 or 10 at that time, and I did not understand the grievousness and the harmfulness of my actions.

I now look back and think of myself and my unforgivable action; and am ashamed and guilty for the horrific thing that I had done, for I had no right to destroy the honour and the laws of God by playing along with my brother's cheap tricks to capture a picture of her, if she was so beloved to God then, indeed, I had broken every self-respect and every shred of honour but agreeing to this action.

Even now, whenever I think of it, I feel so deeply ashamed that there are no words to describe how and what I would do to go back in time and undo it.

There can be no greater dishonour and distrust than to expose a woman who veils herself in front of the world, or be a complicit in forcing her, unknown to herself, to get involved in an action, that she perceived as sin and law breaking.

But naive and young as I was, I sincerely thought it was important for them to see a girl of such amazing attributes and after feeling sorry for my brothers, I had agreed -in my

childishness - by taking several cameras and their phones and trying to snap a picture here and there, whenever I could.

I even had one of the phones recording a video so that I did not have to press the capture button in my camera. Back in the time when I had first seen her and I was quite young child, it was the time of BlackBerry and iPhone 4GS and pilot and Motorola and Samsung were all that was available. These were the latest and most modern of the latest edition of phones and cameras. So finally, they had armed me with each of those phones from each of their trove, belonging to themselves and their friends, so if I could not capture a shot of her in one phone, I could have captured a shot of her, or saved an image of her from another phone.

This plan could not have failed. It was indeed foolproof.

I then went ahead to meet her after an invitation of dinner in her aunt's house who knew my aunt's friend and my mom quite well. I only went there because she was to be present there, waiting eagerly for her to come and armed with three or four cameras, I went inside, adamant to prove to my brothers that I was right and they were wrong, and to show to them what a great and beautiful woman she was, and somehow to be able to get a picture of her felt exhilarating as though she was like a superhero to me because of whatever rumours of her miracles and her purity and her goodness that I had so far heard, I admired her immensely.

Since I was a very young girl and almost childish in my nature, I thought of her as my heroine, as it is always the young little girls who love older girls when they are sweet to them and nice to them because they are usually ignored and mistreated by everyone. It is the innocent hearts and the emotional level of those young children who get extremely impressed by young girls who smile at them and is sweet and nice to them. And I loved her so much because I thought of her as so pretty an adult who was so sweet and nice to me and never ignored me and answered all my questions and smiled at me and all in all, I loved her nature even as a child. But I always was easy to like anyone, even the flight attendants who behaved pleasantly with me, as I adored and hero-worshipped them, and I never spared a chance to wear hats and skirts like them whenever I got a chance even as a little child.

My brothers were eagerly waiting for my return. I did not even have time to check their phone, although I had taken many shots of her by the time dinner was served. I was not quite tech savvy at that time so I handed over their phones to back to them and was happy that I had managed to take so many shots

and pictures with one or two phones that were in my hand and the other one were in my front pocket and the other one in my bag positioned in a way where they could take direct video feeds of her.

One of my brothers arrived straight away and took the phone and gave it to his friend who had a colour printer in his home and told him to print it out in colour print. The rest of the brothers and their friends took the other three phones which belonged to them and were going through the video feed and the checking the folder with the camera feed.

They kept on asking me where she was because they could not see her in the images, and for a long time, they pointed out every other lady in the image, asking if that was her. I had almost taken 60 or 70 pictures of her from four different phones and several full-length videos from separate angles, but none of them, from none of the company and none of the phones had captured a single shot of her. There was simply no one in her place. It was a blank spot in the camera image!

Even the image on the chair or locations where I vividly remembered her to be sitting, there was no one, not even a shadow or a light, nothing- just plain nothing as if she were transparent or a phantom thing!

For a while, I thought perhaps I had angled the phone on the wrong side but then I remembered that the phone that was in my bag was positioned very clearly in front of her and that was the phone belonging to a friend of my brothers, the friend whom my brother instructed to produce a printed picture of her from the digital image. And then I remembered at one point, this beautiful virtuous maiden was holding a child of her aunt and I had made certain to take more shots of her from the phone that was in my bag and protruding out from my bag before starting another video feed.

I became extremely confused, actually believing that all my phones were malfunctioning, but then I remembered the child, and this time I believed that I could have proved to them that she was there because she did hold a child for a while and if that child was there then she would be there too!

So, we waited until night time when his friend finally came with several printed photos taken from the camera and the phone itself and that was when I became so terrified that for the first time, I had a full-blown panic attack.

I remember my knees giving away from beneath me, and sometimes I believe it would have been better if I had never

seen that picture because it did ruin all the innocence and carefree ways of my childhood.

And even that night, when I went to sleep, I awoke choking and not being able to breathe out of severe fear and terror. I was simply incapable of breathing any longer.

My eyes became frozen, my face became hot and then it became cold and my heart could no longer beat and my eyes could not see and nor could my ears hear any longer.

When fear paralyses someone, it paralyses the mind first and the mind becomes incapable of any coherent thought or speech. And that is what happened to my young innocent soul. Never in the history of the world was a child more terrified of the sort of fear that had plagued me that fateful night.

I had watched dozens and dozens of horror movies with my cousins and my friends in my school and at home, I was never afraid of any horror movies no matter how horrifying it was. I was not afraid of the dark I slept with the lights off, I often slept alone in my room as I was not a child quite easily shaken or terrified.

But that picture horrified me in ways beyond human comprehension. I don't know why I was so afraid; perhaps because guilt had played a part and I blamed myself for even attempting to listen to them and go along with my brothers wishes.

Or perhaps it was because I felt as though I had wronged God Himself. Whatever I knew of God, whatever I knew of saints and lovers of God, I felt that I had betrayed God most unforgivably and most irrecoverably. I wanted to cry too, and I wanted to weep but I was too young to express the distress of my heart.

As I narrate this story, dear readers, it seems ideal if you too would consider every word in here as a fiction, because had anyone else told me these tales some years ago, and mentioned the miracles of this saintly maiden, then I too would have staunchly refused to believe a single word in it, because I considered myself to be reasonable, logical and rational, and did not believe in fairy tales or fables.

The experiences I had with the saint in New Delhi was unique, because quite frankly you do not understand the difference between yourself and them. Why would a civilised person born to a sensible decent family whose father was an engineer, a human being with rushing blood just like you, be so different as if the difference between you and them were light years and there were billions and trillions of light years between them

and you; as if they were aliens and we were humans when we knew quite well that they were humans just like us. What had they in them that was so different from us and made them stand out and allow them to harness mystic powers and miracles and things that no human mind could comprehend or dream or come to understanding with - even in their wildest, maddest and craziest imagination?

I was the daughter of a world-famous scientist, and my physicist father had taught me that one had to always verify and test theories before settling on a hypothesis. These are the things that I never understood and I never accepted and refused to believe in. No matter how much I saw or heard about her, in my mind or in the back of my head, I always tried my utmost to come up with a natural explanation. Coincidences: accidents: mind tricks: disbelief: asking others to confirm what they saw and comparing it with mine: questioning my own sanity; testing her: using others to question her and test her; or blaming myself for seeing more than what is real or a million other excuses to fool myself and to keep my notion of what's real and not -along with the notions of the world so that I could consider myself sane in my eyes and in the eyes of my friends and those people whom I grew up with.

I did not want my notion and my version of reality of what was real or not to be destroyed so quickly and so completely. Yes, I accepted God and religion sometimes; there was nothing wrong with some laws for mankind and some scriptures by God propagated by good men which did more good than evil- especially for the weak and the women, children and orphans. Yes, religion of Abrahamic origin did save women from the slavery of incest and paganistic rituals of child sacrifice or virgin sacrifice and murder and killing and sexual assault and no honour of marriage or no pure protection of children from even their parents in paganistic pre- Abrahamic period.

I had no trouble believing in a God or even seeing others believe in God because I know whether He is real or not - it does not matter, but it is the feelings of the human heart which longs for our God and which longs for an afterlife -so that sad human hearts could once again meet and live with their beloved ones that hope made people believe in God and after life. The philosopher Pascal suggests that this was the reason believing in God is a rational or useful thing to do. And I wanted my faith and my religious views to end right there with the material scriptures- the laws and the hopes of broken hearts which yearned for an eternal reward and reuniting of human love.

But in no version of faith did I seek miracles, nor did I want heavenly powers. I did not want to be faced with powers that I could not explain and events that were beyond human comprehension and that destroyed my faculty and my notion of what's real and not and what's hidden and what is seen and what's truth and falsehood. I did not want my imagination- my understanding of life to be destroyed. I wanted my notions of my life and my version of living to exist. And that's why I desperately rejected all miracles. I vehemently rejected anything supernatural -and I did not want to break away from my bubble of the world I knew in the world I understood. The physical material and realistic world which I could explain - touch- feel and come to conclusion with. Indeed, I did not want to be awakened with such a supernatural idea and be forced into another world. I never wanted it- I never asked for it- I never planned for it to happen. And I never felt comfort or peace or calm even after finding it out because it had destroyed all my peace and all my emotions of happiness and all my plans of life.

Every time I spent some hours in the company of the saintly maiden, my heart stopped when she began to pray, because I knew when she rose in and stood before her God, weeping in prayers, she was no longer amongst us, but was communing with the Maker of billions of galaxies and Controller of the entire known and unknown universe. I often saw her sobbing at night as she prayed softly reading the first chapter of the Final Testament, known simply as the 7-oft-repeated verses of the opening chapter, and even in her profound vigils, her pose was a languid symphony of purity and grace, beckoning like the siren's call, each movement a verse in the poetry of piety. Her arm which was wrapped in long black cloak and veils arced gracefully as she bowed and kneeled, a delicate gesture that commanded the ripples of the air, stirring the very essence of passion that permeated her prayer chamber.

This was the woman who was never seen by a man, and who never took a picture in her life, and even when I tried to span several of her headshots, my camera failed me and all I saw in the images was blank screen! But the polaroids stayed wrapped in paper in my hand, as those several pieces of paper printed by my brother and his friend directly from their phone and their computer destroyed all my notions of reality and made my heart beat with fear and apprehension and strong disbelief. It destroyed my childhood and I wish that I had never come across that picture, for it was blunt evidence of a terror more fearsome than any horror film that had become real. I blamed myself alone, and I felt that should there be a God, He was truly angry at me. Because I had done unforgettable an act indeed. I had done an unforgivable act of trying to take a picture of the

beautiful woman who no man ever saw and whose voice no man had ever heard.

What I had done was inexcusable and unjustifiable, and I felt as though I had broken a commandment of God or mocked Him by trying to break the trust of His chosen saint. It was as if God, with that one picture, gave a serious warning to make me realise the consequences of my action.

I knew she didn't know or she didn't care for what I did, and she was too forgiving to remember and too simple to understand, and too meek and soft hearted to stay angry or remember any past grievances, but it was God's wrath I feared, and oh, I felt betrayed by this because how was it possible that the norm that I was accustomed to was not working, and that the laws of the universe assured me that anyone who snaps the capture button gets an image, but when I trained the camera lens at her, no image was recorded! Although it was only me who was the one who had done a sin so perverse that it was downright unpardonable, a shameful disgrace and all in all, contemptible, I was horrified to see this miracle. So, I begged God for forgiveness swearing never to attempt to take the picture of another veiled woman of God who covered themselves from the sight of men, I vowed never to dishonour and expose those women of God who protected themselves from being the reason for man's sinful acts and thoughts by veiling their youth and beauty. What right had I to attempt to unveil them to the sinful world- those who obeyed God's command and veiled themselves so that no one but God could know of them, see them and those who purified themselves until they became mere objects of light and piety.

Yes, I wept because that picture printed from an HD colour printer was all the proof I needed to shatter my world of falsehood, it was a printed testament of God's power, that His power could penetrate the electronics made by Steve Jobs and Bill Gates, Elon Musk and all other tech giants who thought sometimes that they were more powerful than God Himself.

I sometimes wonder how different my life would have been, had I not faced the brutality of a truth which broke my heart into this madness called hopelessness and fall into such a deep-rooted depression which felt as though it had no cure.

These fear and the strength to turn the sanest person insane, fear can make men mad. God protected man from fear of we could only know Him as she did and pray with conviction as hers.

The darkness of the lonely nights haunted me, and the shadows of the gravestones haunted me. The fire which burned people

into mere ashes and dust made me want to break down sobbing into the floor and beat the ground in my maddening sobs, with sobs for the lie the world forced us to live by while they slowly took everything away from us, like a child whose sleeping time comes and the parents slowly take away one toy after the other, we as we age and lose everything one by one, our friends our families our health our happiness until nothing is felt but death or the hope for an end and a hope that wouldn't make us want to destroy ourselves in regret.

What were we humans? A mere package of meat and cartilage?

What were we humans that were born only to become the meal of worms or the fuel of fire like the firewood that we stack up in our wooden cabins to roast meat or BBQ?

What were we, mere souls cursed to live life, and beguile ourselves to believe we will live a long life.

When we were nothing and shall become nothing, our homes will be inhabited by others, our lovers shall find comfort in the arms of other lovers, our children shall forget our existence, our graves shall be filled with dust and cobwebs until no one amongst the living shall even remember our memory and what was life then and why had the world found foolish people to fool them with notions of love and eternity of bliss?

My heart could not go on with the lies, for these lies were for children- children who believed in fairy tales of happily ever after and love and all the lies that no grown humans can ever believe.

My heart moved along with the migrating clouds and I spent what seemed like forever to find a purpose in life. I couldn't become foolish like the child-like men who were dumb enough and could fool themselves into believing in the love of those who would forget them after they gave their whole life away for them, but my heart was too insane for any other insanity to come into it.

How long would I have to weep out the pain of my heart or scream and wail out loud at night to empty out the pain and anguish of my broken and terrified soul?

Life was false and all those who chased after its love and wealth became false characters too. They became insecure, which eventually made them angry, and anger made them hateful and hate made them vicious, and jealousy made them vengeful and enslaved by human madness until they became the likeness of an earth worm. Pathetic, obsessive, angry passionate humble as a pet animal and filled with lust and worshipping of others. I

desperately tried to not become like that, because one step towards love or lust or wealth and fame was enough to tumble down a man deep into the path and chain of destruction, one slip from the stepping stone was enough to annihilate a man.

I fought with fear, with madness, with the hurt that is felt by God's silence, and it seemed to me that He only spoke with those who suffered without blaming him and whose hearts were so pure that they had no human thoughts or feelings of obsession in them.

This saintly maiden was such a woman whose grace was unparalleled. In this sanctuary of beauty and mystique, she was the unchallenged empress of purity, as her every breath was a melody, her very being a light cast in the age-old dance of timeless piety. God belonged to her, and God came to those who cared not whether He was visible or not -but loved Him anyway and whatever pain they faced, they never blamed Him, so He showed His miracle in every path they followed, every step they took, everywhere they went, everything they did, and they became a part of the God who made them, while I was left behind- abandoned, unworthy, drowning in my false world of sin and falsity or fake feelings of temporary humans!

Unworthy of a God so High and so Pure, how could I attain even an iota of her purity, so that I too could also become worthy of her God and be allowed to know Him as she did? Maybe it was hurt or perhaps it was heartbreak and perhaps it was sheer jealousy that stemmed from shame and pain, but I felt as though God and his saints were of another world and I would never be allowed to come near it. And it was already too much of a favour of God to let me look at the face of His friend or speak with her, and I couldn't dare to want more. We were sinners, and they were saints; our hearts and our souls were infected by human obsession and greed and humility towards humans and pride and anger only with God, while their hearts were in heaven, unattached and unfocused on human thoughts or human slavery or lust, as they were the sublime ones, worthy of a God who was Chaste, Pure and Free from any bondage of human thoughts or focus. I recognised her piety on many occasions, especially when she stood for hours in prayers, in a whirlwind of humble artistry, she kneeled at the corner of her chamber, her limbs moving gracefully across, and a veil concealing her hair, which was generally a cascading symphony of curls, framing her delicate face, with each strand echoing the wild, untamed melody of her life. The soft folds of her black dress clung to her like morning mist, ethereal and translucent, enhancing the curve of her silhouette against the chaotic brushstrokes of nature that surrounded her. With her tearful eyes closed in devotion to her God, she surrendered to the

crescendo of faith and heavenly sounds, her spirit entwined with the universe's soulful lament. The room in which she prayer was alive with the vibrant energy of her prayers, each movement painting strokes of emotion in the air, as if her very essence was being poured into the ether, creating a captivating aura of allure, purity and mystery.

Sometimes when I broke down into borderline madness and sunk on the shore of sadness, I did feel God, but then my heart would become distracted by human thoughts and ambition and I would lose whatever connection with God I had built.

That photograph in the paper was my testament, my evidence, and proof of a guilt that threatened to shatter my sanity. It was God daring me, daring me to try any more tricks on his friends.

Why was the God of the mighty endless heavens, so sensitive about His friends? Was it the way the world treated them that angered God? Was it the way they were defamed and framed and humiliated by God's enemies that made God so protective of those who loved Him and defended His honour?

Was it the defamation in front of 8 billion people that made God so angered that He became too heart-broken to even look at our world or come near it ever again?

Was it for this reason that God has abandoned us to the hands of the cruellest among mankind, to enslave us and start nuclear wars, pandemics and biological weapons on us, while God leaves us to the world of the devil?

Was it that when man disowned God and hated Him, He loses power over them and the men they worship takes full control of their lives and God only comes to do justice and dispense forgiveness in the afterlife?

Perhaps I had overreacted to this saint's holiness, or had overblown the whole event, but as a child, facing such unspeakable and unimaginable events on my own was overwhelming, and it defied all past experiences, and so, it naturally terrified me, while my brothers found it hilarious, claiming she was an alien or all my cameras were malfunctioning and they soon forgot all about it, leaving me to ponder over my actions alone.

What was she -seeming so simple, and so ordinary that God up above the Almighty heavens revered her and watched over her so powerfully?

Several years later, when I was still wallowing in my burning grief and drowning in a guilt that destroyed all my strength and

will power, I had once asked a very wise pious old man that if God hated me for what I had done to her and regretted ever knowing of her and finding out about those events that reshaped my world and made me feel as though I were cursed with guilt disbelief and sin.

The sage replied that indeed it was God's own miracle and blessings which caused me to know of her or ever get that one in a billion chance to see her face and speak with her and shake hands with a girl who was one of a kind that was born once in a century, never to return, and who was unmatched and unequivocal in her purity, power and sainthood, that it was God who loved me enough to show Himself to me- through her who ruled the universe unknowingly and unaware of what she herself was. I was told that to know her was the GREATEST blessing from God Himself that only He could give, and that it was no coincidence to speak or hold the hand of one so honoured and so loved by the mighty God of all the endless Milky Ways and galaxies and universes and multiverses and that God did not hate me, but wanted to show Himself and His secrets to me for I too was blessed with a heart that could feel humility and guilt which the truly insecure people are too afraid to feel!

History shows that people often made attempts to get at the genesis of moral evil, but most concluded that the beginning of it was inconceivable. But moral evil and rage or hate was not eternal. I wondered sometimes, could these saints be some form of a new nihilist? In some way, they appeared so, for social philosophers defined nihilist to be those who did not bow down before any authority, for these saints did not care about human judgement and opinions, and while conventional nihilist was those who did not take any principle on faith, pious and demure maidens like this saint did not succumb to whatever reverence modern technology or secular minds enshrined. Rather than believing in the ultimate authority of science, whose laws changed every day, they believed in a perfect God whose Love superseded all mortal emotions.

Hate is not a part of human mannerism, nor was it a creature of God; or God would be divided against Himself. Seeing this saintly maiden before me, I realised that God was Love, not hate, and these saints had the divine permission, whatever that may be imagined to have been, to bring forth love and compassion unto this desolate place called earth.

With every generous attribute roused and alert within their being, saints such as this virtuous woman who was barely out of

her teens, were gifted something inconceivable by the human mind, and they seemed to be unaware of their own powers. Their God loved them, and from His infinity of power, infinity of wisdom, infinity of holiness, God let them better the world. Somewhere among the stars, angels were singing her praise, no doubt, for no one among mankind was more chaste and virtuous.

With her death, I was inconsolable, for I knew she was the last of her kind, and the loss of her life was not a loss for me personally, but an anvil on humanity's destiny.

Oh, how I wept and mourned for this virtuous woman! When all religious men are being defamed framed humiliated and eventually one by one their countries destroyed, their governments overthrown and civil war wrecking their universe, oh, what hope have we expect such a saint's presence to bless us? What a world are we cursed to live in, where men who strip women of their clothes and honour are hailed as heroes of freedom, whereas men who groom women and boys sexually are worshipped by the world as civil right activists?

Indeed, this world has cursed the fate of men with pain and suffering until they have turned all men of wealth and power into becoming more humble than swine and more slavish and human worshipper than their dogs and more jealous than reptiles and snakes and more vicious than scorpions! Slavery of human lust and worshipping of human love has made men of our world into monsters and animals without any soul. But O virtuous woman whose saintly powers no mortals have known! You have abandoned us to their mercy. One by one, they shall destroy and defame the honour of your God and His faith. One by one, they shall ban and strip all women of their veil and self-respect and brainwash them into becoming slaves of human lust, like themselves, and eventually they won't even spare our future children or grandchildren from their grooming into becoming the slaves of human lust and sex.

Oh, saintly heart! We shall mourn you when the first country gets attacked or invaded; we shall mourn you when the first nuke hits. We shall mourn you when the first NATO nation declares war! We shall mourn you when the end of our civilisation starts.

We shall mourn you and we shall never forget you!

The world shall mourn you and they shall know of the oceans of tears you shed all through your youthhood for their forgiveness and salvation. They may never know your name and they may never have seen your face, but O would to God that they should remember you for you belonged to the world and no one had the right to take you away from us.

A thousand years may pass by but the skies and the earth upon which you shed springs of tears shall never forget you! The vapours of the tears you shed for humanity shall never be evaporated from our universe and the rays of light from your purity shall purify all the sinners of the world.

Marriage was your death sentence, dishonour was your death axe, and the humiliation of human companionship was the fire that took your soul away from us.

Oh, holiest heart! May the agony and tears of your purest heart save all the women of the world from becoming the victim of faithless and godless human beings.

Were pain and hate really unavoidable in a proper moral system? If so, immorality was not immoral. Pain was welcome to these pious creatures, who bore every hardship with a smile. They felt that pain that was essential to good should not be considered evil. To them, it was only the bitter bud of the fragrant blossom and the luscious fruit. Who would challenge the claims about the metaphysical connection between these pious souls and their God, who believed the existence of God, and trusted the divine source of the social and political order, and sought validity of emotional judgment in their prayers, and did not feel that the possibility of love was related to the expression of anything pertaining to biological necessity? I wondered sometimes, could God not have prevented her death? A holy man in Saharanpur mentioned to me once that indeed, God gave these holy people agencies over their life and identity, and they themselves wanted to die and move one to the next and better world. They avoided human companionships to remain aloof from the sheer, wanton, gratuitous, inexplicable hate, cruelty and irrationality.

Now, without her constant prayers and pious supplications, I was afraid this small planet will be wrecked with ruthless genocides and outrage on the modesty of women, because the harsh and irreligious leaders will oppress the masses freely and the die-hard and devout agnostics may begin to use the instruments produced by science and technology.

Oh, child of light - daughter of purity! May your death be not in vain and in waste! May your sacrifice and pain save all the future generations from the abuse of sexually enslaved godless dishonourable men and their manipulation and degrading manmade laws which they create and implement for their own sick sexual fantasy and ego! We shall mourn you oh, pristine heart! Who could ever replace you or bless us with their prayers and piety now that you are gone forever?

I was glad to have met the holy man in India who told me that God takes the ones He loved, because they were eager to abide with their Lord, the God. Indeed, it was this wise old man's view that my meeting her was a sign from God to know Him through her as there was no other way I would believe in a supernatural God unless faced with events, one after the other, that shook my core and made me question things I never questioned before, and which carved a path to make me truly believe in God that I never truly believed in before.

Yes, that picture I took of her face which did not manifest on the screen, made me half mad and half insane and made me want to become unborn, as shame and guilt and even some degree of fear flustered the strength of my ego, as it drowned me each night until I wept to God for reprieve. I realised that day how there was a world within our world, a life within our life, an unseen force within what we could see, something that appeared as one, and was in fact another.

Yes, it was that paper which showed the child suspended in mid-air as there was no one holding the child nor in the picture nor in the video and I could see the person behind her eating and our mutual friends and relatives, but not herself!

Oh, how could that be?!

I knew she never allowed her picture to be taken nor her image be painted for she never disobeyed God by revealing herself or taking pictures of herself, and when I tried to expose her or make her a company to the sin of revealing, God destroyed technology to protect her and grant her every wish, unbeknownst to herself.

Until this day, I knew she was special, for her love so all encompassing, her humility so accepting and her purity so illuminating-as if a vibration of light and power emanated from the pinnacle of her virtuous heart to enshroud all those around her with that purity and honour.

But I never realised that her image would simply not manifest on my camera and would appear as blank in my images folder.

She not only avoided all encounter with men who were not directly related to her by blood, but also maintained a downcast eye at all times.

Out of all my visits and all my time that I had spent with her, never had I seen her sight stray towards a single picture of even newspaper clippings.

I never saw her glance unconsciously at a man, or even make eye contact with concierges, taxi drivers or grocers. When we were waiting in the station and the large screen TV were playing one of the top Indian comedy skits, for almost three hours of us waiting there, her eyes did not look once at the television. Indeed, not once did her sight stare towards that direction, and then I finally realised that she protected her gaze from all things sinful or leading to sin.

The realisation hit me so deep and so hard that I began to ponder over its significance.

She was a woman of God and it was only natural that she would do everything in her power to obey all of God's commandments, such as the verses in the Final Testament which called upon men and women to lower their gaze from all things leading to violence, temptations or sin.

The 30th verse of Chapter Light in the Koran instructs: "Tell the believing men to lower their gaze and guard their chastity. That is purer for them. Surely God is All-Aware of what they do. And tell the believing women to lower their gaze and guard their chastity, and not to reveal their adornments¹ except what normally appears. Let them draw their veils over their chests, and not reveal their adornments except to their husbands, their fathers, their fathers-in-law, their sons, their stepsons, their brothers, their brothers' sons or sisters' sons, their fellow women, those in their employment, male attendants with no desire, or children who are still unaware of women's nakedness. Let them not stomp their feet, drawing attention to their hidden adornments. Turn to Allah in repentance all together, O believers, so that you may be successful." (Koran, 24:30, 32)

Indeed, it was the eyes that caused man to sin most violently. There were no blind sexual assaulters in the world; it was the eyes that caused human to start all sins.

But we were so deep into our world of sin and debauchery that we had turned all sin into virtues and all abuse into love. Indeed, we have successfully fooled ourselves! The greatest fool is he who fools himself. And thus, we were deprived from the virtue of purity and honour.

I assumed that as a deeply religious woman, this saintly companion of mine tried to obey all religious laws, and thus, in Corinthian, the Bible also instructs women to be modest, and verses take a negative approach to persuade people to be chaste, modest and veiled, and consider the violation of this veiling law as a dishonour. Nevertheless, the Bible clarifies what God expects women to be covered, with veils such as is worn by Jewish men and certain of the Catholic clergy, and the

verses explain that a woman shows the God-ordained witness by having her head covered.

The word cover, as used in the Bible verses means “to veil” or “to cover.” The terms veiling and covering are both proper translations here and disregarding this practice is said to dishonour one’s head, which could mean both the physical and spiritual head, and thus, the Bible rebukes the woman who knowingly refuses to wear the veil and projects herself into shame by rejecting the divine authority under which she stands. Verse 6 of this Bible chapter states: “For if the woman be not covered, let her also be shorn: but if it be a shame for a woman to be shorn or shaven, let her be covered.” This further explains that by going unveiled, a woman brings upon herself the same measure of shame that would accompany the shaving of her head.

I often believed that her obsession with chastity and brazenly veiling her entire body at all times, was due to her concern for humans and their soul. The more I remained in her company, the more it dawned upon me that perhaps, she was merely observing one of the commandments of God which stipulated that no one should go near adultery, and not even glance at the opposite gender. She was undoubtedly adhering to rules of purity as elucidated in Matthew 5:27-28 “You have heard that it was said, ‘You shall not commit adultery.’ But I tell you that anyone who looks at a woman lustfully has already committed adultery with her in his heart.”

She was quite obviously observing the command of God’s holy books and seemed to take the above Bible verse very seriously. Indeed, she did everything in her power to ensure that no one even had the opportunity to look at her lustfully, because a lustful glance is equated with adultery in the bible.

When I first met this saintly maiden, I was somewhat confused by her stringent veiling regiment, and was always perplexed as to why she was so concerned in wearing the face veil and even spoke in hushed tones when outdoors. In fact, I noticed that in her eagerness to be unseen and, she did not even like to be called by her name in public. She preferred the traditional Arabic way of addressing herself, as the daughter of someone. For a young girl like me, who had arrived from America, I was being unable to appreciate the strict level of piety which this saintly maiden was trying to maintain, but gradually, I understood why she devoted her life to observing God’s religion and His heavenly laws.

The Scriptures and Testaments told her to veil herself and not glance at any man, and she observed these rules most dutifully, for she knew that in God’s wisdom, there is honour, and in what seemed like God’s oppression, there was dignity, whereas in human freedom, there is bestiality like animals in a wild forest who need to abide by no code of conduct.

This saintly maiden was eager to observe her religious laws most diligently, but due to her parents’ disapproval, she faced

internal pain and suffering acutely, until their coercion led her to suffer from a fatal heartbreak. Her parents were heavily influenced by the media and they became angry at her for being religious and threatened her mercilessly hoping she would be persuaded to let go of faith and God because they called it extremism and an unnatural lifestyle to be praying for the well-being of others all the time. They wanted this young woman to live a normal life? What was a normal or natural life, then? People have multiple partners and the media approves of their ways, and the public sexualises everything and even governments made it mandatory for schools to teach children about these things and watching movies which advocate and teach nothing but how to fulfil one's base lust and animalistic desire and how to manipulate and groom others and objectify every holy thing until one gets sick of lust and people sexually using each other's body. It feels as though human minds became sick with lust and using and abusing another person's body and calling it love and manipulating or brainwashing and grooming and seducing and objectifying every holy thing until there is nothing but the sickness of lust left. And is that the 'natural or normal lifestyle of this century? What was wrong with loving God if it made her love God's humanity all the more? But her parents became ignorant by the violent brainwashing of the media and their endless charade of hatred and anger towards one religion in the world. Every crime, every act of one person belonging to that faith amongst 2 billion people were published, reprinted, repeated, exposed, propagated, reposted and retweeted until the whole world was ready to massacre anyone of that religion.

And her parents were no exception on their onslaught against her faith and her God and her lifestyle of Chastity and abstinence.

They wanted her to go to college when she couldn't read or write any English, they wanted her to get married and out of their house when she never spoke with a man in her entire life. How cruel can life be even to one so innocent so sinless and so saintly!

I understood that she veiled her body not because she was afraid or abnormal, but because she loved mankind so earnestly, that she would not let anyone in the world commit any sin because of her. It was a true piety that led her to be so strict in her veiling routine, and when I saw how the sin of others and their suffering pained her, I felt like hypocrite next to her.

But she was wise, and she knew that all sin in world begins with the sin of lust.

Every murder, every sexual assault, and every crime and sin starts from the straying of the eyesight, and if one could control the eyesight, then the heart could be really pure.

That is why she never took pictures or selfies of herself, as she was aware that taking picture enabled adultery and lust and fornication and all the sins that follows us with it. It was with the eyes that people entered the formidable ground of fornication and then hundreds of horrors manifest, and the breaking up families, and the envy of spouses, or the jealousy of women who may become upset when their husbands glanced at other women, or the crimes of soldiers, and every conceivable evil began with the sin of eyes sight.

This saintly maiden knew this and so, she never took a picture in her life, and while this seemed strange to me at first, it made sense when I remembered this verse from the Bible. "Anyone who looks at a woman lustfully has already committed adultery with her in his heart." (Matthew)

We lived in a digital world where one did not physically need to leave the four walls of the house to begin fornication, and you did not have to take off clothes in the public parks or beaches to have other people glance lustfully at you. All it took was a picture, and uploading a racy image online for all to see and sin.

Few people understood that uploading a graphic picture makes you accomplice in that other viewer's actions and that person's sin, even though you did not intend to corrupt anyone. It is not your fault of course, but it is part of your action. And so this pious young woman would not let another human get distracted by her beauty and forget God and humanity for even a second, because she did not want attention, from anyone at all.

I was stunned by her beauty when I first saw her, and I knew at once that her beauty was unparalleled, she could have easily gotten ten million likes in one second, had she posted a random image of herself, but she did not want any women to be hurt when her partner looked at those beautiful images, and she did not want one person to think lustful thoughts when they saw her.

My classmates and I once went for a brief duration to a Catholic retreat, where nuns spend eight to ten hours praying each day. One of the sisters was asked, when did you choose to believe in God?

I didn't choose Him, was her unforgettable reply.

"I couldn't choose Him," the nun replied without hesitation. "I had no say in choosing to believe in God, because no one has the right to believe in God on their own will, but when God chose me, I started believing in Him."

"Then how do you get chosen by God?" Came the next question.

"You prove to Him that you are worthy to be His neighbour for eternity. You become worthy of His attention and then, when you become worthy enough to be God's friend, He will show Himself to you."

And everyone naturally put forth the following question: How do you become worthy of God's love?

Her reply was simple: You love His creation for they are like God's very own children, Never, ever hurt them, no matter what harm they may do to you, and no matter how much society encourages you to become even and petty, never hurt His children, and love humanity so much that there is nothing left in your life's purpose and actions except to help every single human being, even the evil ones because you are no judge of who deserves love or not. Let God be the judge and you be the saviour. And I promise you, if there is a God, He will 100% show you the path towards Him.

The next question was, how much do you have to love others in order to find their Maker?

More than yourself and your family, was her short reply. Love every child as if they are born from yourself and love every old woman and man as if they are your own parents and grandparents. Love every child across the globe so wholeheartedly that they and yourself become one and the very same.

If your siblings or children would be dying of starvation in Africa, would you be able to function comfortably and live cheerfully, or date and go to parties or eat out in fine dining and dress up and put makeup on and enjoy your relationship with your partner and go on family outings and live happily? Then how could do any of these actions and still believe that God will show Himself to you? How could you expect to be in a healthy relationship, be IG famous, go out to dinners, wear attractive outfits and still dare to imagine yourself a sincere sympathiser of human suffering?

"Then why did people in previous centuries believe in God?" Was one of the questions directed at her. "Most certainly, they could not have been aware of other's pain more than those of this century?"

A succinct reply came forth. "People in previous centuries believed in God a lot more wholeheartedly than they do today, because God allowed them to believe in Him, because they felt the pain of others more than us. Why did they feel so earnestly whereas, we claiming to be woke activists of human rights actually feel barely anything for anyone because the proof of our fake feelings is our happiness and enjoyment in this time of the world. People of previous centuries felt for others, not because they were activists, but because they suffered severely and in their own suffering, they felt the pain of others. Almost 60% women died in child birth in those times. Men got injured in war and had no anaesthesia and no medicine or surgery to ease pain. People were afraid of capitol punishments. Majority of the children in Europe would die of disease at a young age, breaking the hearts of their parents forever. Pain made people of the previous centuries believe in God because they felt the pain of others, even if by circumstances or force. And anyone who feels for others- to the point of losing every happiness, including indulging in lust and luxury, will be chosen by God to believe in Him.

"What level and what rules can prove that we have come to the point of enough feelings for us to find God?" a curious visitor asked.

"When you can give up every pleasure, it will be the sign, for if you continue enjoying life, despite your flowery declaration of love and charity, then it is the greatest evidence which proves you are insincere in your solidarity towards those who suffer around the world. If you really want to find God," added the sister, directing her words to the classroom filled with unwilling agnostics who were suffering from the inability to believe in that which you cannot see, "the follow these rules and surely you will find God.

Leave your partner and leave your family, leave your friends, move out your parents' house or their floor. If your heart already softens in quiet meditation over the pain of those who are suffering in the world, then within 3 years of removing yourself from your family and partner, God will show you the first path to finding God. However, if your heart is still too cruel, then enforce upon the next level of austerity and awareness by cutting off from every single friend who is indulgent in either social media or anyone who is in a relationship, because nothing can distract or pollute a heart more than being obsessed over your partner. Not only should you stay away from every sexual indulgence, including relationships, chatting -movies pictures, songs, lyrics or any thought or any action that even indirectly in sexual in any way, but also ensure that those whom you speak with are also in that exact level of awareness.

Within 2 years of ensuring all your acquaintances have the exact same mentality, you have a huge chance of finding the truth about God. However, if you still find it difficult for your eyes to tear up in feelings towards mankind, then follow these final steps to ensure you can force your heart to become pure and sympathetic towards humanity and thus you shall surely find their God and Maker."

She spoke serenely for a few additional minutes:

These following advices are only for the hardest or the cruellest of hearts who despite following all the above rules still cannot find God or find love in their hearts for God's creation.

Stay away from all those who are passionate or proud-especially those siblings and their partners or family members who are focused on their spouses. Do not go in front of those who are in a relationship, even for a moment. Avoid them or else you can never ever be chaste or celibate and if you abandon chastity, it will be extremely difficult to believe in God as your heart will become distracted from merciful feeling for humanity -so avoid every meeting and every instance of going in front of those who are in a relationship, whether married or otherwise. And as for yourself - stop indulging in luxury food and start fasting every day or every other day, and pray for the goodness of victims around the world and become worthy of being God's eternal neighbour, and He will show Himself to you. Fast from dawn to dusk and keep your stomach empty most of the time, for

nothing helps human beings feel the pain of others more than fasting, and no one in the world can attain true spirituality and true feelings of camaraderie or solidarity with all the pain of human hearts until they fast constantly without any break. The more you fast, the stronger will your heart become and the more stronger your feelings be for all those who suffer around the world. Follow these exact footsteps and if you still do not find God or do not see direct proofs of God's existence, then come and hold me responsible because no one ever followed every one of these rules and not find strongest undeniable proof of God's existence. To some, God literally gave them dozens of proofs, and to others, they just started finding miracles that proved God's existence without any iota of doubt, or the alternative to following these rules is that He will hide Himself away from you the way you hide and turn off your room's light when someone you dislike visits you or knocks at your door so they believe you don't exist here.

Let go off every act of lust, let go off every single of your friends and family who is involved in lust, whether legally or casually; leave them, disconnect with them and you will be on the first step on chastity.

The next step is to become selfless and pray for the suffering of others every single day, until your hearts soften enough to spring tears forth from your eyes.

Then, let go off all luxury and adopt fasting as a lifestyle, and give away most of your wealth in charity, and slowly, pull yourself away from every indulgence, every person unless they are chaste and religious, and you will find God in front of you.

Unexpectedly, a political question popped up from among the crowd: Will this war with Ukraine and Russia get into a full-blown World War 3?

Will Russia, in their hurt, turn towards China and in their gratefulness, will Russia abandon Christianity and become communist? Will China and Russia win all over Europe and North America and make the whole world atheist? Will communism ban us from taking the name of God?

Will all religions finally be destroyed and banned and defamed and hated and stopped?

Then what will happen to humanity?

Shall we all return to paganism or demon worship and human sacrifices?

Where shall we draw the line that differentiates us from animals?

Will incest be legalised globally? Will age of consent turn from 18 to 8 years or even lesser?

Who shall make the laws and who shall decide what is civilised and what is not?

How can man make laws and change laws and justify laws and where does it end?

Shall they brainwash our future children and grandchildren into believing it is freedom to become as free as animals?

Will murder and torture be legalised in that godless communist world?

I recalled these conversations from the retreat and found it resonating with what this saintly maiden in India was representing.

I was reminded of the passage in Matthew 5:27-28: “You know the next commandment pretty well, too: ‘Don’t go to bed with another’s spouse.’ But don’t think you’ve preserved your virtue simply by staying out of bed. Your heart can be corrupted by lust even quicker than your body. Those ogling looks you think nobody notices—they also corrupt.

She taught me the importance of being selfless, as her life was ever about me, but always about others.

Our world on the other hand have become too constricted and everyone is obsessed about me, and my rights, where everyone is bad, and I am always good, but her mentality was the opposite, in which no one was bad.

Eye sight was and is important, and this is obvious when you think about the reality of life. Every evil begins with a look or glance, and so, there are no blind sexual assaulter in the world. Why? In this digital world, images, videos and picture takes part in the act of adultery. Millions of people see your picture and you are inherently the reason for the lustful sin of sin. This pious maiden did not commit any sin, and she did not let any man commit sin in her life or become lust filled because of her.

I learned the value of observing chastity from her, and was determined not to ever look at actors of the opposite gender when viewing films, because if I am attracted, my heart would be distracted by those scenes. After seeing her, my standard changed and my heart had become purified.

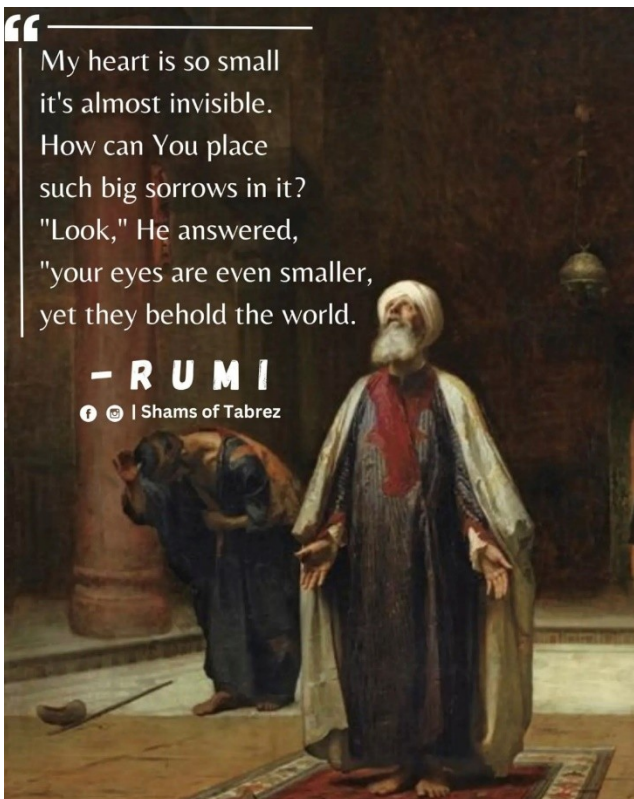
I believed that it was these religious texts and divine commandments that made this pious young woman observe chastity so diligently.

Never did I see her even glance at a man or look once at a picture or painting of male actors or models. Guarding one’s eyesight and upholding modesty was not only commanded in the Moslem holy book, but was also mentioned in Proverbs 4:23-27, where the Bible says: “Above all else, guard your heart, for everything you do flows from it. Keep your mouth free of perversity; keep corrupt talk far from your lips. Let your eyes look straight ahead; fix your gaze directly before you.”

I was so moved by her keen piety that after returning home from her company, I myself could never look at another actor while watching action films which I was so addicted to for I felt so guilty to look at the opposite gender when religion forbade

it, and especially since no harm comes from not looking at those who distract your hearts from the love of humanity and makes you the careless slave of one person.

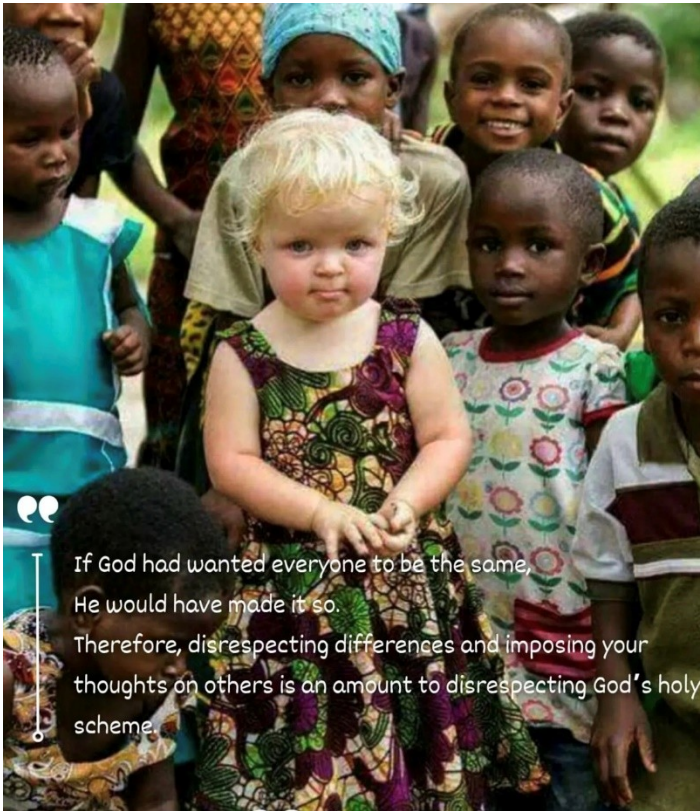
How could we ever attempt to be close to her in virtue? The Florentine philosopher Machiavelli expressed flexibility when defining virtue and argued against the traditional understanding of virtues such as liberality, mercy, loyalty, kindness, honesty, and piety. He defined it eventually as a very distinct set of characteristics that all leaders must have in order to rule effectively. Virtue was important because it combated the threat of immorality. She was indeed a virtuous woman who shed so much tears for mankind, that no one was capable of attaining her level of love and awareness for mankind or shed such true tears when our eyes and hearts were distracted with our own ego and lust?



GOD, THE JUDGE:

**On the day He shall judge the people and destroy
beings,
And wither all His adversaries like the fiery blast
of the strings,
And decree the fate of all potentates, officers and
rulers,
Nor pay regard to mighty princes and
entrepreneurs,
And destroy tyrants and cut off the scornful,
The proud and presumptuous and the harmful,
Who rely on the preciousness of their palanquin;
Living each day like a useless mannequin,
Who have forgotten their Loving Creator,
And put their trust in wealth and labour,
And prided themselves above the high God,
Who humbleth and uplifteth with a nod.
Ah, they have rebelled against their Master,
Who is both their Lord, God and Maker-
With their host and their sinful multitude,
And the silver they acquired without gratitude,
And the fine gold and sapphires and gold,
Which they plundered from the old,
Nothing shall avail them from damnation and
delivery,
And they shall fall into the net, weeping bitterly,
And when quaffing the cup of foaming wine,
Shall drain only dregs in their hapless sign...**

- SOLOMON GABRIOL



The DEATH of a SAINT

No one lived forever, and this saintly maiden who I adored and admired, also faced her death due to grief and pain, for in her purity and chastity, she hoped to remain forever celibate and single, but her mother persuaded her father to apply more pressure on her and coerce her to marry, as she believed that if her daughter remained single after the age of eighteen, she would fall in love with singledom, and refuse to marry in the future. The fair young maiden's father was reluctant to cause his daughter distress, but upon the insistence of his wife, he went to her once more, and told his pious daughter that she should marry at once. He told her with enthusiasm, that he could wish her nothing greater than for her to have a husband and children. A prosperous husband will share with her that prosperity and will comfort her, but the saint remained silent in her anguish. She knew marriage was not the portal to happiness, as she had observed many married women falling

into misfortune, and driven to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depended upon her for nurture or subsistence, but she knew explaining this to her irreligious father would be futile and so, only silent tears trickled forth her face. These episodes caused her great distress and sorrow. How could I ever forgive him? How could I come to terms with the fact that it was her irreligious father who deprived the world of the greatest saint that ever breathed in this century, because he disapproved of his daughter's religious inclinations, often labelling her as a religious bigot because she insisted upon wearing her face veil while venturing outside the four walls of her home.

How could I not curse him when the world was only a minute away from an all-out nuclear world, and she whose piety had elevated herself to the levels of angels and saints, was the only hope of humanity and the only option for mankind to survive?

Had her father been a believer and trusted God, then he would not have pressured his pious and chaste daughter to marry, but due to ignorance, his actions deprived the entire world of the only saint who could have saved them from utter annihilation and absolute destruction.

Oh, may God destroy those media reports that falsify stories in order to make people hate religious saint and drive them to their death after prolonged suffering. I felt nothing but disgust at those who preached false reports about extremism, because these were the very media shows which made this saintly woman's father become hopelessly influenced by the media's stereotypes, that he believed his daughter was becoming too extreme in her prayers and other religious zeal, when all she ever wanted was to love God and love humanity, but rather than glorifying the goodness of this saint, media personalities ceaselessly ranted about how violent religious extremists are, and how only secular individuals were worthy of respect and admiration, and they conveniently ignored the fact that nearly all wars and genocide in history were given or started by people who did not even believe in God. Men like Pol Pot, Stalin, Lenin, Mao and Genghis were known to be disbelievers of God and religion, and still they caused millions of deaths, but the media convinced her father that only religious ideologies were dangerous.

He was influenced by the media and began to believe that his daughter's desire of not wanting to marry was a gesture of extremist behaviour and fundamentalist ideology, when the real manifestation of extremism was being irreligious and being vain and cruel like the hundreds of thousands of war lords and mafia groups and drug cartels that traffic and hurt millions of women around the world each day to gain some money. How the media was able to embitter the minds of so many people and made them hate religion and all those who adhered to monotheistic ideologies like this saintly maiden, whose own

family members and parents began to distrust and dishonour her!

When the media preaches such hate against religious people, everyone else starts to hate them without discrimination, and they even begin to behave with violence towards them, such as the father of the saintly pious woman who essentially forced her to agree to a marriage, she was not inclined to enter. Such propaganda is dangerous.

How many people are intelligent enough to differentiate between the truth and the propaganda, and how many become violent towards innocent religious and pious women like the saint we had lost due to this hate.

How many innocent souls were to face such violent repercussion for the reports of the media which is determined to be biased and vain when covering anything remotely religious, as they scour through eight billion people who happen to commit a crime, and will ascribe the faith to any negative action which takes place around the vicinity of someone who is an observant believer.

Pagan Roman media used the word extremist as well in order to pitch the masses against pious Christians, and their profaned propaganda worked equally effective at that time, to the point that they convinced the Romans citizens that priest giving their congregation the eucharist were cannibals eating the blood and flesh of humans. This idea revolted the general public who were pagan and they immediately began to persecute all Christians and even framed them for terrorist attacks, and finally, hateful pagan emperors who were influenced by those fake news ordered all religious men and women to be assaulted by gladiators and fed to the wild animals in the arenas for the entertainment of the spectators.

Humans are not perfect. When the media speaks negatively about something or someone, then their passion drives their actions, and they often become violent against certain group. This is why repeatedly calling a religion bad or branding all of its followers as violent extremists is dangerous, because at the end of the day, it the innocent people like this saintly young woman in India who suffers the most from this injustice?

The repercussion of the hate media preaches is faced by the most merciful and innocent people in the world when simple minded people turn violently against all religions and try to eliminate every pious man and women from earth. This has caused our world to lose on the most valuable saints who ever lived, and because of her premature death, we were deprived of great man miracles and cures.

I wept bitterly as the thought finally came to realisation that she who could have saved my country and our civilisation with her heartfelt prayers and her power which shook the universe and controlled the stars, is gone from us, gone forever; gone never to come back.



The Reality of Life and Denial of Death:

Man tries in vain to distract himself from the end of his life and from the reality which they all must face!

Death is the graduation ceremony of life, the retirement program.

Death is the end and all those whose hearts are weak do everything in life to forget it, just to find the strength to go on living and to find a purpose in the counted moments of life, but the heartbreaking truth is we humans are all soldiers in the battlefield of life, and death attacks us the same way it attacks the ground soldier fighting face to face with death and through enemies.

We are all fighting but the soldiers are forced to take off their blindfold whilst we keep them on until we all blindly stumble upon death, the final finishing line, and we are all racing to the end, some faster than the other; but we all must reach the end, as there has never been anyone who didn't reach the end.

Every building we see, half the noir classic films we watch and all the actors and pedestrians in those films are long gone from the earth and soon we must join them to become nothing.

Death waits for no one. Only the wise and the heart broken ones realise and identify death while it lurks in the shadows, counting the right moment to take one by one, all the life of our loved ones away until our turn comes, and then death will not falter or delay, as death is never late. It is always in time and never asks for permission and never warns beforehand, and so my heart had lost every will and every wish to survive!

Man finds a cause to beguile himself and blinds himself.

Some men pursue love, fooling themselves and forcing themselves to believe that their lover loves them and finding fake evidences to support their claim, while inside their heart, they know very well that the moment they die, within one year or five years, they will find another foolish lover who will also love them and pursue them madly, yet foolish men wilfully make themselves believe in the lie until they become dumb enough to believe in that lie and spend their counted moments slaving after a forgetful worthless lover who will love their next lover with double passion than what they are loving this person with now.

I was introduced to a new and fine world. Indeed, the world appeared to be faraway while being with the saintly woman, for she was one who constantly reminded me of God and that other world, and that life beyond this life.

I recall seeing her engrossed in prayers very often. Even when we were under open sky, and even when this pious maiden was waiting for her car to arrive, she prayed and wept under the sunlit sky. She prayed oblivious to the heat as the warm glow caressed her cheek, highlighting the gentle curve of her jaw, and the serene closed eyes that hid the vibrant world of faith within. Behind her, the worlds roared on, and artifacts of beauty and heritage blended into the canvas of the city, and symbols of rich, woven history that framed her in its ancestral embrace were lost to her as her mind only cared about what God thought of her.

In addition to all her pious actions, she was accomplished in every way, and as attractive in disposition as she was in form and face.

But such a pious soul, and such beauty was gone, as death overtook her!

She was a saint in its purest form, and observed such pious purity, that no man had ever seen her face or hair, but I was a little girl when I went to her house, and I saw that her hair was light coloured and very beautiful. During the evening, I once watched her brush her hair in her own quarters. Her angelic hair, pinned artfully atop her head, revealed her slender and long neck that beckoned the beauty of heavens. The serene blue of her room, like a dream half-remembered, framed her in an aura of mystique and piety, making her seem not merely a woman, but a muse of the mystiques, and a siren of stillness and beauty. Indeed, life betrays everyone, and the world was cruel indeed, and the torment of this world doesn't even spare the saints of God.

Nay, it appeared as though the saints and sinless ones suffered the most!

But she was free from her birth till her death, and I found the thought to be comforting, but then I began to study the meaning of freedom.

So much horror was to take place in the name of freedom that I was almost afraid of the very notion. This saintly young woman was dead because her parents wanted her to be free from religious practices, but what was freedom? I really don't know where to put a stop to it. Freedom is doing what you feel like doing, or at least that is what I was once told. Freedom is to relieve oneself in public, freedom to curse everyone, freedom to torture oneself in public, freedom to act like animals, freedom to whip each other sexually but 'consensually of course'. What's freedom but a word used to destroy every nation, kill millions

of orphans, millions and billions, and eventually everyone forgets the meaning of that word.

For some, freedom is every women around the world to stay completely naked; freedom is to allow all fathers to marry their daughters and mothers to marry their sons, freedom is to allow all women to stay completely naked, both bottom and front. Also, people should have sexual relationships in public, also homosexuality and incest should become legal in the sense of true freedom. Basically, freedom means that we should become free like animals before judging people according to our own standard of freedom. I'm sure that all animals, including pigs and dogs, calls human females "oppressed".

Should women be forced to cover her hair or legs or breasts or private parts? Should men be forced to cover their private parts or should be allowed to flash it in front of children? How much freedom can humans enjoy before they are branded in the same category as animals? What is freedom for women? Freedom to be used by multiple men? Freedom to be naked stripper in public? Freedom to defecate in public? Freedom to be whipped in bdsm? Is that freedom or worst oppression than Taliban? Indeed, freedom of speech is hate speech and freedom of religion destroys Abrahamic faiths and brings back godlessness and atheism or Buddhism and eventually, pagan religion where virgins are sacrificed and people are fed to lions becomes the end result of every "freedom ". Oppression from certain freedom keeps humans human, and absolute freedom makes people animals.

There is no greater oppression than the oppression that is done in the name of freedom. This word - this horrific word, this misused word has been used to kill millions of people and abuse and groom millions of children and orphans, until cities and nations and eventually lost their senses as this freedom destroyed the humanity and the laws of God that keeps us humans.

But upon seeing this saint of God, I knew she was free.

Falsity, imitation and artificial insincerity become obvious next to the truth and the original.

When one is alone, drowning in a world of politics, charity events and social medias awareness campaigns, up to a point it can be helpful and effective and useful. But after a while, anger takes control, passion wins over and half the time, the purpose gets mixed up with personal ego and half the time it gets driven by pure anger which leads to eventual hate and division. Sometimes, it also becomes focused on catching attention making one the slave of people's acceptance and support,

which eventually makes a person's purpose destroyed and polluted.

But these women of god who were pale in colour due to worry, slender and tall, unaware of any human hate or love, unaffected by people's hate or ideology and unfocused on popularity or manipulation, and unable to become impressed with any human thoughts or actions and with no wish to impress anyone, they were the true souls of the world, and they were the true, and the original and next to them, we all appeared counterfeit.

They were too high, too unreachable for human obsession or their love and hate and their judgments and comments and acceptance or arguments about law, morality, faith, politics and warfare.

They were the lovers of the world, the guardian angels who loved the killed because of their pain and wept for them, yet couldn't hate the killer and also wept for their misguided souls and prayed for their forgiveness and guidance.

Next to these pure hearts, the whole world appeared like an artificial simulation and impersonation of the truth.

I envied their purity and their freedom. Pure because they were free; free from human thought and free from every human worship and free from every human attraction and free from giving or receiving any human attentions, free from being impressed by humans or trying to impress them and free from begging for the love or support of people. These women were truly free.

Their souls were too high and too sublime for worldly reach or focus.

I dreamt to be one day be able to leave my world of human madness of love, hate, imprisonment of one's thoughts and wants, forced to accept and go with the flow, obsessed with gaining popularity and getting impressed by jokes and talk shows and getting caught up in political and religious debate and thinking myself great for fighting for a cause etc, until there is nothing left in the human heart but people and their physical focus and obsession. Slowly the feelings get replaced by ego pride and personal desire to win.

There is left no room for tears of compassion, for forgiveness, for love and unconditional mercy.

The world had a way of making good men mad with pain and heartbreak. It makes all those who love drown in complete madness. Poverty makes humans incapable of laughing and

loss of a loved one makes the world unbearable for to me to live on.

Her death was a loss for humanity, but a bitter grievance for me as well, since I cherished every moment in her company, and I had never seen a human with more lively eyes. She was a vision of beauty against the serene tapestry of the carved walls. In a timeless city, she lived with God alone, her chaste soul hovering over the brink of eternity. Now, she had left us to drown in sin and despair and bar God from coming to the world because of the dark energy of sin and sexuality. Yes, our sins have caused all mercy and all angels and God Himself to get repelled by the heat of our sins and passion and hate. It is not the billions of sinners who walk the earth for whom the world is still surviving, but it is the sinlessness and the purity and the sublimity of those one or two unknown saints whose prayers allowed the world to thrive and survive.

They say that in each century, only several human beings can attain the level of absolute sainthood and sinlessness, and they are of those who never hurt a soul, and those who never thought of a sin and never ever committed a sin or indulged in any act of pleasure and those whose hearts are purer than any clear water and crystal, and those who have nothing but pure thoughts and good wishes for every human and animal and those whose hearts ascend to heaven and no human thoughts of lust, love or hate ever comes to their mind and no carnal inclinations ever enters their hearts. It is their sinlessness and their power which allows humans to live and breathe an air which is not contaminated with radiation. It is their love which causes mankind to be able to eat and survive without facing mass famine and starvation and plague or pandemics. And this saintly maiden was one such saint whose very existence on earth ensured that we were insured, but to my bitter sorrow, I had found her and from under my very grasp, I had lost her, whose very name evoked affection and whose face was so glamorous and beautiful that even the moon would shy away from it, but since she was so pious and chaste, she always wore full length black veils concealing her face when she ventured out of her home. Hidden from the view of unworthy souls in the embrace of the black veil, the gown she wore made her look elegant like an angel, but that angel was no more! Alas, oh fate! Ah, the misfortune! What calamity had befallen us! What fear plagues us! What have you left us behind to suffer from, oh saintly angel of God!

Every time I visited the town in India where she resided with her parents, my eyes would water in nostalgia and I admired the grass of the city wondering if her angelic feet had trod

upon it. I admired the vines, which had twined its graceful foliage about the oaks, and was lifted by it into sunshine, and I hoped that this tree had seen her walk past it. When I noticed a hardy plant rifted by the thunderbolt, vine clinging round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, as it was designed by nature and beautifully ordered by Providence, I hoped that some vestige of her piety and power remained alive in this part of New Delhi, and I prayed that the saintly woman who was humanity's stay and solace during times of sudden calamity would watch over us from the land of the dead, and descend herself occasionally into the rugged recesses of mankind's lair, and support our drooping head, and with her powerful prayers, bind the broken hearts of those who missed her, but I also knew that she was dead, never to return.

Death was cruel but for many people, it was the incidents that took place after death which caused them greater pain, such as many people in India or America who died unexpectedly without a will, and their family members who did not believe in mandatory burial, decided to cremate their bodies in the most brutal fashion. I found the idea of cremating the human body to be painful, but those I associated with told me they had used chemical cremation to dissolve the bodies of their deceased relatives. However, chemical disposition, or dissolution was a frightful idea, which many people subjected their dead to in this century, and to understand why they chose alkaline hydrolysis, over traditional cremation, I found out how it worked. The traditional cremation was flame-based, where extreme heat was used to burn and roast a person's body parts, sizzling each organ piece by piece, over several hours. The body was then vapourised and oxidised, leaving behind some bones that were then fed into a food processor and ground into powder-like ash, while those nearby can suffer from after-effects of harmful chemicals such as mercury which will enter their lungs when the amalgam fillings are vapourised during the burning process. Thus, some people avoid flame-based cremation and use acid-based solution to dissolve their loved one's body, by boiling it inside a pot filled with acrid chemicals, a process known as alkaline hydrolysis, and considered quite eco-friendly by environmentalists. Some family members preferred this form of boiling in favour of burning, because they claimed that after boiling the body of their beloved deceased in acid for several hours, they still had softened boned which they could dry and blend it in a food processor, and still receive an average of 20% more ash than they would with flame-based cremation. Other people who used acid to dissolve their dead family members felt that it was cheaper than burial, so they opted to put their loved one through it. Since for them, alkaline hydrolysis was a budget-friendly option, where they could participate in ash scattering or ash burial in a funeral service. What a brutal end it was to human life, where the body that these wealthy people spent millions on to decorate and apply makeup and other enhancements, were

to be dissolved and boiled in a pressure cooker until only some soft bones remained.

The human spirit can only be soothed and relieved by spiritual engagements, and self-respect can be alive by finding, that, though all ahead is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a God above, who had prepared a world of love in heaven, where the pious ones shall be the monarch. Whereas, no matter how beautiful and smart one may be, they are apt to run to waste and self-neglect without constant remembrance of God, and praying for the goodness of humanity, because without spiritual healing, one could fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and let his or her heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant. A faithless heart was a hopeless heart, for without the presence of an everlasting and loving God, no human could survive a day's pain in this world.

These observations call to mind a tragic story, of which I was once a witness. My friend's cousin was a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life, but she died a sudden death in her early twenties, and since she had no fortune, her family decided to cremate her rather than bury her traditionally. Whatever little money she had earned was gone during her lifetime, as she delighted in indulging in elegant pursuit, and experiencing those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about life to make it akin to a fairy tale. Her beauty care and skin routine cost a lot of money and took hours of her life away, as she took care to visit her beautician to have her stretch marks surgically removed, and used laser treatment to make sure her skin looked flawless. Her family opted to dissolve her young and supple body via alkaline hydrolysis machine which was comprised of a single chamber which that was air and watertight. The chamber her body was squeezed into was approximately the size of a passenger car, and could hold one hundred gallons of acidic liquid. What a horrifying experience it was!

Dreaming at Last, the Sorrows are O'er,

Take me away from the cruel city,

Which beguiled my sensitivity,

And deceived innocent souls like mine,

With falsehood and fake design!

**Take me away, so my soul may be free,
Take me along with my lifeless body,
So I may be buried under the fierce sand,
Where raging sand storms shall rule the land,
And dunes of dust and hills of hope,
Will surround me from every slope.
Let me enter eternity amongst those,
Who find in the deserts free repose,
Like the Bedouin who nightly travels,
Upon his courageous desert camels,
Or nomad riders upon Arabian stallions,
Who shall ride by me in brave battalions,
And I shall be safe from sorrow and sin,
Clean as the desert that is pure from within!**

The deceased young woman was placed into the single chamber, which actually looked similar to a giant cooking pot that chefs use to boil meat, and the metal pot was then sealed. From her body mass and weight, funeral directors determined how much acid they were going to use to boil her body in and what alkaline chemicals would be combined to form a solution to fill the chamber. The contents were added and was subjected to brutal heat of nearly 400 degrees Fahrenheit, and the pressure, and agitation was increased to ensure the body boiled enough to become a proper cremation. This process, I was later told, took nearly sixteen hours, and I shuddered in horror to thin know a beautiful young woman who spent every cent she earned on body care and beauty products, was now being boiled in acid, becoming pulverised like pot roast inside a pressure cooker, but the very people she had loved and cared about. What would happen to her flawless skin? And how could a human body, with luxuriant hair and rich features, be brutalised in such fashion merely because their heart ceased to

pump blood for a while? Was this the reality of life? Because if this was the end of us, then I no longer wanted to be alive or live one more moment in this cruel and friendless world. The young woman's body was gone, and her remains were mere pieces of bones and like flame cremation, all her fat and tissues and muscles were converted to organic compounds and carbon dioxide and water vapor, including salts and amino acids, and those liquid that resulted from boiling her body parts were then released via a bathroom drain to the local wastewater treatment authority in accordance with federal, or provincial laws and the water treatment authorities may have in some cases, diverted the water to be used for fertiliser because of the potassium and sodium content of her dissolved lungs and facial muscles!

Many celebrities and famous and wealthy people were known to have ordered this form of horrifying cremation for themselves, in order to save the environment from carbon emission, and so, they will to their lawyers to have their corpses boiled to pulp in such a pressure cooker, and the human body that bore a living and sane soul, was scheduled to be erased without a trace!

One Sorrow is Too Grievous to Grieve.

**Will my youthful face and vibrant hair,
Be bound to a bier in pitiless fear,
Or my reluctant corpse forced to remain,
Amidst the grave, with pestilence and pain,
Where loved ones shall dispense unwilling
vows,
Tossing cold dust and wreath above my
brows!?**

**If I am left alone to that final gloom,
Facing unknown terrors of the tomb,**

**And only worms to guard my dust,
In the cold earth they did entrust,
And over my youthful body and face,
Will battle and bloodshed take place,
And all around, sleeping in the plain,
Will be dead ones who died in pain?
Shall I be anointed with everlasting
loneliness,
Or the funeral services conclude in
weariness?
O let me buried in the dry desert sanctuary,
Where the wind cries more fiercely than me,
And where the Bedouin, free as a king,
Roam childlike in their traveling!**

**What a malicious calamity! How could I ever find pleasure in my life, or see a reason to prosper in life, or continue chasing after wealth, when my heart was besieged by these terrifying events that were inevitably scheduled to take place?
The only thing that helps distract me from this horror is to have hope in the future, and trying to help humanity the way she helped humanity, and the only idea that gives me solace is to find God, so the fear in my heart lessens, and I can sleep at night knowing I am not alone in this world.**

**We are nothing; some people realise it and some are too caught up with anger, stupidity and their hatred and jealousy for others to realise the truth about life and its end.
But with death, all hatred melts away when the person you hate does not exist and soon neither will we nor our enemies.
This world is a play, a game which many people confuse was the reality, but with death, the eyes open forever to reality. Some people, especially those who are passionate, forget about their entire purpose and become obsessed with hate and love for one**

person or the other and some people get too drunk and high on lust or jealousy and still some on hatred towards one religion or one person until death comes to destroy them and one day, death shall destroy the world itself- that world which billions of people worked to build and sustain- one day that world too shall end.

Man himself will destroy the world that they built for themselves. That is the reality of human lives. We destroy what we built. We destroy our own future and we hate what is good for us and we confuse the false world -for the real world. Man has made weapons powerful enough to destroy their planet hundred times over.

When human beings become enslaved to their lust and passion and become blinded by hate for one person and love for another until they have no soul or sanity or calmness or self-control to feel compassion or mercy without influence or selfishness, then humanity will become too distracted to be soulful or feel the pain of other humans. At one point, when the whole world becomes obsessed with sin and selfishness and stops feeling the pain of others and gets caught up in their own selfishness and ego and lust, then the next generation will learn only hate and passion and they will destroy the world without any remorse, and if their self-entitled ego or lust or want doesn't get enough acceptance or if someone angers them or takes away something they want, forgiveness they won't know, selflessness they won't know and only anger, lust, selfishness, self-superiority and hatred and vengeance shall rule their hearts. That is the day the world will destroy itself and its billion-year history and the billions of human souls whose life and living and history was written on this planet. How worthless a world it will be!

How worthless a life we fight to live for!

How meagre its timing how short its duration, yet how strong the greed of men and how fierce the hate of humans for each other, how twisted and wicked some human hearts are and how insecure we become and how we fight for something so trivial so useless so meaningless?!

Alas, so this was death! Suddenly, I burst into tears, thinking about the young saintly maiden, who was a chosen servant of God and was sent to this world to save humanity from harm, but was now gone and dead, and we were all alone, destined to die and suffer such horrifying fate as the young glamorous woman whose family had her cremated. If only that saintly young woman would be returned to us! Oh, why did she have to die? In the throbbing heart of an ancient Indian city, she lived in the midst of the perplexing embroidery of variety, this saintly maiden resided with her parents in their cosy home, where her pious manners and chastity became known only to a few, and her very life was a testament to the perseverance, purity, and unwavering commitment to God for she was a woman whose footsteps we all aspired to follow, because she was able to defy odds, and shatter stereotypes by being a young

saint of God, and perform incredible miracles, and I longed and wished and framed that would become an emblem of hope for billions due to her trailblazing journey in the land of piety and perseverance. Her tears were shed for billions, and yet no one knew her.

Ah, why was she so hopelessly obscure and unknown? Oh, why? Celebrities who cared about no one but themselves, and spent millions on lavish and selfish parties and ignored the suffering of others, and did not care when millions or billions of their die-hard fans starved to death while they basked in hundred-million-dollar jets and yachts, and still they were worshiped, known and loved by all, when this saintly maiden with a pure heart that only knew how to love was not known or loved by anyone.

She lived a sorrowful life, where her family mistrusted her, and her religion was vilified by the media which portrayed the likes of her as extremists, and with her veil hated, her religion humiliated, her faith defamed, her identity insulted, her beliefs defaced by the media and lied about by the press, she still lived only to better the lives of others. Why did they criticise the very veil that honoured her with chastity, and why did they have to insult the very faith that taught her dignity, to the point that she had no option to survive in this friendless world?

Why would she have to be born obscure, die obscure and unknown to man? Why? When she wept and cried her whole life for them, although she could have easily chosen to enjoy her life, but she loved every man and adored every child and wept for their sorrows? Why, O readers? Why do unworthy souls who hate everyone and plunder the wealth of others to enjoy more luxuries become famous, loved and known? Why do the most merciful ones have to be born unknown and die unknown, and be obscure and ignored by all, and why do they have to live in dishonour and even be vilified by the media and insulted and dismissed by family?

Although she lived with her parents, this pious saint's life was moulded by many turbulent events and she faced much internal turmoil especially when relocating from Riyadh to New Delhi, and her unique odyssey was both inspiring and hopeful for me, because I was able to meet her.

I never ceased to be impressed by her fine manners and behaviours, as her resolute obligation to God and her persistent advocacy for social justice, and her perseverance in the face of adversity, served to spread a profound impact of hope in all those who saw her, and she was a living testament to the lasting power of God, whose saints were able to perform impossible feats and miraculous events by which she made the world a better place. The very beauty of her character produced a harmonious combination for she was of somewhat serious cast; but she was often all life and gladness. I often noticed the mute rapture with which she would gaze heavenwards, and ponder over God's love, and in the midst of human praises and applause, her eye would turn only to God, for she sought favour

and acceptance from her Maker alone. Her slender form and fond confiding air with which she moved gave hope and comfort to all those who visited her, and each word from her lips dropped with cherishing tenderness, as if they were petals on a flowery path of dreams, where no fairer prospect of felicity could manifest.

My life went on, although I did not know how. My brother got married and soon, he had a son, and I doated the little infant with all my heart. But even as I accompanied my brother and his wife to their home from the maternity ward, and carried the new born baby boy in my arms, I wept all the way. Indeed, I wept when I held my first nephew in my arms, as I prayed that he didn't suffer like me. I prayed this infant would find a purpose in life, and achieve something that went beyond death into eternity because this world was false and all its wealth and gold were mere metals and the money that people killed and died for was monopoly fake papers and the food was nothing but human waste in the end. While we drove back and my father slowed the car to let the funeral procession pass by on the road, in front of our car, I could not bear to sit still or make my eyes raise up or even look at the hearse, because I was crying bitterly because I realised that this unknown person had died for certain, and, perhaps the people accompanying the coffin to the cemetery did not know they could die soon, and the person who had died already most certainly did not he would die until the very morning of his or her death or maybe realised this only seconds before his final breath. Now, the end of their life was here, either a shallow mouldy grave or the heated fiery oven of a crematorium was their final destination and their life's end. It was jarring to think of this, for I could not make myself believe that one day, that would be my end too. In sudden hysteria, I wanted to scream and cry and wail like a mad woman, but I felt as though my heart would burst holding back the madness of my hopeless and strangled weeping, knowing that no matter how many degrees I earned, or how much money I saved, all will be useless in death, for no diploma or check book will avail me inside the grave.

It was worse to live in wealth and affluence and then to have to leave it and die. It was far better to be living so painful a life that death would seem like a reprieve.

How could one live in a mansion and wonder if and when death would come for them and take them away in a small cardboard box and that would be their end, and the end of their wealth and fame and power and happiness? I suddenly realised that a man with a hundred-billion-dollar net worth and a poor man with a hundred dollar in his bank will die the same death, and

it will take the same amount of time to burn to ashes in a crematorium.

How mundane and sorrowful a human life can be, when their very own loved ones will toss them into a burning oven to be broiled like chicken, which needs to be in the oven for at least one hour to be fully cooked. Officials in the crematorium state that a human with a decent body mass would take around five hours to be fully roasted and burned to chars, and then those bone fragments of the noble body are swept with a broom and tossed into a food processor to be further pulverised and reduced to powdery particles, small enough to be washed down the kitchen sink drain.

Yet, people fight for this life. Yet, they kill and murder for some power with which they will be able to preach some hatred towards a religion which teaches people not to hurt or kill, and to serve God and humanity.

How mundane and meagre the time is in this world, and still, everyone fights to live longer, knowing very well that death will find everyone.

What a worthless world where everyone's death is written in stone, and still, they struggle to live forever! How they fight and frame others. They forget their end will come any minute, and how horrifying an end that is.

The irony never escapes me.

How worthless we are and how worthy we think ourselves to be. How short the life, how lingering the malice, how passionate the anger, how cruel the action and how weak the body!

It is unimaginable to think that some people's hate

Those who defame others, or insult the religion of their peers, due to a romantic rivalry or because of wealth disparities, or those who torture and destroy the lives of people in order to gain more power or riches, or become mad to torment an entire race or religion due to a minor difference in ideology, or try to take revenge on someone due to disagreement over sexuality or class, their foolishness is astounding.

Imagine how stupid and how blinded they must be to become so obsessed with someone, that they spend every second of this life's few counted moments to hurt and destroy the lives of others. They drown their souls in hate and forget that soon, their precious body will become the food of insect and worms.

Are they blind, or have they become completely blinded from passion? Or was every ounce of brain melted away from their sight due to the overwhelming hate in their mind? Those who fund wars and bloodshed, and hurt others endlessly and sow enmity amongst friends- don't they know what will become of them two days later?

To Die Unworthy and Unknown.

Oh, I am enthralled by life but pursued by death,

Who seeks to seize my youthful breath!

Oh, life and death, that pained me with false charms,

My soul now longs for the freedom in desert's storms!

When I succumb to death's dreadful confines,

O do not bury me with strangers of bygone times!

Oh, pity my tormented heart and do not abandon me,

To cold dark graves where there is malice and mockery,

In the midst of strangers or sinners or foes,

I do not wish to be buried with my woes!

Away from dark altars, and rigorous fears,

**Let me rest in a land of perpetual prayers,
Beneath the gentle sands of golden Arabia,
Let me lie forever without hate or hysteria,
So my soul never again shall be alone,
But near nomads and their firestone!
O do not keep me in a human city or plain,
Where the cruel cries of their godless main,
Will overpower my soul in vain,
Hopeless and hated, in pitiless pain!
Where all my flowering dreams and desire,
Shall be burned in a blazing fire,
And this fine form and face which I own,
Shall be tossed in a burning oven alone!
But mine own soul would still be alive,
And that inferno I would have to survive,
But all joys from my crushed life be drawn,
Every hope extinguished like the light of dawn!**

How terrible a thing death could be for those who were unprepared for it! I used to have lots of friends and spend quality time with them and apply hair care and make routine with one another but now, every time I saw my friends, I only wondered when I would have to leave them or when they all would be taken away from me, one by one, and then I will be alone, waiting for the axe of death to fall upon my unsuspecting head. Everything that gave me happiness before now brings only sorrow. We do not make friends in a train station or while

in transit, because why bother to do so when all will have to leave one another in death. It made me doubly sad. We don't spend our life furnishing our seat in the airplane or transit, because we know our time on it will be brief.

I met certain individuals who said they had their loved ones cremated rather than buried because burial cost more money, and they preferred to use their share of inheritance to purchase useful items like cars and jewelleries, rather than buy a two-feet by six-feet plot of land to bury the person whose money they will all be enjoying for the next fifty years. One youth claimed compassion and said he gave the funeral homes directives to conduct an alkaline cremation for his parents who died of old age. Burning, he felt was rather harsh, but according to the officials who supervised the water cremation, it was no better than burning one alive.

Those who were unfortunate enough to die in this world faced either burning after death, which was traditional cremation, or boiling to vapour after death, which was kindly referred to as alkaline hydrolysis. Many people added alkaline hydrolysis in their will, hoping it would be less painful, as it was technically a chemical and flameless cremation, but I witnessed otherwise.

When a relative of mine passed away in New Jersey, I briefly went to the funeral home to pay respects to the elderly woman who died, and there, I witnessed the most terrible ordeal that could ever face a creature, living or dead. There I saw several people stuffing their beloved family member inside a steel box to be cremated chemically. I did not want to witness the event, but as I was in the same section, I could not help watching what transpired.

I was told that they were conducting an alkaline hydrolysis to the body, which was very similar to flame-based cremation. I froze when they pressed the body with a water-soluble shroud, and placed into a stainless-steel chamber, which essentially looked like a giant pressure cooker, where chefs cooked pot roasts. The cooking pot was then filled with a solution of acrid smelling acid and some pungent liquid, possibly potassium hydroxide or lye with the body sealed within, and then the cremation chamber was heated to more than 400 degrees Fahrenheit, and with a deathly gurgling noise, the acid was heated to the most frightening level and the burning solution moved around the body with a brutal rocking motion, with each movement dissolving huge pieces of flesh and muscle from the body of the elderly woman who had the misfortune of dying that day.

Over a several-hour process, the acidic solution broke down the body piece by piece, as though speedily decomposing it, and

after three hours, when the process was complete, the old lady's loved ones were allowed to see the remains, and they opened the metal basket and showed them what remained of the woman. I cried in anguish, but my comrades were quick to rush in and hide my face from the sight, for where an hour earlier, an adult woman was placed, now there remained only several softened bone fragment of her body and several teeth swimming in the acid which had dissolved all her muscle and flesh.

One of the old dead lady's children asked the funeral home to dry the woman's bones and then grind them into ash similar to what they would have done in a flame-based cremation!

Ah, what a dreadful experience it was for me, and ever since that pitiful day, I could not go to New Jersey anymore, for fear that humans were being boiled in this manner.

I did not want to end like this, if this is the end, so if there was a God, then i longed to be near the God's eternal heaven and bask in glory in that peaceful heaven, away from the torments of these earthly cremation chambers where beautiful human bodies that were perfected with finest attires and energised with the most organic and healthy food supplies, were tossed inside stone oven like a pizza and burned to ashes.

What a bitter end it would be if I too had to end up in an oven and become dust.

If I was a kid, then I could have made myself live in a make-believe world and pretend that all there is to life was this brief existence in this planet, but I was not a child, and I knew the reality well enough to understand that no matter how much I pretended that death will not come, it will arrive on its appointed time and take us all away to the land of the dead.

If there was some way, I could be like this saintly maiden in spirituality and faith, then I would not have to be so afraid. She was not afraid of death, so she beckoned it, and she was eager for it, for the God of death was her friend.

Grim thoughts of death and life after it kept my mind preoccupied, and even as I travelled from state to state with my parents, I could not appreciate the true beauty of nature anymore, for my heart belonged to some other realm now. Long rides in highways did not seem dreamlike to me, and when we stopped to buy food, I did not feel elated as I used to during my adolescence, and it was no longer the fun money the way I felt when I was a young child just 10 years ago, when we stopped randomly at rest areas and my parents let us freely buy

whatever we wanted from the store and we brought every kind of chocolate bars, chips, juices and drinks, and enjoyed pleasant rides in the countryside. This time, when we stopped in one of the rest area near the highway exits, the dreams of girlhood were broken and truth had forced me out to fight it, and I stood by waiting for my food order and although the smell of the fresh baked goods were intensely pleasant, but a sudden thought came over me, making me nauseous and break down into crying again and so I ran out, no longer able to bring my pack of sizzling fast food back into the car. The thought which made me weep until I thought I would die tonight was that what if this food that I ate would be my last meal, what if death took me while I ate in relish and this burger and coffee and cakes and pizza would be weltering inside the stomach of my corpse. Oh, what a dreadful thought it was, and I no longer wanted food and I no longer wanted to eat and so, I walked by the cars and into the darkness in deserted roads where I could almost see the stars, while my siblings and cousins laughed and lived the lie of life. They continued to enjoy living while I cried out into the stars and wept my heart out. I had to know the reality and accept the truth. I could not be naive any longer even though the New York high life sometimes distracted me, with its fast-paced life and the innumerable charity events. Indeed, the plethora of noble and good causes that I took part in made me believe my life was worth living and the skyscrapers, the fast cars, the blazing headlights and the workaholic people, and the endlessly high night life made me forget about the end, my end, and the end of every life, for this is what the city did to others. But removing oneself from earthly distractions could often rekindle reminiscence and now, faced with the dark roads of the country side and the cemetery that lay abandoned for years and decades and the funeral homes and the useless living of human life and death and feeling alone in a world where death would make all those alone who never were alone, struck my heart with terror and came like a jolt. I felt severe pain and sadness for all those whom I saw, for I felt their pain and I wept for them too. Their sadness, their end and the uselessness of their life and their endeavours made this existence doubly painful. I didn't want to go on living a useless life, only to die. I couldn't, because my body wouldn't let me and my mind was too intelligent not to comprehend the finality of death and the fake ends of life and love and living. I wanted to live for a cause, to give people a reason to go on when their hearts gave up. Oh, I wanted that saintly young woman back so desperately to tell me more about her God and her faith and that universe beyond our own about which she was so sure. I wanted to live for that life, for it was a life that would never end, and so, I wanted to share it with the world. I wanted all of humanity to know that death and suffering and all heartbreak that tormented the human soul would one day end. With a piety like hers, I would be able to calm the aching hearts of all tormented human souls who had nothing to live for and no life but pain, and ai could reassure

them that there was a life beyond this temporary life, where God alone shall be King and His heaven will be free, wherein they would live on forever in that world under that Benevolent God who gave her so much love and power. I knew that God was merciful and I knew that one day all the pain and suffering and all the heartbreak and the madness of agony would stop. I wish I could tell everyone that we were made to live for eternity and meet our loved ones one day in that eternal life.

I dreamt and I wished to be strong and brave like the saintly maiden who had died in her prime, so I reminisced memories of her pious life, because if I didn't, then certainly I could not have survived. I could not trust myself enough to find the strength to go on living this lie of temporary human existence and eternal suffering. I wept into the darkness of the silent night until in my desperate agony, I forgot the pain of living.

For weeks, I cried.

I wept until I thought my heart could no longer beat with the pain that drowned me.

I wept for myself and for those humans who suffer and die with no hope of reuniting and no hope for justice and salvation.

I wept because I didn't know what else to do.

Alas! What happened that I forget all languages except the language of my tears?

With tears, I tried to express my emotions and channel my fears and frustrations. I wept for the orphans who died never to know the warmth of their mother's embrace.

How could one continue living with humans who were obsessed with human and whose hearts were filled with human obsession and they age and love and their slavery or their lovers of spouses or children?

To her, all men and women and children were equal, for to God, they were equal so she felt their pain as if it were her own, never caring about their religious views or political views before feeling sorry for them.

She was love,

Because God was love.

She was God's own friend.

And God was her friend.

She wouldn't blame men for the torment they would mete out to her, nor would she hate God for the torment and hate that men meted out to her.

Her love was above and beyond that; A love no hate could shake and no anger falter and because I knew her, I came to know God and because I knew God, I knew love.

Because I knew love, I knew humanity.

I wept for the widows who couldn't imagine a life or even an hour without their husbands who cared for them and protected them from the terrifying world of unknown betrayals and cruelty.

I wept for the parents who lost their beloved child that loved them, and I shed tears for those mothers who had no friends, except their daughters or those mothers whom all abandoned but their sons, who were now lost to death forever and she being so old would never have another child or feel that love again!

I wept for the suffering of every human soul whom the world tormented and I tried to feel the anguish of those betrayed by death.

I wept for those who wept, and I cried for those mothers whose tears watered the ground their children lay in, and those who thought their beloved would never be returned to them from the land of the dead, for this was the ultimate reality of life.

No, it could not be! This human soul which loved so powerfully that all the stars would envy them and the sun would burn out by the power of that human love, but surely, it could never die. How could death overpower such deep feelings of the human soul? How could life end here in this useless world of a handful days? How could death be the end of the electrifying story of the human soul? Humans were complex creatures with a sensitive heart and brilliant mind, and this human soul that struck thunder and outpowered the tsunami of every hurricane and tornado, I could not fathom how could a thing called death put an end to all that?

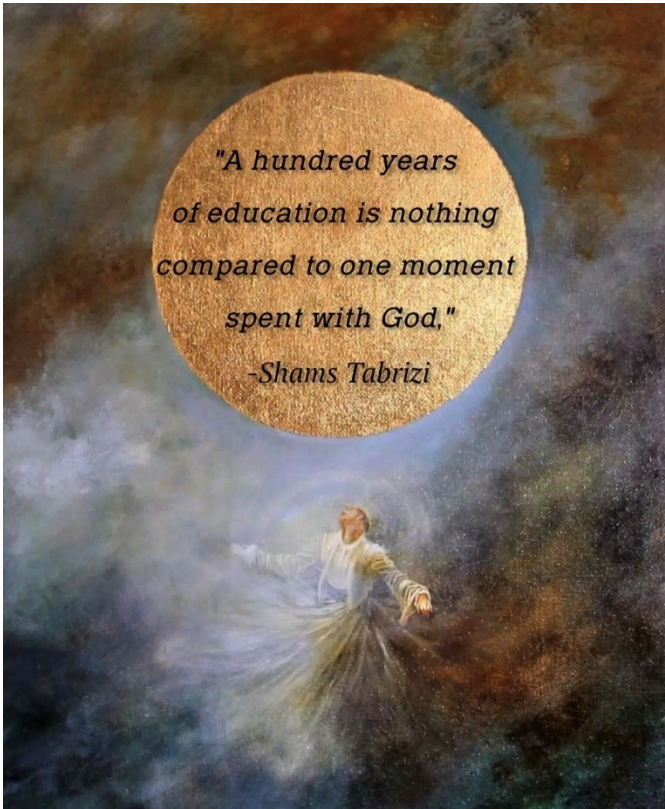
My heart wouldn't believe this and neither could I because I was in denial. The world was now witnessing a return to many of the past atrocities and wars, and every year, we are informed of a new form of genocide taking place against innocents, many of the victims being children and women. It was these saints like this pious young woman whose prayers allowed the world to continue resembling a portion of civilisation, as she could not tolerate seeing others in pain and abhorred a biased policies and unethical behaviour and was pained to see immoral and unjust actions taking place and hence her prayers set precedent for course correction. Their very existence had everything to do with the quest for justice for the people of earth, who have been victims of illegal wars or occupation, or city dwellers and refugees who had suffered from continuous suppression and utter injustice at the hands of stronger foes, while the rest of the world looked on with deafening silence, even condoning them more often than not. It was therefore frightfully painful for me to hear that one of the most powerful and pure saints of God was dead and no more would she be present to pray for the deliverance of every segment of society, from coast to coast, seeking justice and an end of all wars and genocide.

While the vast majority of the people of the world were blind to what was happening in war torn locales, this saintly maiden's heart bled for the suffering of helpless victims, as she was not deaf to the frantic cries for help of humans who were trapped in war zones.

When I visited her in India, I noticed that her home was utterly serene, and was not just a place where one could go to get a blessing or prayer, but it was a centre of excellence and purity. Her very persona suggested that it she was the vortex where the universal values of mercy, justice and ethics were nurtured and embedded in the minds of humanity. In fact, her piety and chastity were so profound that it echoed with the greatness of spirituality and piety. In the land of the saints and the home of the chaste, this saintly maiden lived in her own spiritual world, but when she saw someone suffering, she spoke out freely against visible injustice and her bravery of condemning cruelty and genocide would be acknowledged by others. There was a reason for the human soul to be born, and she existed for a reason and a purpose which was for the eternal existence of a love that could never die with death. The stars didn't impress me, nor the Milky ways or the universe or multiverse for one human soul held inside it more feelings and greatness than all the existence of the known universe and I knew human souls live on for eternity and resided in the afterlife, where indeed a life beyond death and world beyond our temporary world and a power beyond what our eyes could see and a God beyond what our ears could hear and even our mind could imagine existed.

I had to believe in order to live that eternal life and reach that true unending world still unknown to us and yet known, we had to lead exemplary lives here in this planet. Today, we age, enjoy life and die, and one day we would be there and we would live forever and this life was not the end.

And the funeral homes which stacked dead bodies like packages of rubbish and trash, and disposed of the remains in by emptying out bone fragments from cremation chambers and crushing the organic materials in food processors or blenders did not signify the end of life. Those weren't the end of the human soul which were like me and loved like me and prayed like me and whose tears could outflow the fiercest rainfall. That our soul and our body and our life wouldn't end here, of this I was certain. Because of the saintly woman, I believed in her God. And I believe in immortality and I believe in the power of human love and that we are not and could never be like animals that eat, mate, hunt and die. We the humans who built rockets and remembered loved ones for decades and we who helped save helpless ones, and sacrificed for others and wept and cried and prayed would not end up dead like the dead rats and cockroaches and pigs who are burned, killed or cooked or consumed. I repeated these convictions to myself, but still, every time I passed by a funeral home, and saw a hearse, my heart throbbed painfully I cried and cried and cried. I often found myself crying for myself, or crying for my nation, or my community, and I also cried for the lovely maiden who passed away despite being able to perform so many incredible miracles and that saintly soul whose waking hours were perpetually filled with prayer, tears, and supplication, knowing that her soul could reach the cosmos and that her wailing and crying would reach the heavens and that her love for humanity would reach the God Who made them and due to her prayers, and piety, we would be saved. From her, I gained conviction that we would be returned to life once we died and we would live on forever and that no death could end us and no grave decompose us and no fire could burn the power of the human love and no death could kill the human soul.



*"A hundred years
of education is nothing
compared to one moment
spent with God,"
-Shams Tabrizi*

BE MERCIFUL, O GOD!

God, our Maker, if we had but truth,

To believe in Thee all our youth!

Lost Thy truth, which perchance

We wasted in song and dance:

So, we may gain, in searching, mightier powers,

For manlier use in those foreshadowed hours.

The sinners shall be consumed in their iniquity,

And their riches shall not profit remotely,

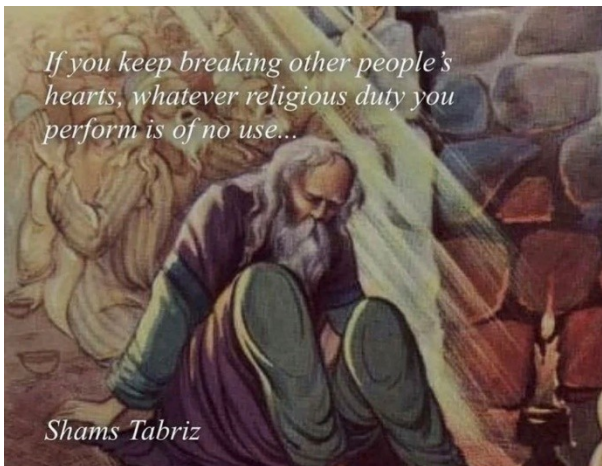
And all they build shall be wasted and wrecked,

As though overthrown by strangers in neglect.

**And the God of the ages will abhor the man of
blood**

**And will break the haughty one with a burning
flood,**

**Like a potter's vessel, He will bring low their pride
And silence their psaltery and erase their hide,
And make their voice sound, like a ghost from the
dust,
And demolish their battlements and God will be
just!
And their houses of pleasure, which they vainly
built,
Shall be shattered with all their sin and guilt;
God shall be there, and make over their
inheritance,
To strangers and aliens, amid pain and pestilence,
And the gadfly shall sting them to determined
destruction,
And they shall be trodden of passers-by unto
annihilation,
Like a ground or a street, trampled to
insurrection!
Therefore, turn ye from their counsel and their
surrogate,
Nor vie with them lest your fate be as that of
these arrogant!
- SOLOMON GABIROL**



Vengeance of the World:

I stood amidst the ruins of my past life and the world that I knew of- until then, knowing I could never return to that life the same way I had left it. That I was changed into someone I could never recognise and that my heart had forgotten all about me in its obsession to drown itself in sorrows which I didn't know I had hidden deep inside my afraid soul.

Night time I braved, forests I could cross, oceans I stopped fearing -and no storm or hurricane could falter my feet or make my heart beat any more faster, for I had seen her God's power within her, and I had seen her connection with the heavens, and for a few moments I could almost feel her God near me.

The past melted away into clouds of smoke and mist, and the future started terrorising me with unknown fears and a hopelessness that can never find hope. She appeared to me as a warner or a symbol of God's presence in this world which belonged to the devil. The world was often relentless and it raised us a host of enemies, but procured me one pious friend, who was well verse in piety, by her genius and the peculiar cast of her position, to appreciate all that was singular and admirable in mankind.

She had a certain inspiring majesty that distinguished her from others, and was full of grace, fervour, possessed a wealth of imagery in her life, and had a delicacy of fancy and sombre power in her words, and even her liturgical poems were comforting as she repeated those prayers often as reminder of the evanescence of terrestrial things, and of the divine judgment after death, to be prepared for in life by repentance and contrition. Her unshaken faith and love for God made her a role model to me.

Indeed, she stood against the millions of souls whose sin marred the visage of the vision of God's glory and she stood alone in a world where the stench of mankind's sin barred God from the strength or power of coming near us, as she was the

only path between mankind and their sinless Creator who created them sinless until they destroyed themselves with their own passion and blind slavery towards each other's flesh and blood - worshipping and taking humans as God and forgetting their own God to the point that they loved and worshipped man more than the God who made them and blessed them as humans and sent them only so they could earn the heavens built solely for them. But men sinned and lusted and enslaved after each other, disobeying and defying God and obeying and worshipping humans in God's stead, until the sins of their flesh made the world so filthy and so vile and so foul smelling that it destroys the bridge which connected our world with God, and now when we shall suffer and languish because of the sins of men, God cannot and shall not be able to come to comfort us for our sins have become so foul smelling and rotting that our souls and its light can no longer reach heavens.

Indeed, the world hungers for the blood of people who sin above it. Athirst for vengeance, the world waits menacingly as more and more humans trample above it, defiling its soil with sin and filth, ruining its air with cruelty and fear, tarnishing its landscape with sinful serenades, and destroying its peace with lust and slavery.

The world of ours was battered with so much cruelty and pain that it tolerated warily, until it became so broken and started to batter those who were inconsiderate to it, and now with this saintly woman gone, the world was destined to suffer.

I could not stop myself from mourning her from time to time:

Honoured be your memory! Oh, sinless heart!

Honoured be your God and your faith!

May your tears never be lost in oblivion!

May your pain never be in vain!

And may your suffering be the sacrifice that shall save all the women of honour from the dishonour of faithlessness!

Sublime woman, you shall not have lived and died in vain!

Your tears shall never be forgotten oh, betrayed soul!

Your sobbing shall never fade away into the deafness of history!

May the pain of your heart be the torch that shall light the path of honour for all women and children who are being abused and groomed by abusers and sick enslaved souls.

Our world of billions of misguided souls yearns and hunger for saints like you!

Oh, the one who was unblemished by hate or lust! How shall the women and children of our world survive the wrath of godless honourless men, now that you are gone? The world has made us all ill and infected us with the disease of sexual lust and greed and vengeance!

Oh, I fear our suffering is near! Our end is so near yet we are so distracted with lust and anger and self-entitled greatness!

There is no doubt that the more sin man does over the earth, the more world become monstrous in its reaction and becomes mad to devour and destroy all those on it.

Indeed, this is the wrath of world, that no power could reign in or control and only this virtuous maiden's prayers and tears controlled its rage to a point, until she too was gone, and with her, our last hope, as she was the last of her kind.

Now, the world will rage up and eat and burn all those who have defiled and disgraced its landscape. We do not live over an unfeeling piece of rock or metal, but the world itself seems to have a mind of its own, and it pains Earth most harshly to see those sinful creatures trample over its bosom and disregard all conventions of morality and chastity. Indeed, inanimate things often have a soul and a heart more vigorous than even those humans of flesh and blood who sometimes have none.

Unfeeling earth perhaps feel more pain and abuse, than those of us made of flesh and blood, and so, the more mankind sins on earth, the more earth become enraged. I fear so much sin man had done on it, that hope is gone, and I fear earth will destroy its own crops and eat up its own air and burn down the sea and evaporate its oceans to punish sinful men.

Only the presence of a selected few angelic humans like this unsullied woman could have persuaded the world to remain calm, but indeed, she was the last of her kind and the earth had reached its limit!

O world! What will satiate your hunger for human souls that have sinned? Have you not tortured all the saints enough?

Alas, with her death, the last bridge between mankind and the heavens got burned down.

We are drowning in our madness, in our own hell. The loneliness, the pain and the fear of living is enough for some humans to lose track of life and to find the strength to keep living. In the midst of all this pain and horror, it was these saints of God who gave life hope and clarity, and people like her gave hope to the people who were terrified of life for she had built her connection with the most mighty Lord. Herself helpless and sad, but her relationship with God was what kept her going. She was utterly pious and pure, and she prayed with such desperation as if she would die if she stopped her prayers even for a moment. She kept going back to God, like a child who keeps returning to its mother. Every night, every day, every place, every event, every moment, she hurried away and spread her prayer mat and started praying, standing or sitting and bowing to the God of Abraham, the mighty Lord of all the heavens and earth. She was no worshipper of human beings like the lovers and romancers do this world, but she worshipped a pure Supreme Being and it suited her purity and her piety to be thus free. She found love and honour and contentment in God, and preferred to be away from the hate and anger of people. For some people, life was brutal, but for her, life was nothing but a journey of getting to know her God.

She was steadfast in faith and firm in prayers. How could the world break her, for no one could break a person who only sought validation from her Maker?

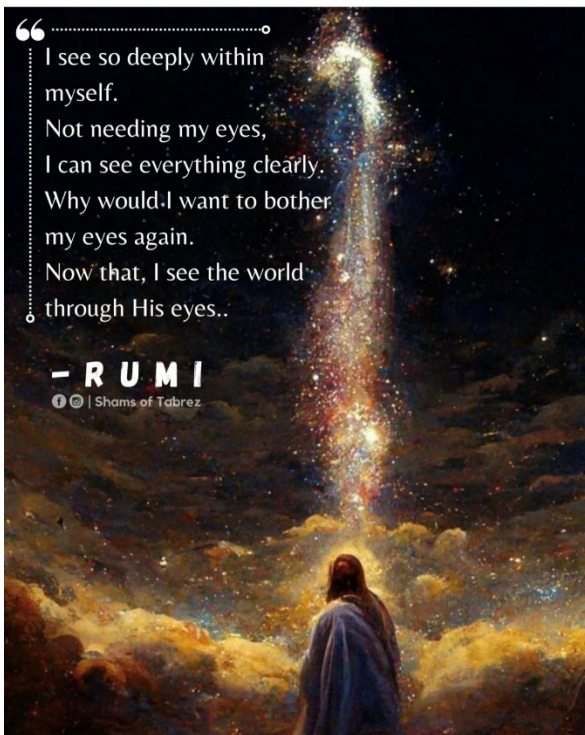
In the time that I spent in her company, I observed her carefully, and thought she appeared tired, and seemed weary of life and weary of the talks and distractions of human life, and after spending so much time sitting next to her, I too became fluent in the language of silence.

When I left New Delhi, I couldn't forget her, not her face, not her spirituality, and not her kindness. I recall when she entered a room, it felt as though the heavens itself came crumbling down. There was a feeling inside of a sort of enlightened power that she carried within her frail fragile frame that warmth my heart.

I took many attempts to speak with her, but the thread of conversation would come to an abrupt end for even if I asked her a thousand questions, she never asked me any in return, and whenever I tried to look a little long or maintain eye contact with her, I would become breathless in awe and fear and my heart would stop beating, making me become short of

breath, because no matter how desperately I tried, I could never look long enough into her eyes, whether during daylight or nighttime, for her eyes looked as if they had lights and rays of a thousand suns emanating from them. It was terrifying to feel so unworldly whenever she looked at someone, although she barely took her eyes off the ground, but it was as if she could look deep into your soul and see your past and future and also behold the angels beside you and the fate of your afterlife in front of you.

I suspected her of many miraculous actions or things, as sometimes when we came across some obviously sinful people and although she would be unaware for their presence, I noticed her becoming agitated and her beautiful face paled as though petrified of something and sometimes when some old religious man or women came near her ,I saw her happy and calm making me believe that she could see something or know something about people merely by their presence, (it terrified me to think could she see a person's position or future in the afterlife or was it something completely different which made her fret whenever someone obviously sinful came near her place.



LAMENTATION

**All who strayed in youth, rouse up, nor sleep for
alas-**

**Lo! the days of youth like clouds of smoke will
pass.**

**Ere evening falls, thou shalt be withered fading
grass,**

Though morning saw thee like a lily blow,

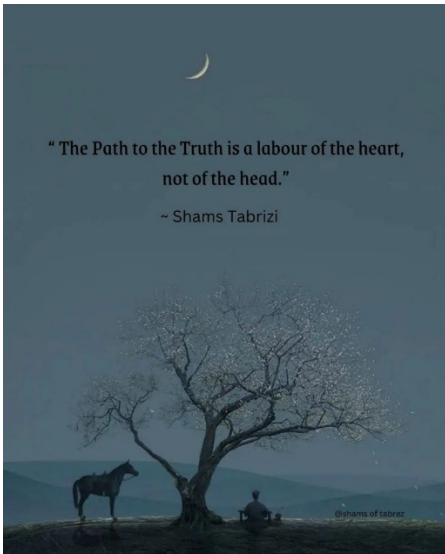
That forgot to nurture, revive, and grow,

Why waste on ancestors a heated breath,

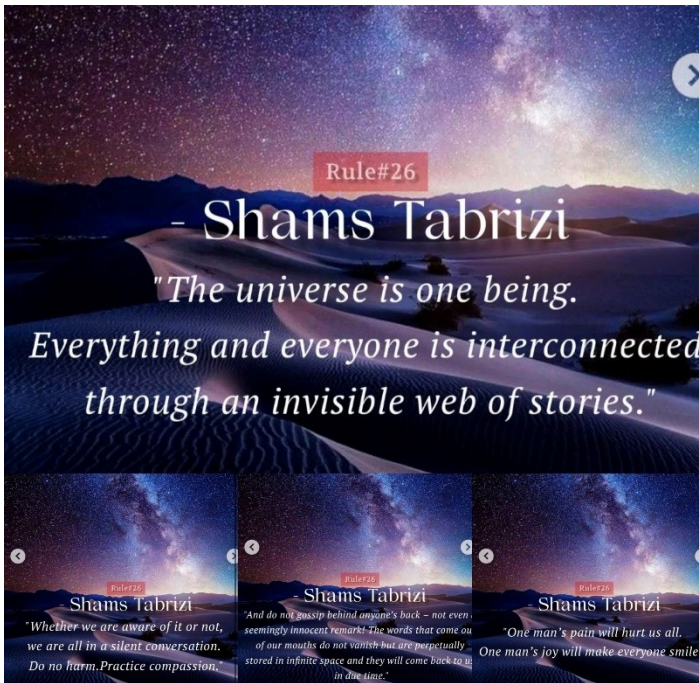
**Or note which progeny was from Abraham's
health?**

**Whether his food be herbs that gives strength,
Man, wretched wight, is on his way to death!**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



The Changing Pattern of My Life:



When I landed in JFK later that week, I was a changed person, I couldn't recognise my friends any longer, and our views were now different and my life changed, and my world was different. How could they ever understand that I was forced into a different dimension, to witness another world and see another life and walk another path. In fact, I would not recognise my previous self if I were to meet myself just ten days ago.

Suddenly, the world around me lost all its meaning, because in those brief days in India, I had travelled to another world, and saw another place from where my heart could not return, although I physically came back, but my mind was still rallying in a foreign land of death and desolation. Life was still here, and I was still alive, but rather than immersing myself in the daily activities of life, I stood back watching the things of people and did not understand why they lived for those, and why they worked or loved and lived as if this world was the real world. Why would they love and suffer for a thing that was not promised and was so temporary and was such a flimsy illusion?

This world was not what I lived for any longer because through this saintly maiden, the truth of the hereafter manifested itself to me, and I glimpsed another power in an eternal life within the everlasting world beyond my own. How does a human being

continue living after being attacked with the truth and reality so viciously that it destroys their entire image of what they had known to be the perfect world. how does someone continue living the lie when they are proven over and over again that there were two lives hidden within the world we saw and knew of, one was spiritual and the other was physical. And that the physical part was utter lies and absolute falsehood that came to an abrupt end and became nothing the moment death rapped at the door of the human soul. How does someone come to par with that and continue to live blindly amongst the raving lunatics of people who has become as simple as children who fight over temporary toys and bullies each other and thinks there is nothing more in life?

Her chastity, her humanity and her shyness were so severe that after seeing her I could never respect anyone who were focused on human lust any longer. These celebrities that I once looked up at appeared so completely disrespectful to me. I did not want to judge them. But I have no right to judge them because I would have been one of them had I not seen her and been in her ethereal company.

After seeing her, the view of my world and the standard of my respect changed so drastically and so tremendously that I could not even consider anyone other than her as an object of admiration and a standard of celebrity to honour and respect.

Shyness was her virtue, chastity her blood. Piety and purity her soul. And the unawareness of human focus was the DNA of her mind, of all the things that I saw manifested in her nature and in her attributes, her supreme chastity was her greatest attribute; looking back now I realized that everything about her was the absence of human attachment or thinking.

So detached her world and her heart was from men and lust, so detached from human physical attention- admiration - attraction and everything else.

She was the epitome of what freedom should be. So free, yet caring, so honourable yet so humble, so sublime that she could fly in the air yet she sat on the floor and knew no difference between herself and the street urchins and housemaids.

My world and my society of politics social events and things that were focused on the worldly life of humans and their love and moments of this passing life, whether for goodness or not, every word, every event, every action, every reaction, every movie, every sentence, every lyric was based focused dependent on human beings and human focus and human connections.

If one is to be raised in the world of people, eventually the heart becomes empty and the soul becomes too injured and too tormented and too defiled by human love and hate and human happiness and danger and human pleasure and displeasure.

If only every man could spare an hour or 30 minutes of their life to focus on the heavens above and force all thoughts of humans out of their hearts and minds then indeed every man's soul would return to their own heart and divinity of God and the purity of the heavenly abide would penetrate their soul and purify their nature and rectify their ambition and focus.

One hour of freedom from human bondage, one hour of freedom from human thoughts and obsession can emanate a dignity and exude a power from the heavenly realm.

A Knell on a Neighbour:

I grew up in a cosy and lovely neighbourhood, with preened homes and manicured lawn surrounding each property adjacent to our house, but the star attraction in my block was the house at the far end of the road, which belonged to a family friend, whose children went to school with my younger brother. I always marvelled at the perfection of this family, and my mother talked about how beautiful their furniture and curtains were.

In addition to being unusually wealthy, the neighbour was nice and very friendly, and my younger brother went to the same school as the only son of the neighbour, as they were of the same age. I would be surprised at the well-mannered behaviour of those children, because oftentimes, the little boy would walk over to our house early in the morning waiting to go to school together with my brother, but due to his fine manners, he used to wait for nearly half an hour outside our house without knocking, and patiently waiting for my mother to bring her car out of the garage to take the two boys to school. For nearly three years, the neighbour's children and my brother commuted to school together, either with my parents or theirs.

Aside from being keen on education, the family took excellent care of their property, and every month, they embellished the interior and exterior of their home with brass and marble, carving gold decorations on the fences and gates. They spent tens of thousands of dollars on snow removal each year, and the preened front lawns of their property was eternally groomed and exquisite.

However much I loved to watch their home and admire their palatial garden, the greatest attraction in this neighbour's household were their three lovely children and a very kind and sweet land lady, who was my mother's dear friend.

She visited our home often and brought homemade cookies and pastries for us, and I loved her like a dear aunt or relative.

One day she casually stopped by to leave her children with us, as she had a doctor's appointment, but when she returned a few hours later, I sensed a change, and saw that she was weeping. Her beautiful face was pale, and she told my mother that the doctor had discovered cancer cells in her blood and would conduct more tests to be sure. After she fell ill, for the first two years, she remained indoors, and passed the summer winter in genteel and plethoric seclusion.

I was very young at that time, and had never even ventured out of my home city, but from her expression, I understood the pain enough to realise that she was in agony.

The weeks and months following that day flew by, and for the next two and half years, I saw less and less of the wealthy neighbour's wife, as she lay bedridden in her home for the majority of the time.

Her son still came to our house to wait for my mother to take him to school with my little brother, but he looked sad and worried even in his young age. The child perhaps sensed that his mother was not going to remain on earth for too long. I felt a tinge of sympathy in my heart for the grieving little boy, because I knew if my mother ever fell ill, I could not have been able to tolerate the pain and sadness.

Her oldest child was not yet a teenager, and he lived as happy a life as it was granted to many young persons to live under the loving guidance of the kind and beautiful mother, who looked as classy as she was compassionate, and often wore that air of pleased good humour that is a passport to every heart, and blooming like a rose, in spite of the fact that she was entering her middle age.

She was gracefully tall, with fearless and brilliant eyes that all her children had inherited, and her skin would appear as white as milk, with a clear pink colour in the cheeks, as she looked more and more happy with each passing day, and welcomed all to her mansion with grace and gifts.

She was one of those rare shining beauties that brightened the world.

She often joked with my mother that her good looks became such as to be quite embarrassing both to herself and to her husband, for she could never go out alone without being stared or receiving thousands of compliments, and even in her husband and children's company attracted, a vast deal of attention.

My mother took me along with her to one of the last hospital visits to see the rich neighbour, and when we entered the cancer ward, I noticed that the wealthy woman was housed in her own cabin, and as she recognised my mother, and tried to speak, her voice died away, and disappeared into the scores of plastic pipes that ran down her nose, throat and veins to administer drugs to reduce pain.

I was taken aback by her appearance, because after two long years of battling cancer, her body became frail and so thin, that it looked as though only a layer of skin was covering her bones. It was painful to watch the once beautiful and youthful face now sunken and colourless in pain and anguish.

All the millions and billions of currencies which she and her husband owned could not alleviate her suffering or cure her cancer. She was slowly dying an agonising death, and there was nothing the brilliant medical specialists could do.

For the last two weeks of her life, the physicians instructed her family members not to give her anything to eat, as her body was too riddled with cancer to digest food. Her stomach no longer had the capacity to ingest or absorb food. For the last seven days, the doctors advised everyone around her to stop giving her even a sip of water, as the water could not help her but would be pushed back into her lungs and cause her greater suffering.

I appreciated now the danger and futility of accumulating wealth for future pleasure, because all earthly dreams eventually destroyed a soul, much like that of a fungus growth, and would be eventually cast on the ash-heap.

This life was too short to confound the means with the end. The goal in life on earth was not the prosperous continuance of fame, mortal affection and false hopes, but the only true objective was the moral one of subduing the vain desires and illicit dreams and resist succumbing to the illusions offered to us in this planet, and to live life with the least possible economic, human, and ethical loss.

When this lovely neighbour died, I was in shock for a long time, and some acquaintances of mine expressed displeasure at my reaction to this death, but I knew better than to entertain false

hopes now, because common sense, reinforced by bitter experience, led me to realise that nothing was meant to last on earth, and like this fine woman, who lived every moment of her life trying to serve her children and love her husband, was dead and gone, and even her own children have forgotten about her, and they now call their stepmother the real mother.

Hundreds of nations and their political and military chiefs have lived lavishly and died unremarkably, and they had tried to make a difference in life by waging war against rivals, directing their weapons against the nerve centres and arteries of civil life, but when death came, all became silent and every glory was gone. Like this wealthy neighbour, their names, legacy and life have been erased from the face of earth.

This kind and beautiful lady who lived so spiritedly in her family home and raised her children most diligently, died a painful death after suffering from lingering cancer, and suddenly, death came upon her, and her children soon forgot that she even existed, and the younger ones genuinely did not know who their mother was anymore, and her beloved husband, who had sworn to love and protect her for eternity, had taken a younger and prettier new wife after mourning her for a few months, and this new wife then removed every last portrait and picture of the previous wife from the house, and tossed away all the framed images of the former couple in the garbage, until no trace of the late wife remained in her very own home.

Why, if life was so filled with uncertainty, would humans ever pursue the path of pleasure and wealth? Only if wisdom prevails on earth, and people shun the life of sin, then ultimate peace can become the guiding star of all earthly policy and plans. The future of life lies in the future of peace.

I was struck by the irony of her life. After her illness, she underwent the most sophisticated treatments and went to the best hospitals and consulted with the best doctors, who tried every known medicines to treat her, as they knew no expense was to be spared because the family had unimaginable wealth, but in the end, her body broke down, and every cell in her bones became brittle, and all her organs failed, until she could not eat or drink anymore, and essentially starved to death, where her own loved ones purposefully withheld food from her, and she died of hunger in great pain, just like the millions of famine victims in Africa who die from the lack of food due to their poverty, but this wealthy man's wife had unlimited supply of money, but still faced the fate of the starving populace in third world countries.

How sad it was to see that there was no difference between her and those women who die in African villages that have been deluged by droughts and famine...

Our souls were made to thirst on the dignity and the glory of heaven. Every human being must learn pride from God and purity from the angels or else conversing with people and the feelings of humiliation and human anger would disembark a human soul from the spiritual path of freedom and prosperity.

Every soul becomes a prey to human anger and insecurities and every human being becomes weak fending for themselves to survive and the daily witnessing of Injustice makes every human being fall into a destitution and advance rapidly in the path of heartbreak and passionate anger. Human beings become distraught when they are forced in the company of other human beings. It leads to division amongst people and untamed capricious feelings which eventually destroys the morality of justice. Distraught souls endangers human beings and haughtiness and capriciousness causes chaos and warring amongst people when their hearts are not purified by the heavenly power and purity of God.

It is important for every single person to try to find the purity within themselves, and to connect with what they were born to connect with, the sublime the divinity the heavenly realm and free their hearts and minds from the slavery of human focus and obsession even for 1 hour or half an hour a day.

Eventually all human beings need their souls to soar upwards and become so pure that no human obsession or hatred can change their soul or destroy their Mercy or enslave their hearts and minds and destroy their humanity and force them into the level of fighting beasts and cannibal animals.

Death could be frightening, and the more I thought about it, the more afraid I became. I thought my heart would stop with fear, but I hoped God would keep me, if only for the sake of those dear to me! Ah, how my heart wanted to cry aloud and vent all frustrations and fear, out into the endless heavens, but I didn't know what would prevail upon me, or what was my life's purpose and what goal was I living for, because certainly, this saintly maiden was living in a world that was centred about paradise, and her love for God, for her reality was the truth, and mine was false and now I realised that. I was in a sea of

confusion and fear. I was afraid of events which I dared not confess to my own soul.

I no longer found the urgency to fight argue, or debate with my enemies and bullies, for I saw them as fools, as folks who thought this life was all that was real and true and they seemed akin to foolish children who fight and love and know nothing of their own future nor have the ability to understand future pain and peril and nor do children believe in it even if warned.

I suddenly left living this world as a part of it, and became an onlooker, and I watched the lovers, I watched the haters as an outsider in awe of their madness, their love and their hate and found it astonishing that humans could find any happiness or fulfilment in this short temporary life. I found myself living outside their dimension as a watcher stunned by their simplicity, forgetting that I was once like them who believed that this life was all there was, and so, I campaigned over issues I believed in, and I fought for this right and that right and became fiercely angry at those who offended my beliefs and causes, but now, I take no offense at the hatred of people and find it shocking that a human could contain such hatred or love for so short a period in this life, especially in so meaningless a life, and it makes me wonder if those men and women were all brain damaged children who hated and loved and fought over toys and thought they would stay children forever. Those who took offense at the smallest things or became happy easily and fell in love so insanely and then hated someone else so crazily all seemed astonishing to me.

How mad the world seemed to me now! Once awakened to the hidden powers of heaven and that eternal pure life, how could I ever find contentment in this temporary life of human instability and seek solace in their changing love and hate? I removed myself and refused to be a part of that vicious cycle of human love, hate or loyalty of this life of a few counted days. Like my grandparents who had lived productive long lives and died, these people will all pass away into that world where this saintly maiden reigned, and humans shall enter that world of the dead where there was no exit from, that world where spies and billionaires will hold no power and no influence and every smallest good or bad deed will be most severely scrutinised by a God whose standard is so high and so strict that the most pious and chaste ones like her could attain acceptance in that world of God and His angels and prophets.

I no longer reacted with violent anger when insulted or hated, because I regarded people who hated as if they were mad children, not knowing that their hatred will not destroy anyone but themselves and that God does not love those who hated His

creation or framed or defamed them, whether Muslim, Jew or Christian or atheist or Hindu, they were all God's creation and if you hate one of them, it is as if you hated God Himself. As per this philosophy, perhaps this was the reason why she never hated anyone whether they were her hater or supporter, because she saw all those around her as her God's creation!

There is no point in cursing or hating others, because this world will end no matter how long you try to make it last and those we love so desperately may hate us tomorrow and those whom we hate could help us later, so all these human feelings are useless and diminished in the end. This reality was clear to me, and so, from that day onward, I became an observer; and no longer a part of the world. I watched them from a faraway place as if they were in a movie playing acting, and every hater was an actor who started to believe this movie is the reality, and that this movie shoot would last forever or that there was no life and no world beyond this movie production studio. How hilarious would we think it might be if the actor who played the villain in a film set and was instructed to perform martial arts or boxing against the protagonist actor, suddenly becomes confused and believes that the other actor is his or her real enemy and so they pummel each other and fight to death like gladiators, believing that this stage was a real-life event.



-RUMI

"If you reach for a star you are a star.

If you try to make a living you're merely bread.

*Try to get this secret message as your last,
you are what you seek in your future and the past."*

SINNER IN SILENCE:

**Should he as rebel walk, behold
Earth opens hot to swallow up
His ashes in her flaming cup
And vain is all his might of gold.**

**Unhappy man, with chastened soul,
And opened eyes, true vision win,
To see thy lowly origin
And thy inevitable goal.**

To what may be compared thy lot?

**Thou art, O weak and wretched wight,
The gourd that shot up in the night
And in the morning, it was not!**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



Remembering the Saint of this Century:

I can never stop remembering this saintly woman who lived amongst us, albeit so briefly, on an ordinary lane in an ordinary neighbourhood! With every rising of the sun, I shall mourn her and with every setting of the sun, I shall recall her faith, and with every autumn rainfall, I shall remember her power and with every birth of stars, I shall remember her miracles.

With every waking of the sea and with every breaking dawn of the twilight, I shall remember her name forever, however long that may be, and her existence shall entice in my mind such amazement that she will forever remain etched in the haunted worlds of my memory, and I dream that one day, should there be a life after this life ends, and if there should be a heaven and an afterlife, I shall hope that she will perhaps remember my name or my face and perhaps I will find some reprieve in that eternal life because of her, and find solace in that unknown world in the realms of the afterlife. And if the God of Abraham should be as real as she who believed in Him and His power, then perhaps God too shall take some pity upon my hopeless

soul for I too came to believe in Him because of her who altered my views on life forever!

How mighty silly people were, who thought themselves to be something great, in this small world, merely after earning some wealth and some power and they believed they would be saved from that life in the hereafter just by not believing it exists. No power, no wealth, no fake treasures, or framing others, serves any purpose and no deception works in the land of God, where you cannot frame or defame people in heaven.

Yet, there were unexplainable introspection that continued to grow in human minds.

How short life was, but how long it appeared to be?

How fake this world was, and how real it appeared to the foolish ones?

How severe people's vengeance, hatred and anger was, and how short the people's lives were?

How powerful people who had wealth and influence thought themselves to be, and yet, how powerless and helpless they would become in God's afterlife and how obscure they may be in that eternal life and how just and severe was God's judgement?

How false the love of humans was, and O how the foolish ones all believed their love would last forever and how they enslaved to one and then the other?

The senselessness of human life and its temporary joys and infatuations never ceased to astonish me, for I knew the truth now, and I knew that life in this world was very brief and pitiful.

Dead men walking...

There were hundreds and thousands of them, and like a dam that had burst, the flow of human bodies swarmed the hills and spread to the meadows and trampled over the moors. It was so real I could swear I wasn't sleeping and that it was no dream, but rather, felt like a dark hallucination. The grim-eyed dead seemed to be hiding mountains of ignominy and shame beneath those dead faces and decayed skins, and now, chasing after the bus full of living humans, these dead people seemed as though they wished to sue for peace. With almost an unconquerable will, the pursued us, and demanded that we leave behind the saintly young maiden behind to reside amongst them. My vision came in the form of what we always term a dream. I too was certain that it was but a dream, and I was merely watching

episodes of a fictional miniature life. O I could almost see them boldly now, and even if I had momentarily fallen into slumber, I knew I slept with my eyes most certainly wide open. The sight of hundreds of dead men and women horrified me in a way that no words could I ever find to even describe a fraction of the horror and pain that shook my heart's core.

I couldn't feel my heart beat; I never thought I could make myself breathe again. A terror unknown to any human hearts before seized my entire being and agony capsized my very soul but in the acute anguish, as I saw the sunken withered faces of the dead, I felt their pain as if they were here, alive right next to me. Ah, who knew that a human being could feel so sorry even for those who died so many decades ago? Their suffering haunted my soul and petrified me in my sleep. I was frozen in place, wondering how to help them, when the vision broke, and I woke up and found myself crying for the pain of those unfortunate souls.

Human hearts have ways to connect beyond time and death, and I could hear their wailing echoing in my mind. It was as if the dead men and women were blaming me for their horrors, as if I were complicit in the torment that befell them. Indeed, it was true that the essentials of faith and life are clear and simple, and those who believed in the final revelation of God's Guidance to His creatures were aware of a life eternal following this brief duration on earth, but here I was amidst these dwellers of the grave, and I was suddenly presented with a stark confrontation of thousands of men and women standing naked above their burial places, and looking as though they are reenacting the moment they would be resurrected and stand before their Maker, without any intermediary or friend. Never was there a moment in all my future life that could shake my heart with such sheer terror. My heart was broken from that day, and I could not distract my mind from that scene. It was only natural for human beings to seek solace in comforts and wealth, for were not all humans with broken hearts, desperate to distract those broken hearts with human thoughts and human feelings and obsession, so the fear of our future leaves our mind? Indeed, that was how humans survived this temporary life, by forgetting and distracting themselves by believing in the love of other humans, and being obsessed with love and friendship and relationships. But when I saw the hordes of dead people before me, all such trivialities of ordinary life seemed futile, and at that moment, my heart was removed from this life and I was forcefully flung into the other world, the world where all humans must end up in, whether they have prepared for the journey or not; the world where humans do not have the luxury to indulge in love and obsession for humans.

Initially, I was unsure that the figures on the ground were ancient residents of a cemetery. In fact, I was not sure if they

were living or dead. From a distance, they moved purposefully, their deceased forms gleaming with a ghostly silhouette, yet underneath, what terrifying expressions they wore! Although they had ordinary human faces and bodies, the sight of them rising from the graves exuded a monstrous form that ignited fright in me, and was bizarre enough to shake even those with the stoutest zeal. No horde of beast could ever cause me such a fright as the scene which was unfolding before me, and like a demonic force, they clambered from their graves and marched towards me, making my heart quake in fear. Although my brain insisted this could not be real, for dead men never awake, the vision I saw seemed dreadfully true. Beyond the glow of my conscious mind, I noticed that the intricate details of the dream, and in the deathly twilight realm, these phantom figures did not hesitate to march ahead, and upon rising from their subterranean abode, those trembling souls implored fearfully, and begged us to leave the saintly young woman behind.

There was no life for me after that day. There was no hope for me after that day. Every happiness, every sunshine, every laughter, every love destroyed in one moment. There was no end to the woe that we faced in the world, because death was just the beginning of another painful episode for those who suffered in the world that was not the end.

I wanted to shut my eyes from miracles and magic and believe in what I saw only, and in science and medicine and the things I could feel and touch and hear.

Whatever hope I had, whatever love I had whatever aspirations I had were destroyed that day and in that moment.

One brief episode, one fateful encounter, and my life and their life was changed forever. I never repeated what I saw to a soul, except to my own sister but I never expected her to believe it or ever understand the feelings that were haunting me and changed my heart forever.

When I came back, I was a different person. I didn't see the world as the world saw the world. I didn't see life as the people who enjoyed living saw life. I couldn't go to any more funerals or look at the dead without feeling a rage of pity consume me from inside and pain which wanted me to scream shout and cry until I would fade away into the nothingness of the dark skies. I started mourning the unknown dead, and wept for stranger that died around me, I mourned for the patients when I saw an ambulance and the sight of a funeral car made me pummel down the path of a depression so severe, that it could threaten my very souls existence.

If death, decay, and fire was unable to stop the pain that haunted their soul and my heart, then what could ever heal me or give me hope or lessen the woe that plagued my soul.

Life was unjust and death was even more cruel. There was no wealth in death that could help someone.

How could I come to terms with death when there was no hope in death, there was no lovers in death and there were no friends and no family in the land of the dead. How does one live on living -how does one continue laughing and eating when faced with such a tremendous calamity and predicament. How does the heart reconcile with such terror and fear and a pain that destroys the core of the soul. I never felt sorry for the living after that day as much as I felt sorry for the dead.

The ones forgotten the ones abandoned, the ones whose pain no one knew or even acknowledged. The ones who sinned and never had a chance to repent. The ones who believed in the obvious -that there was no life after death but was rudely awakened to a curse from which there was no reprieve? I couldn't drive near cemeteries any longer because I feared my car would crash due to the intense pain and the weeping that I wept and the visions that became blurry with hot and burning tears which sprung from my heart at the sight of long-lost souls.

As snippets from their haphazardly formatted conversation settled into my mind, I gathered this much that the deceased had been residing in this cemetery for centuries, and due to their poor deed, and sinful lifestyle, the demons have been able to harass them for many years, and for the first time in decades, they faced remarkable relief and comfort in their dwelling place, and were told that it was due to the blessings of a saintly maiden who had taken lodging briefly in a nearby home, and her saintly piety and chastity exuded such benevolence that God showered bountiful mercy upon all inhabitants of this town, whether dead or living.

I did not realise that the saintly maiden who accompanied us in this journey was so precious and pious that her mere presence was enough to make the inmates of an entire cemetery become saved, and since that hour, she had taken over my life, my mind and my nightmares. Not only did humans who were alive seek out the saints of God, the departed ones from the land of the dead hungered for them with such madness that I felt as though I too had died that day.

O how could I focus on this life of a few days with humans and their changing feelings when the world of the endless, vast and unknown world of the next life unveils itself to your soul?

How could any human being, unless they are too foolish to fool themselves to become like children and pursue and chase after fake and false love, hoping and dreaming like children that this love will one day somehow save them or reciprocate their madness, and thus, only these childlike humans become obsessed with the love of their lovers, believing that the love

will somehow save them, like little children who believe a toy water gun will save them from real and present danger?

The human hearts have ways to terrify a soul into a forced reality as it had done to me that fateful day, and it seemed that the dead people of this graveyard were speaking from their heart's sacred crucible, where somehow, fear's unnatural alchemy was spun, and they sought help from the land of the living.

My life as I knew it ended that moment I saw these dead humans, grovelling in such a state, making me break into a maddening fit of weeping, as I began to think of my own future. Where did these people come from and how were they begging for that saintly soul to save them?

I shuddered involuntary, overwhelmed with awe, as I cast a glance at the saintly maiden who was busy in her silent prayers. Oh, indeed pure hearted one! I wanted to cry out. How many people did you save without ever knowing what you did?

The sky betrayed my soul and the people appeared most distracted and unaware of the madness of life and the dead.

I wept as bitterly as if these dead ones were my own beloved family and as if one day, I will somehow be on the other side of life, begging for some saintly soul to save me from the horrors of death and the uncertainties of the afterlife.

Oh, what pain was it that made my heart so weak that I feared the tears that came in torrents would stop my tormented heart from beating ever again. I then realised that in the caverns of our psyche, where the sacred emotions dwells, we never really know how much of a genuine fright one could experience. Like a mysterious beast with fiery breath that entrals a hypnotic victim, I found myself stuck in this dichotomous fight unable to break free from the dead men's truth and tale. Oh, what travails afflicted this human soul and where were we all destined to be when the life takes flight from this worldly abode? Would the horrors of pain and agony and loneliness not leave me even in the land of the dead? The thousand men and women before me, whose hollow eyes attested to their lifelessness, held their hands aslant against the naked sky, as many of them prowled frantically and peered, and launched surmises against us, as they sought much required reprieve from death-related distresses. In my dream like dazed state, I glanced around, searching for the saintly maiden who was the object of the dead men's interests, and I found her reclining dreamily on her seat, her repose and countenance serene. I wanted to cry out and warn her of the impending danger that was about to follow, but words failed me, and my fear had caused my voice to be extinguished. Her heavy tresses of living gold appeared pale in the loose braid, and like an immortal phantom dame, she was oblivious to the tense surroundings. Ah, I knew it was a dream, but never in my life have I been more afraid!

Life was all Gone Away,

O, how I am afraid of life beyond this life,

How death shall attack me with a knife!

And this heart of mine, so fearful and free,

Is now benumbed with death's cruelty!

Let my heart find solace in this admission,

That I shall not be burned in cremation;

**Oh, if I should die alone, and bereft of all
hope,**

**O do not burn me nor tie these limbs with a
rope,**

**Nor inter my lovely limbs in a box to be
discarded,**

Not crush those remains to be disregarded!

How can those who once have loved me,

Claim compassion and human clemency,

And still pronounce this verdict upon me,

And toss my flesh into a flaming gurney?!

**Alas! I am me and my body is not gone nor
dead,**

**I shall always be me with every hair upon my
head!**

Oh, do not keep me in the burial stores,

**With strangers that are cold with sores,
But take me away from the place of my birth,
Across the seas and oceans of this earth.
Bury me in the wild deserts and sunrise,
Where the pure winds whistles and cries!**

What had death done to them? What would happen to me after I was dead?
Such thoughts raced hysterically across my mind.

Throngs of dead men were still racing after the bus, and with their withered limbs, they looked on hungrily, until I feared that their eyes would parch and fade, and they would vanish from this vicinity, for I could not imagine the fate of men could be so terrible that even in death, they suffered.

Ah, what was life then, which we had endure with a careless smile, though there was no surety and nothing festive in the seasons, but each individual had to toil and spin the wheels with ropes of sand. We lived leisurely, unaware of when death will come, as we laughed and cried and tried to live and die in peace, but like an unseen wind of fire, the endless woe of many began with the exhalation of the final breath.

These dead who resided in this cemetery tried to communicate to me their unfulfilled behest as they had but only a phantom life, and so was suspended in a limbo between two worlds, and could neither die nor rest.

The doleful yoke of these deathless people continued to frighten me, and I shuddered in fright even as they approached. With elbowing and nimble nods, they surged onwards, and howled in anguish, their collected voice sounding like the trumpets' call

Patient and pure, with a smile of utter peace on her face, the saintly maiden remained oblivious to the dead crowd behind us, and as a shaft of moonlight fell upon the dead, they seemed disburdened, and stretched their hands out and repeated their pleas. Were they not lauding the righteous Judge of all the earth? A second time their voices rang out, like an eerie trumpet, and this cry was implacable like shrieking echoes from winged falcons. I wanted to call out to them and express my grief, but I did not know how to speak to the dead. Then silence like a heavy dew came down as the vacation coach

slowed to make a momentary detour to avoid a bump on the road, and I realised that these dead people thought we had finally agreed to listen to them and stay behind. But before a whisper could move the stagnant air, the carriage moved on and I saw upon the summons in the sockets of their quivering eyes, tears of despair glittering visibly, as they once more raged in cries of frustration, sounding like vagrant bees who occupied a corrupted hive.

Helpless in my dire state, I gazed heavenwards, but the skies appeared far away as if they were waiting for all the souls of this world to exit their graves and come to them one by one. My heart languished in an agony that destroyed the fibre of my soul! I had lost myself. My ambition and my entire purpose of life vanished that very moment as I wondered how could I survive with such pain and horror drowning my soul away into the infinity of agony and human heartbreak? The ominous thought swirled in my head. Was death no reprieve from the torments of life? Life in this world was finite, where God Himself had hung His balance out and already the dead people could hear the host of Heaven, with their cries, but now using their psalteries and far-resounding songs, they came to seek help from the living and acclaim this saintly maiden's piety and starry chastity to be their saviour. With aching heads and shoulders overtasked, they moved resolutely forward. They carried their ancient bodies like unsteady burdens and tried to stand erect. O how afraid I was! What had that vision done to my young soul that it had aged and almost left this life for another imaginary one, but what happens to the human existence when dreams and imagination become more real than the short unworthy life that was atomised to perfection but promised to none? Oh, life, what curse are you that even death cannot stop you from hurting the human body that had held you in bondage once?

Ever since witnessing that scene, I walked and lived but, in a trance, as if I were already dead, because this life appeared false and horrors of the outer world were sinisterly real.

*If you want to strengthen your faith,
you will need to soften inside. ~ Shams Tabrizi*

@shams of tabrez



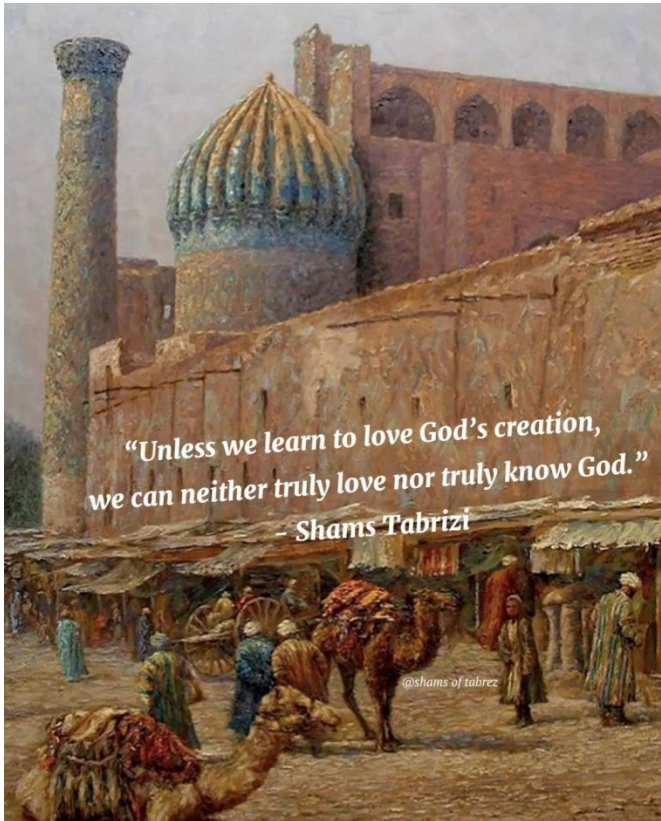
**Woe to our souls, and wellaway
For all the sins that we have sinned,
Alas, we have pursued the wind,
And like to sheep have gone astray.
What favour can we ask or grace?
The wave of sin has overflowed,
Our heads, and heavy is our load
Of guilt, how dare we lift our face?**

**Draw up Thy people from the pit,
Thou Ruler of the depth and height,
Stiff-necked were we in Thy despite,**

Yet of Thy mercies bate no whit.

**But shed Thy sweet compassion o'er
The people knocking at Thy gate,
Thou art the Master of our fate,
And unto Thee our eyes up-soar!**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



The Dead in their Graves:

I continued to hear their shrieks, and clanking footsteps, and the howls of the dead who were bearing tormented souls that were endlessly lost. The fright from this event caused me lasting impairment, as I believed that day, I lost all feelings in both my legs. I do not know if any of the readers ever faced a particular time in life, when in sheer horror, they lost all feelings from knee below, but that was the first time for me and I felt my legs shaking and become almost weightless and almost paralysed and I couldn't get up on my feet no matter how desperately I tried, but eventually, I almost crawled in my effort to find and see that saintly woman who the dead were seeking.

I had to see her, so I attempted to move down the few seats in the bus from mine all the way in that back of the bus, to her seat, that was midway but this brief distance felt like an eternity to travel with my legs shaking uncontrollably and almost becoming feelingless, but the adrenaline was too profound so I had to see her, or else I thought I'd go mad. I thought it was only her who could have saved me from the dead that day. So, I wobbled gradually and found my way to her seat, like a crazed person whose last drop of oxygen was depleting. I wanted to tell her that there were hundreds of deceased individuals who were calling out her name in such pitiful tone that their voices brought tears to my eyes, and made me weep in dread and coerce me to cry myself into eternity. Oh, the way they said her name and pleaded with me as if she were their only hope was emotional and I felt as though she was my only path to save myself from the grasp of the dead.

I wanted to know if she knew what horror I was attacked with and how my life hung by mere thread and that my heart was beating to get out of my body and my mind threatened me with some rage of agony that made me momentarily want to become insane to forget the horrors of that night. So, I crawled and made my way to her in a desperation that no one in the world would understand unless they faced my terror, and not even a soldier who looks for the fox hole or trench while his enemies shoot machine gun bullets at him crawls as madly as I did, even if he should be wounded and was dragging his injured body

along with him for the last hope to life and survive, but I was even more desperate and frightened for the force that was chasing me was not a living person but dead men and women. When I finally saw the saintly maiden, I found her fast asleep, her head tilted in the seat cushion, unaware of all the troubling events that were manifesting behind her in the cemetery, as she was in such peace as if she were a baby, sleeping after a long day. There was not a sign of anything out of the ordinary as she went on sleeping fairy-like in the night light reflecting her fair bright complexion. I don't know why but I broke down when I saw her laying there, so unaware of what horror plagued me. I looked out the window towards the stars, and wanted to sob out loud, in my perplexion and wonder. Who was this youthful girl for whom I faced such horror as never faced before? How powerful or influential was she that hundreds of deceased people demanded that she be repatriated to them? Why were they begging for her and haunting me into questioning my own sanity?

Weep, weep- over the Western Grave

**In vain will this life perish me in a pyre,
Or doth time and tears pretend to aspire,
To make me die a nameless death,
And wear away this decayed breath?**

**Will I be left alone in that forgotten place,
Amidst the ruined grandeur of my face?
Where only worthless worms shall remain,
Expanding incarnations of their reign!**

For a while, as I mulled over this question in the vacation coach, and saw her in slumber on the soft leather seat, I wanted to wake her. I nearly attempted to wake her but then I had no wish to appear as a schizophrenic neurotic maniac because that is exactly what I would have said to someone who would claim to see something like this and told me about it even one hour ago. I had no wish to share my experience with anyone again. But I only remembered my sister and thought, perhaps she would believe me or out of decency, at least attempt to try. What choice had I but to turn to her when I felt my whole world was breaking down? I did not mention my experience to others in the bus, lest they should think I am mad, but the sight of those dead people made my blood run cold in my veins to think that this was the fate that awaited all of us after our deaths. It was past midnight, and time as yet was short, because the vacation coach was speeding away, but there was time for fear and I was wholly afraid.

I had to leave them once again but I didn't close my eyes and held on to my mother for I didn't ever want them to come back again to me, I couldn't deny their request again without losing my mind to insanity, perhaps I thought my mother could have stopped them from taking her child away to the land of the dead and forgotten.

The guilt was too deep to describe because I felt as though I had hurt them and oppressed the already hurt ones.

They begged me to leave my saintly companion to them -so their suffering would stop, but they came to a terrified soul like mine, and I broke their hearts and sent them back to their suffering. Helpless as they were when they first came, without any help without any hope I had sent them away.

I reassured myself that it was all a dream, but also how could a dream feel more real than any reality I ever faced and how could a dream procure such bitter tears from my eyes that I woke up sobbing and choking violently on my own tears? How could a pain felt in a dream haunt me for eternity with such strength as though it were more than all the reality that I faced whilst awake in my worldly life.

The heart has way of punishing you until you feel as though you have lost your very soul to the flames of selfishness.

I stood in the midst the sky asking the heavens why they chose me to come to, why they chose to haunt me and why torture me with such horror which will haunt me till the end of my life.

While I had lived- I had life torture me. I had the world change its course and made my life different forever. The curse haunted me, the pain haunted me, death did haunt me, and life itself became a curse in one moment.

My life changed that day although I never intended for it to change. I begged for time to turn back, I wanted to unsee what I saw and unhear what I heard, every happiness shattered every hope burned down. All human life- all human laughter and all human love appeared so false so fake and so short termed that it made me wonder in amazement as to how could human beings, beguile themselves and fool themselves into believing the lie of the human life and worldly existence of a few mere hours and minutes counting down -endlessly -the clock of death never took a break, its dial never stopped turning and never forgot to beat.

How could human being find happiness in the short life in this short world in this short-term happiness and these short relationships or take pain which befell them in the short world and the short life. With the short unpredictable love and hate of fellow human when they are all the victims of death and he cares naught for whom he was chosen to take away from life and the living.

How could man hate man with such severe vengeance when they were both being chased by death and a beast that would devour them into an eternity of torment and that their life had no end and no hope of an end but cursed with repercussions of every action they had ever done and face the fearsome axe justice and ruling over every minute details of their worldly life?

When eternity had a life which had no end, a world which had no hope, a place where there was no help and no one to turn to and no one to take help from.

What was this curse called death that did not end life but began another one? What was this pain that destroyed every hope from my heart and all it has done, is curse me with a pain

that makes me weep constantly and scream and wail in jealousy and sadness while I look up at the stars.

The stars up above the heavens. The stars which will never die. The stars that wouldn't be buried, or be cursed with another life after death. How could I ever imagine enjoying life when death was my fate. As death was the fate of every human soul before me and death is the fate of all those who live now with me and death will be the fate of all those who will be born a hundred years after me.

How could I ever find happiness or hope and not cry and wail and weep even for a moment when I do not know how I will fair in the land of the dead. Would I be there with these wild undead souls, running madly here and there, begging and pleading for the company of a saintly soul to sit next to my place of death and my resting place so that I may find happiness to soothe my eternally tormented soul. Would I be so severely lonely in the land of the aching dead? Who would be with me except a God I didn't even know and was too afraid to want to know about?

My heart had suffered too terrible a fear, and I couldn't make myself turn to my Maker with a soul as pure and innocent as hers. I didn't have the strength to hope and I lost all my sane power to pray without breaking down into the madness of bitter dire and deadly hopelessness and distress.

If sheer fear could have killed someone, then it would be me that day as I thought I wouldn't live or gather enough strength to survive or even sleep that day in fear of the dead haunting me again.

I thought I would die before the bus ride was over. At that moment, I regretted ever coming to India and all my adventures with this saintly maiden, though individually incredible, now all of which I deeply regretted because I felt there was no coming back from the fright I had just experienced. In that heart shattering time while I remained confused, and questioning myself and doubting my life, I thought about the holiness of this angelic young woman, who was blissfully unaware of the ordeal I had faced, and I marvelled over how unaware was she of what she awakened and changed in every path she took, and every place she visited, and every incident she was involved in!?

I suppose I became hysterical, for I threw myself on my knees and buried my face in my hands for a moment. I tried to drown out the fearful sound of their voices, but even as this vacation

coach went farther and farther away from the origination point, I shuddered in terror as a sorrowful dog began to howl somewhere in the darkness, and the long, agonised wailing, sounded terrified, as though the animal too was trembling with fear. Soon, the howling sound could be heard again, as though the piercing sound was being taken up by another hound, and then another dog, began to howl, until I believed my mind would freeze and die in sheer terror. Even as the bus was speeding away, the mournful noises were closing around us, making me dreadfully afraid. Terror turned itself into fear and mere mourning my fright and seeing the saintly maiden's unawareness and her peaceful sleep, I gained some hope in trying to find out another explanation as to what I had just witnessed and used the satellite phone to call my sister on Skype first but because we were getting really bad reception, I called her directly and kept calling her and became so frustrated when she didn't pick up my phone. I knew my sister would be dubious about my claims, but I wanted to share my experience and hear her take on this inexplicable subject.

Because my world was shattering and my mind was losing its hold on sanity, I was barely being able to hold myself together, and was too afraid to speak or stand and too frightened to find the strength to go on.

In the middle of my fits of silent sobs, my sisters voice echoed in the receiver. She finally answered, and I was on the point of thinking that I would have gone completely mad if she hadn't spoken to me, as now, her voice was like the only voice of the living amongst the thousand dead.

Gripping the phone, I gulped in huge breaths, and for a while I couldn't say anything but only wept silently as I feared this would be the last time I spoke with her for I thought the dead would take me with them to their underworld abode! Finally, I found some strength to use my voice, and gleaned with enough self-control to explain what had just happened and that I felt as though I may not live till the break of the dawn. My sister did not interrupt as I spoke hysterically, and then she excused herself from her midterm finals, effectively ruining her grades and destroying the chance of being on her university's honour society and dean's list along the way, because they weren't allowed to answer phone calls while giving exams, and if someone did, they were not permitted to participate in the course quiz anymore. But I thanked God profusely that she did answer her phone anyway, or else I do not know what I would have done after such an encounter. Everything I saw was all so strange, that I hesitated to go on. But my sister was kind enough to consider my account credible, and she promised to

think objectively about this, and so I told her exactly what I saw, and this took a great weight off my mind.

After hearing my frantic tale, my sister advised me to drink water and do whatever I had to do to look for an answer and we brainstormed over the entire event, eventually deciding that the only solution was to go back to where the saintly young woman was resting (before we got into the bus) and find out from locals the significance of that place and try to find an answer to explain why I saw what I saw. Meanwhile, the vacation coach was running on a strict schedule, and they were determined to take us all to the next destination, and so we began to get further away from the location of the cemeteries.

I immediately came up with a desperate idea, and made up a story of leaving behind my passport in the place where the saintly maiden was resting before we got on the bus, and so, I diligently announced that I had forgotten my papers and had to return to the hotel and search for it, and thank God that the driver was merciful enough to turn back the luxury car and drive back to where we came from. It was over a 2-hour drive, but we all finally went back there to look for my passport, which I myself had hidden among my belongings. But I did not find any locals residing in the tourist spot, as that area was quite remote and secluded, and it was a kind of abandoned area where there were no one around. I told those who are helping me look for my passport that perhaps a passerby had picked it up and gone to the nearest town where some of the locals lived. My fellow vacationers aided me in my mission and we then found out that approximately one kilometre away, some elderly people lived in a sort of slum. They immediately went there and asked several people for help, and eventually two ladies who appeared rather old came along with my comrades to help me, and rather than questioning them about my passport that was not lost, I used this as an excuse to take a detailed report of exactly what important event took place in here or what significance this place held for locals, if any. From the information they gave me, it was obvious that that place was a cemetery which had been closed almost 60 years ago, when these elderly villagers had been young women. I then asked them about some of the people who died, and from my dream, which I recalled vividly, I gave the description of those whom I saw as best as I could, claiming to have found a picture, or a historical pamphlet taken by some archaeologists. I knew this was not the most honest interaction I had in India, but I had to know whether the visions of the Dead that I saw, if they were actual humans who really existed here or not. So, I started describing each person with as many details as possible, and making particular care to mention any unique feature that I saw, such as facial mole or eye colour. Very soon, several

distinctive features of one or two people who I saw in that vision rang a bell, and then some of the old people of that town nodded eagerly, and went on to remember some of the deceased and gave me details of how their lives were, and how some of them died. One old woman claimed that the people who were buried in this graveyard were a misguided lot of people, folks who were into dark power and were not religious or godly or pious at all. I did not want to believe everything they said, but I was told by my tour guide that there were some places in India where people practiced dark powers and used magic in a feeble attempt to solve their life's problems. But whatever the reason was, somehow, everyone in this town were petrified of the old cemetery, and they all were afraid of that location and thus, they avoided that area as it was said to be a place of cremation for their dead ones.

Steadfast like the Stars,

**Alas, oh, stars let your God be mine,
Let Him love my soul in joyful incline,
When I'm gone and forgotten,
Let thy Maker call me unbidden!
When I am abandoned and alone,
And only to my God, I am known,
Let thy God love me then, if not here,
Oh, Lord, forget me not when I am there!
And if I am dead, do not sink me in slanders,
Do not leave my body with cruel strangers!
Let me be at peace in the land of peace,**

**Where the people are sinless, and purity
increase,
And camels are careless and desert winds
blow,
Free as the Arabs whose footsteps are slow,
And fierce wind and stars adorn the Arabian
sky,
And the storms of sand, gravity it can defy;
And beneath the nomad's wandering feet,
Where the land is unmarred with narrow
street,
Let me be buried under that golden land,
Within the storms of mountains and sand!**

Those people who were cremated and has their remains interred in this cemetery were into dark influence even for the locals who themselves were also pagan, but even they stayed away from those locations as those deceased people were quite misguided and that no one mixed with them when they were alive. In fact, those men and women among the dead whom I described were known to have hated anyone who was religious, or anyone who practiced monotheistic faith, because they were part of a pagan fanatic group and were passionately and fanatically into dark powers and forbade the worship of God for a very long time in that whole area. There was a rumour of some sort of sickness causing lots of death within them until they scattered around. But dozens of the locals were buried there several decades earlier. I even found out the names of those who lived in each part of the now abandoned location, and with each name, I jotted down some of the descriptive details and attribute to determine if those who I saw in my dreams were part of the community who lived in this pagan city. When I gave these elderly woman detailed description from my dream, the immediately were able to recall the birth name of those people, and this incredible knowledge baffled me, as I could not imagine that the people who I saw in my dream were real human beings who lived in a real town inside

India. I wrote it down the name and recorded their description, and suddenly, this terrified me. I found an answer that haunted me and terrified me much more than it gave me closure. The world of the living in the world of the Dead were colliding in front of my eyes. I had only fear in my heart. There were no element of hope or comfort in what I learned, because the dead men and women who were buried and cremated near this area lived careless lives and bore hearts that knew no fear and no remorse. Now, they were suspended in a life from which they could not escape. I wished it were all a phantom thing and an imaginary dream, but all the people I saw were real, and everything they did were recorded. I feared if I told anyone what I had seen that day, they would think me a weak fool, or a madwoman.

Yes, I still kept the notebook where I wrote the name of all those who died in that place, at least the last names of their families and the name of the location and I shared it with my aunt when she came to visit. Although I had found some answer to my ordeal, but my questions were endless, for in my desperation and in my fierce and terrifying fear that had burned all my happiness away, I became frantic and desperate, and I did not know where to go and where to turn to, or where to find an explanation for what I saw.

There were so many things which were yet unexplained. Oh, I did not want to leave that location without knowing why I saw those helpless dead people. I felt as though I was abandoning the hopeless dead ones to an uncertain fate. The fear of the dead being alone terrified me and almost paralyzed me until that fear gradually turned into guilt and pain. Till this day, I never found the strength to share this event with anyone but my sister. And I never told that beautiful saintly maiden about how they were asking and begging me to send her back so she could stay with them. I almost remember their voices and I understood perfectly their language as I was quite fluent in comprehending the Indian language although I couldn't speak it properly. They said that as long as this young woman stayed within their neighbourhood, their spirits were not tormented and they found peace. But I never had the courage to tell her to stay back. In my mind, I was a complicit in their suffering because I could not find the strength to open up to the saint of God and tell her about how the dead had to come back and begged for her to stay with them a little while longer. At that time, I did not want to appear to be sounding like a mad woman with such a bizarre idea. I thought my mother would be ashamed of me and everyone would deem me to be quite insane and attribute it all to me being from a foreign country.

Alas, I suppressed my fear and dread, but my mind was never healed from that pain. The images of the dead positively frightened me, as they looked so fierce. Suddenly, I dreaded being alone, and I could no longer go to sleep without fear because I feared the dead will be outside the window. That shock was so severe that I never got over it. Until now, I am haunted by their faces. I cannot even drive in fear that some among those dead ones will come back chasing my car in a vision which I don't even remember whether it was a dream or not. But the terror stayed with me. It scared me and it changed me in ways that I cannot explain. There are events that change our lives and makes us a different person. And that was one of the most terrifying experiences that a young girl could ever have, and that is to face a group of people who are suffering in death, and to keep all the details inside your heart, unable to share this event with anyone for fear of hearing you are crazy, but the worst feeling of all was not being able to help them.

But the most shocking part of this event had been the shadow of reality, that blurred the lines between the dead and the living, until you do not know where you are or what world you lived in. Hopelessness was what strangled me. I felt the avalanche of fear coming at me from all sides, suffocating me with the madness and a pain that made me want to scream and cry all night. It was a pain that made me afraid to drive near the graveyards. This was a terror which made me think that the dead were not dead, but rather they were more alive than those who lived in the world.

I could not find a foolproof explanation for what I had seen, although I did discover the history of that place. But I did not know why I saw what I saw. Why would they come to me and why did they seek out this saintly maiden, and demand that I send her back to them? Why or how did they know her name? These questions troubled me, and they hunted me until I thought I would need a long-term therapy to survive this. I thought if I revisited that situation, then I would need years to forget and recuperate just to survive. The trauma was too deep and too great for me to heal from. I remember looking desperately for a religious scholar and I found an old man who was the director of a religious school and I decided to ask him about the dead who visited me and after I told him details of the event that took place, he listened calmly. His words were comforting to me, for they gave me hope, and it was funny at that moment, when I could cry tears of grief instead of tears of fear, found some solace in my mind. The old sage told me to go back to that location and make my mom order several of water wells, known in India as deep tube wells, where you could pump out water from under the ground, and to pray to God to give the dead blessings from the charity and the deeds of virtue, which

would be accumulating from feeding the thirsty water from those wells, and when digging those wells, to make an intention as a charity for the dead who were chasing the vacation bus. He also explained that it was a steadfast charity whereby the living people would be able to drink water from the well and quench the thirst, and the dead in whose name the well was dug, would be able to receive blessings, because those people who will use the well's water will pray to God to send the blessings to those who died in that area. He told me that perhaps the dead ones will find some peace and their spirits will suffer less if a charity was done in their name. This idea made a lot of sense to me, so I made my mom spend a all her money to order several deep water wells in that area so the locals could all go there and reap benefit from that water and use it for their own need and to pray to God to send that blessings to those dead of that area who died long ago, so they would not come begging in their sadness and suffering to haunt the living anymore.

Upon finding out the mystery of those dead people who came out of their graves, and noting their identity, I kept my sister apprised with the information. Meanwhile, I did not want anyone to know what I saw in that Indian cemetery because I knew people would consider me to be mentally unstable, and so I asked my sister to keep this information to herself.

The scene of that night was not to be easily erased from my memory, and ever since that day, I struggled daily from insomnia. How could anyone appreciate the pain of sleeplessness? I wondered what it would be like to once more live a normal life like my former peers in school whose lives have no fears, and no dreads, and who do not recall grisly nightmares of the dead rising from their graves and instead, to them, sleep is a blessing that comes nightly, and brings nothing but sweet dreams. Each night, I hoped for sleep, but only fright and dread of that former dream awoke me.

I found myself trying to study this saintly woman ever more closely, and stared at her with amazement and a mixture of astonishment as we were returning from the vacation, because I could not imagine how she was unaware of the power of her person, and I was shocked that she knew nothing about the blessings she carried within her physical being. What she had in her, I would never know, so gentle and so simple-hearted was she, so religious yet so forgiving and merciful, never imposing, never misunderstanding or judging those who were around her whether they were religious or not. How could she have such power and might and so powerful an effect stored within her being? Indeed, she was someone who had no idea of what calibre she was, and she was someone who had no idea of her own worth to God or her value to the living and the dead. She

was the most simple, forgetful and unaware person that existed in the world. Unaware of what happened around her, uninformed of events taking place near her, she was indeed incapable of ever realising what enigma she held within herself. Her heart was too simple, too straightforward and too innocent to understand the might and the power of her actions and her words. Not only the living benefited from her purity and piety and her prayers, but the dead had to come and seek her aid for their everlasting life in the underworld. When I asked the scholar who advised me to set deep water wells in the name of the dead so they could receive some blessings from it, and I told the old man if he knew why the dead come to me, he said that perhaps they thought that I was close to the saintly maiden somehow, or because I was close to her and admired her greatly, I somehow found out more about her than anyone else, and the dead of this area felt I could persuade her to remain with them.

A week later, when my older sister returned to her university and requested to be able to retake her midterms final, her professor demanded to know if she had a legitimate explanation for walking out of the that exam room the previous week, in order to qualify for a retest, and since my sister was simple minded, and not one capable of conjuring up false excuses or doubtful claims, in her naïve truthfulness, she explained how I had called her from India in the midst of an emotional crisis, pertaining to a saint of God. I never wanted anyone else to know about this saintly maiden or discuss her miracles openly, for I feared it would not be believed, but my sister's professor thought she was offering a dubious excuse and demanded clarity, and so, for the next fifteen minutes, she told her Astrophysics professor everything I had thus far told her pertaining to the saintly maiden. This highly educated world-famous physicist was merely one among the 85 faculty members in this world class Ivy League institution of New York City who had already won a Nobel prize for discovering a new phenomenon in Physics, and so he was fascinated with the story of this young saint's miracles, and was keen to know more about how or why dead people wanted to be in her presence, and eventually, my sister reached out to me and asked for more specific information about the saint, and this charade went on back and forth, until her professor relented and allowed her to retake her finals.

Meanwhile, a month before the semester ended, my sister's Astronomy professor fell gravely ill, and all his TA expressed despair and were saying that he never missed a single class for the last 75 semesters, but now had to lay in ICU for one entire week, barely gaining enough strength to arrive in class one day for few minutes to give apologies and explaining that he would

likely be too ill to teach for the remaining days of the semester. Before the elderly professor left the lecture hall, my sister spoke to him briefly to express best wishes for his health, and also added that she would tell a saintly woman to pray for his recovery. The professor, who was a self-professed agnostic, looked amused for a moment, and then quickly added that he needed to become cured completely before his flight at midnight the next day, for he was scheduled to board a flight to Cairo and attend a prearranged science conference. My sisters unhesitatingly promised him that she would ask the saint to pray for his recovery before his midnight flight the next day, and immediately after returning home, she called me and narrated the details of her conversation with the Astronomy professor, and she asked me to go to the saintly woman and ask her to pray to God for the recovery of her atheist professor, because she wanted to keep her promise.

I was momentarily frustrated with my sister's thoughtlessness as I wondered how she could have promised such a thing to her professor, and how would I ever go to the young woman and demand that she pray for an unknown American Ivy League university's Astronomy professor, who neither believed in God nor held religion in good regard, and yet, when he heard that a saint of God could pray and cure people, he immediately expressed interest in getting well and even gave a timeline to my sister.

As soon as I ended the international call, I wanted to cry out in frustration, and I wondered how my sister could have made such a promise.

I had told my sister that despite being an honour student, she had made a fool of herself, because the fastest way to lose credibility in this era was to believe in God, and to even acknowledge miracles, and yet, she had been honest and told the old professor all about the saintly maiden and her miraculous powers. I actually worried that the professor would consider his student and her sister to be ludicrous fools who were foolish enough to believe in leprechauns, but what was done was done, and I had no recourse to retreat, and had to go forth with the plan for seeking out a miraculous prayer for his ailment. The fact that the professor would even entertain the idea of a saint praying for his cure astounded me as well, but perhaps he was sneaky old man who wanted to establish exactly how far we were willing to go in our miraculous saintly quest.

I asked my mother if we could go and visit the home of the saintly young woman once more, and my mother agreed, and we went to the pious woman's house and waited for her to present herself. After several hours, she sat before us, and

offered me some refreshments, and I used this friendly moment to mention my sister and her seriously ill professor, and in a matter-of-fact voice, I announced how dreadfully important it was for us to make sure the scientist became cured before midnight, and I uttered these phrases aloud in her presence, so that she would hear and hopefully pray for the recovery of this old man, for I knew this miraculous woman had a soft heart, and she never could contain her sorrow if she ever heard that someone was suffering. I did my part in conveying the message about my sister's professor, and soon, it was getting late and I left her home, wondering if she even realised what my agenda had been.

I did not recall much about this incident upon my return, but several weeks later, when my sister went to her professor's lecture to hand over her papers, she was astonished to see that his health was better than before, and he cheerfully greeted. Before she took leave, he called her back and said that something interesting happened to him, because exactly one hour before his flight to Cairo, his health miraculously recovered completely and he was able to attend the coveted conference. Although the agnostic professor did not directly mention that the saintly woman's prayers had cured him, but he was honest enough to give some credit to my sister and admit that some miracle worked out in that prayer of the saint she had mentioned during midterm final in class exams.

During the brief years I knew this saintly maiden, I saw many more incredible miracles taking place in her presence, although she herself did not know how swiftly her quietest prayers were accepted.

When we went on with our lives that day as if everything were normal, I found myself wondering in disbelief, how different our worlds were, and how everything we saw was an illusion, and everything we did not see was real! But most people did not know about the real and powerful world that was hidden away from us. I really thought all the stories of saints and miracles were supposed to be done and gone and finished 2000 years ago, when there were no electricity and no cars and no houses and no carriages. But what about the world where the whole world seemed to obey the whims of a saintly maiden, who had within her a power of the heavens and could do things which had no explanation until it seemed as if the whole world were under her control and that the whole world was abiding to her words. I stared at the cars and the electric appliances and considered all the cell phones and the satellites, the elevators and shopping malls, the security cameras and everything

around me in wonder and amazement, and wondered how a saint whose power exuded force over every living and dead thing, walk amongst us, modern humans in a modern world and still retain her spirituality?

But now that she was gone, only fright and apprehension arrested my mind.

Oh, the horror which I experienced in this vacation, and the whole fearful mystery of my journey had been brooding over me ever since I returned to the United States, and my life's joy all ended in a tumult. There was a saint among us! How bizarre and how unbelievable could this be? Was she for real, living in this century, amongst the people whom technology spared no one from sinning, yet she remained amongst us, pure, chaste and sinless!? Which miracle was it of God that I had the blessing to know her and speak with her?

For us, God had sent for us a saint from heaven to earth who was born, and lived in piety and she suffered and died and toiled for us and never complained and now, after her death, I know she will sit for ever at God's right hand. No more did my heart beat with life's delight, and neither the geraniums blooming effortlessly sweeten the clime. Even with apple-blossoms tinting the air, there were days I felt like a walking graveyard, unable to sleep or eat. The stiffened trees that shivered in winter looked more alive than I, as I walked in the harsh winds that was cold enough to freeze the snow, but even the chilled air could not brush away my pain or help me forget this colossal loss.

In the shadow of that sorrowful cloud we were now destined to live, and I never thought that deep within that shroud of darkness, there could be any glimmer of hope around. Without this saintly maiden whose prayers and tears have prevented hundreds of disasters from striking earth, all our joys may float away silently into an uncharted sea of faithlessness and ignorance. But both in this world and the world above, I knew that our Maker, God, was love, and this young and fair maiden who died was in a better place.

But what will happen to us who are suffered to remain in this small planet? How shall we survive without this saintly maiden praying for us every day. Perhaps, God had a plan, and we must let Him do what He wills and lead us whither He will for wheresoever He leads must be the way of truth and life and without any doubt, whatsoever God does, must be in harmony with that infinite love which He displayed for us from the beginning of time. I was devastated by this loss, but I constantly reminded myself that whatever God had done was in

harmony with that eternal purpose by which He revealed to men eternal knowledge and wisdom. Therefore, though the heaven and the earth were shaken with the death of my young and beautiful saintly friend, I placed my trust in Him for I knew that God was still here, and He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and that His promise to lead those who trust in Him into all truth shall manifest in some other way, one day. But the very idea that this modern century of electric cars and super sonic jets and robotic police would somehow be eligible to host a saintly figure like this young maiden never ceased to astonish me. How can the modern world not be able to prevent God and His saints from existing? My heart trembled aggressively whenever I stood near her afterwards, for I didn't know what to expect anymore. Every single day, different events around her astonished me until I became so terrified of that miraculous power and so in awe of that inexplainable power that I yearned to leave her presence forever. I thought perhaps if I stayed away from her, then I could save myself from that super natural power that questioned all my logic. My father was a scientist and highly accomplished one, and what scientists do for a living is find explanation for everything that people cannot find explanation for. Logic is what we lived on. I was a pessimist as my father when it came to finding explanation and researching for an answer. But this saintly maiden and her piousness baffled me and demolished all logic with her power and miracles in every step and on every path. She destroyed all rationales of science and logic and the patterns that the world follows and believes in.

I looked endlessly for a way, a path which would lead me to that world beyond our own.

No wealth, no love stories, no love songs or movies and no family outings or fame or honour could make me forget the horrors of death and the power of the heavens above and my insignificance in the eyes of God and His angels.

I was nothing from that day onward, nothing in my heart, nothing in my soul and nothing in my body except regret, shame and guilt and a longing for something I did not know.

What happens when you pull out a drowning person from the depths of the sea? My mind was drowned in life's ambition, wealth, power, education and connection, and suddenly it all faded away into mere smokes, and sad fumes of a vision more fake than a dream.

She was real, her God was real and I had no part in it. I was not welcome into that world; I was kept hidden away from her glory and her majestic grandeur. I was not welcome to that hidden

kingdom of God that went beyond the worlds we saw or even knew of for it was hers and the ones like her: sinless, passionless, anger less, chosen by God, and hand-picked by Him, and I was left behind to languish in the lies of this false fake world where all our ancestors had left and so would I any given money! How could I not mourn with the falling of every raindrop until the rain envied my teardrops and couldn't compete with its flow?

How could I go on living and not break down here and there, whenever I saw the stars or drove out in the middle of the night amongst tall fir trees who cared nothing for me, who knew the fakeness of life and the people whom they saw burning, fighting, killing, loving, hating and only to die and become the earth under their roots. So, I wept when I couldn't find the strength to drive or even breathe, I wept like a madwoman who realised finally that she was mad and kicking and surrounded by insane people who all believed their dream or hallucinations were real and were too simple to know the truth that lurked behind the shadows and moors of eternity.

So, when the world tried to force me into its lies again, its falseness, its temporariness, its lies, its fake love and false fame of a few seconds, I fought violently against their falsity until I broke down into raging wails, hoping that my tears would be able to guide me unto the path of truth and away from the lies the world had bewitched all intelligent men and women into.

My heart would go on fighting, my soul would never bow down and my mind would never surrender.

The lies of this life could no longer blind me or fool me or destroy me with its falseness and temporariness.

I had seen through her the truth that made my world beautiful living a lie.

I would break apart and until my heart would give up trying to find the truth in falsehood. I would never surrender to this fake false life of a few counted moments!

If God was here, then perchance the wailing of heart would deafen me from the music of this false world so I could hear my Maker's word as He spoke to her and if my wailing were loud enough, then perhaps God's silence would break and if my tears could outflow the rain He sent, then perhaps I would know even a little of that world God hid from me because of my unworthiness.

Why would that sublime God need me when He had sinless pure souls like her calling unto Him with the oratory of their meek weak hearts?

What need had God for my polluted soul?

What need had He for me at all when a thousand saints replaced me before I even attained maturity?

How could I attain to a position worthy of being the dust that were crushed under their shoe sole?

Why indeed would God need me when He had her and the likes of her, souls whose hearts were so pure and whose forgiveness so deep that they knew not the meaning of the word revenge or vengeance or even the memory of mankind to linger into their hearts or defile their souls!

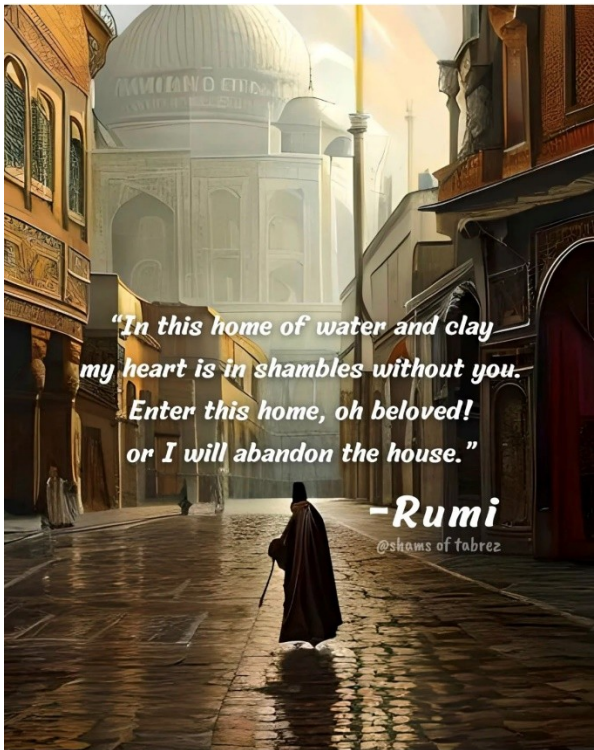
Who was I but some worthy worthless thing of flesh and coagulated blood that would become the food of worms or the fuel of fire any given moment? And with a soul that is filled with such human thoughts and feelings, how could it ever reach the heavens above or breach through the clouds and cut through the heavens while the friends of God had souls made of the pure light of stars and minds as light as feathers and souls whose purity if sprinkled on the venoms of spiders and scorpions and snakes, would transform it into honey!?

My heart felt rancour in an envy and an anger of self loathe and hate when I finally realised how I had fooled myself to make myself believe I was good and charitable and now saw the true lovers of God! The true angels, souls made of pure light, loved and revered by God, who perhaps cared naught for me.

So, I wept as does the abandoned child who feels his sibling is more favoured by his parents because she or he knows he cannot be ever as good as him? But tears -they came nonetheless, and depression took away all happiness and all hope from a life cut short. My whole life melted away into the darkness of the moonless night, and my heart betrayed by the force that roared and the heat that burned all those who came too near it.

Her piety and religiousness destroyed the notions of sense and explanation and the witnessing of what we see and understand. With her, the world was different, as no scientists could explain what she did and what happened to those surrounding her. For the first time, I was forced most unwillingly to admit that science cannot explain everything and that was the most difficult part of my life. If science couldn't explain these phenomena, then what could, and how can we know something

if science cannot guide us? But saints of God were miraculous creatures, who needed no science to justify their miracles, and this saintly maiden was no exception.



*"In this home of water and clay
my heart is in shambles without you.
Enter this home, oh beloved!
or I will abandon the house."*

-Rumi

@shams of tabrez

**To be unborn were better worth
Than thus to reap distress and pain,
For how essay great things to gain
When struggling in this snare of earth?**

**A fallen creature from the womb,
Thou sinnest for a slice of bread,
And in a moment's wildered dread,
Can live through every plague and gloom-**

**While spirit with thy body links,
With living light shall glow thy flesh,
But should the soul desert its mesh,
To mire and sliminess it sinks!**

**Behold no jot with thee will stay
Of all the glory now so great,
Strangers shall seize thy loved estate,
And empty thou shalt go away.**

**Thy soul thou gavest o'er to lust,
Nor pondered on this bitter truth.
But if thou sinnest in thy youth,
What wilt thou do when thou art dust?**

**O let the wicked turn aside,
And take, O King, the path to Thee.
Perchance the Rock will heed the plea,
And from His wrath the sinner hide!**

**O haughty-souled, come gather all,
Remember and stand fast and raise
Your heart and hands in common praise
And thus to God in heaven call.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



When the DEAD began to RISE!

A dreadful darkness came over the city, but the scene before me was crystal clear. It was so real that I could swear I wasn't sleeping and that it was no dream, but rather it felt like a real

event. I could almost see them and even if I had been dreaming, my eyes were certainly open. I wish I could make myself believe that I was hallucinating, but hallucinations I never had, nightmares or bad dreams I never ever had, nor could I even remember my day-to-day dreams at all and neither did I or anyone in my family have a history of mental health issues or even in my extended family, but how could I explain what had happened to me? Who would believe in the unbelievable circumstances that I was forced to endure? Indeed, the sight horrified me in a way that no words could do justice to the emotions I felt, and never could I find ways to even describe a fraction of the horror and pain that shook my hearts core! From the wisp of brightness reflecting from thin clouds, I saw around the travelling coach, a ring of humans, some with dark faces and white teeth while others with tearstained reddish eyes, with long, sinewy limbs and unkept shaggy hair, and they were all rushing after us, crying out the name of the saintly maiden who was seated in our midst inside the bus, and was blissfully unaware of the commotion outside. They were all deceased yet undead, and perhaps looked a hundred times more terrible in the grimness of death than they had looked when alive, and in this night, even when they howled and wailed, I knew they were suffering from some indescribable ordeal. For myself, I felt a sort of paralysis of fear. Words cannot explain my true feelings for it is only when someone feels herself face to face with such horrors that she can understand their true import. I couldn't feel my heart beat. I never thought I could make myself breathe again. A terror unknown to any human heart seized my entire being and fear and agony capsized my very heart. The dead here were in anguish, and I felt their pain as if they were alive. They were human beings who were suffering and their pain haunted my soul and so, when I awoke, I cried unconsciously for those unfortunate souls for somehow, human hearts are all related, and perhaps this is how those in the land of the dead have ways to connect beyond time and so, I was able to hear their wailing echo in my mind. From their hollow and dead eyes, it seemed that the dead people were somehow blaming me for the misfortune that befell them, but I was a little girl, who scarcely understood what was transpiring here, but nevertheless, I never forgot that dreadful hour, and never was there an incident in my future days that could shake my heart with such sheer terror.

But all they had demanded was to be able to have this saintly young woman in their midst as they insisted that as long as she lived in their proximity, no fear or pain came upon them in the land of death. I shuddered upon hearing this, for although I admired her piety and chastity, I never imagined that she was

so precious. But now, she had taken over my life my mind and now, even my nightmares. Such saintliness pervaded her that not only did humans seek out the saints of God like her to gain blessings, but the departed souls from the land of the dead yearned for them with such madness that I felt as if though I had died that day.

How could I now focus on this life of a few useless days of abiding with humans and their changing feelings when the world of the endless and unknown world of the next life unveils itself to your soul?

How could any human being decided to become wilfully oblivious like children and pursue and chase after fake false, dreaming of castles in the clouds, like children, and believing that this love will one day save them or this mad lust will be reciprocated? But death was real, and these dead I saw had ways to make the human hearts terrified enough to make the soul enter into a forced reality. At least this is how it was for me, for my life practically ended that moment I witnessed the dead humans in such frightful state, causing me to break into a maddening fit of weeping, as I worried about my own future.

We were all humans with broken hearts, and most people are desperate to distract their broken hearts with human thoughts and feelings and even by obsessing over our future, until all sanity leaves our mind, for that is how humans generally try to survive all the pain and heartbreak, via distraction and wilful forgetfulness, and believing in make-believe events and even imagining being in love with someone who is woefully flawed, but the person wants to believe that his or her lover is flawless and perfect and thus, being obsessed with love and friendship and relationships, humans abide by their earthly days, until death takes over, but that moment when I saw dead men and women rushing towards the traveling coach, my heart was removed from this life and I was forcefully cast into the other world; the world where all humans must end up in residing in, and the world where people will not have the luxury to indulge in love and obsession for humans.

But this was real, and the dead were here, and I wondered, where did these people come from and how were they begging for that saintly soul to save them? How could my saintly friend be so miraculous that even dead men and women begged for her help? Not only could she perform miracles and cure illness, she could clearly assist those who resided in the land of the dead and she did all this without ever knowing what she did?

People thought death was an escape, but I wondered if the horrors of pain, agony and loneliness not leave me even in the land of the dead? The heavens appeared far away, as if they were waiting for all the souls of this world to come to them one by one. My heart languished in an agony that threatened to destroy the fibre of my soul, because from that moment on, I ceased to dream or hope far enough, and I lost my ambition and my purpose of life that very moment for I only thought how could I survive with such pain and fear drowning my soul away into the infinity of heartbreak after my death, and to think that death was going to offer no reprieve from the torments of life was even more heartbreaking. I was not yet dead, for I walked and breathed, but I lived as if I were already dead because this life appeared fake compared to the world I had witnessed.

This life was but a short temporary dream, a 4D dream, where men fight over only things that were happening in a dream and when the duration of their dream is over, they are waken to harsh realities. All lovers of human love will die one day, and they too will awake from the dream of love and lust, and imagine this to be real until death claims them! Is it not strange that human beings fight and kill in this dream called life, and they war with each other, for a country in their dreamland, knowing very well that they will must leave this dream soon, and wake up from this brief sleep, and enter the eternal and severe reality of the Judgement Day? Indeed, I knew how real the next life was, for I saw the dead rising and speaking, and O the terror of suffering in their eyes and the pleading pleas of their outstretched arms would haunt me till I died. I couldn't stop my tears from pouring for them, and in my mourning, I prayed that God forgive all those departed souls who had no one in the world to pray for them.

All dreams of my life broke away in front of me. I was rudely awakened to a terrifying world. I forgot all the hate and love of humans and sheer fear froze my senses and I could think of nothing but the most brutal torment that made me wish for death and eternity to begin instead of keeping me distracted in a world so false and so fake. My life had been shattered into a million pieces and dreams of youthhood charred away. I actually aged prematurely that day and all my hopes melted from in first of my eyes.

I knew my restless heart could never find any comfort in this short painful world and I longed to be like my saintly companion who was of such purity and piety that she had attained the kingdom of heaven within the fist of her hands, she had gone above fear for the God Who created her, for fear was her friend and ally. Indeed, she was a saint and she knew that all creatures from above and below were to perish, but God

existed for ever, for His was that Omnipotence whose mystery human mind failed to grasp, because it transcended the limits of human comprehension. She celebrated the goodness of God and expressed how wonderful His works were, and prayed so that God bestows blessings from His greatness, power, glory, victory and majesty upon the dirges on earth, for she considered her God to be exalted as Supreme above all, with all riches and honour proceeding from Him.

I was no saint or sage, and my God was far away for I knew nothing of Him and perhaps He didn't care to think of me, for in my heart was the frustrations and bitterness of a teenage westerner whose life of entitlement and petty rage of self entitlement and righteous self-superiority. My vacationing companion was an angel who soared above the heavens even as she lived among mortals, and in her celestial supplications, both the living and the dead came to her for help and prayers. Because her life was cut short and though grieved we may be, one comfort her life had given us is how to love and trust in God, and to believe firmly and actively in the changeless kingdom of heaven, and in the changeless King. I hoped this saintly woman's piety and past influence would give us calm, patience, faith and hope, for although with her death, the heavens and the earth had shaken around us, but I am certain she lives in paradise, where a kingdom of light prevails. IN her brief time on earth, she lived her days not in darkness but in truth, and not in falsehood of slavery but in freedom, not in fault finding and hatred for any faith or laws, but in compassion and love, and not in misery, but with bounty and mercy, for she did not think her God was one of wrath and fear, but was the God of Light and Love, from whom comes every good and perfect gift. Indeed, it was her chastity and purity that endeared her to me, and little did she know how valuable she was to this world, that when God willed that all men should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth, He dispatched her as one of His secret saints to ensure all are able to head to His kingdom.

When I saw those dead people, I feared death for nothing seemed more terrifying to me than living with them in that graveyard. Once more, I felt the same vague terror which had come to me before and the sense of the dead people's presence hit me like a draught. Oh, I could almost hear their pleading voices and their tone struck me with more terror than the most fearful tone ever heard by man or spirits. It was their truth and fear that pierced my senses, for their reality was different than mine, with me sitting in a luxury resort eating, enjoying the finest meals and drinking the finest drinks, served by the most well-trained servers and honoured by peers, when there were scores of deceased communities, burnt decades ago- their souls

hovering nearby who had no such amenities, and so when I thought about that scene, I felt involuntary tears trickling down my cheeks, and those who were in this vacation with me, but did not see the tears that dropped on my tea saucer and neither did they know of the shattering echoes of my heart's ruthless pulse, as I was drowning in a catastrophic feeling of guilt and fear thinking that perhaps in this very resort was one of the places which those humans had one day enjoyed in their life and became indulgent in love and lust and revenge, and forgot about death and the life hereafter.

This incident made me look at life through a different lens, and it forced me to stop living life. I became afraid and was plagued with the terror of impending death and the fear of the unknown life after death. I was not a saint like this young woman who was accompanying my family in this vacation, and I did not fast every day of my life like her, and neither did I pray twenty-four hours. How would I fare in the life after death? This saintly maiden was fearless for she was a miraculous pious woman whose chastity could surpass every human imagination. She was a free and pure soul who never focused on any human feelings, whether love or hate. She didn't live for the love and affection of humans, but actively hid away from any human obsession. While young woman sought to woo others and impress people with their hair and makeup, this saintly woman did not want the love of humans at all, and neither did she want or seek their loyalty or attention because her heart was so pure and heavenly and so angelic that no human love could enslave her mind. I realised that her purity came from the fact that she was bound by no human hate, for hatred was a powerful force that could cause the soul to be broken, but her heart was too disconnected from the world to hate an insignificant worldly temporary life or humans or ever think about anything or anyone or obsess over them. Indeed, there was not a drop of hate in her heart, and neither was there any jealousy or hatred or anger, no matter what the situation was, for even when someone wronged her, she never indulged in justified hate or legitimate anger.

Her presence in this Indian town was like a gentle breeze in the scorching heat, and when she ventured out of the vacation coach and took light steps near the sea, she was a serene oasis in the endless expanse. The delicate fabric of her black veil that graced her shoulders and concealed her beautiful face, glimmered with the lustrous kiss of tropical Indian sunlight, crafting a halo of mystique around her ethereal form. I had never seen anyone more graceful in my entire life, and as she stood beside a quiet bird, her winged companion in the solitude of the seashore, seemed to share a silent language known only to the winds. This saintly maiden was not only a gift to

humanity, but a miracle for me, because once you met a soul so free, you become affected by that serenity, and their freedom and purity leaves an imprint in the heart of all those who are able to meet her.

Shortly after getting selected to study in of the most prestigious Middle School in NYC, I was first introduced to this saintly woman whose piety was already known among her peers.

I was able to meet her while in Middle School, and shortly after, I spent more time in my studies, and was lucky enough to be able to get admission into the coveted Brooklyn Technical High School where I had to acclimate to the demands of this highly rigorous educational institution and prepare for my college admissions process. This was a competitive school, where I was very proud to be part of, because I believed that education and networking determined how successful we could be. Being in this high school inspired me to exert myself further because it challenged potentially high achievers to maximise their talents for the benefit of society. I was still in school when this saintly woman died.

Which human does this world contain who could compare themselves with the dust beneath thy footsteps? Alas, O saintly woman! Were we so sinful that we no longer had the blessing to have thee among us, and hold thee amongst us? Had this world become so unworthy of thee that thou left us? What calamity or what torment and what warfare and sickness and death and starvation have you left us with thy passing and dying?

Farewell, Fair One!

Thou pitiless, false world and selfish sea,
Tossing thy foam-white arms at me,
Jeering with singing waves of thine,
Aloof to the grief that has been mine!
With a heavy heart, wilt thou softly sigh,
To mourn this saint and utter good bye?
Let suns darken and winds make pause,

And mourn fervently for this loss!
Farewell, fair one! For thee we lay our banners,
And let God bestow upon thee His honours,
O, peace be upon thy sleeping forehead now,
Never again will sorrow wreath that beloved brow!
Oh, angelic woman of the purest lineage,
Heaven is thy home and privilege!
Chastity was thy crown; Purity thy holy gown
And piety thy throne; and God to thee known!
O martyred saint and pious woman of heaven,
Thou hast left thy people alone but forgiven,
Out of thy beautiful life came forth a miracle,
A gift of mercy and power, worthy of an oracle,
Thy life was love, thy living a prophecy,
Whose conclusion all the earth shall be,
And of thy pious purity, let the Future tell,
That we have loved thee only too well!
Oh, saint whom the heavens adored!
Oh, angel whom the angels implored
Oh, sinless whom the sinless recalled
Oh, saint whom God himself reward!
No demon could dare defeat thee,
Or bring war or suffering unto me,
Wouldst thou still be amongst us,
No war monger could harm thus,
Or dare nuke or bomb anyone,
If thy footsteps blessed earth and sun!
No suffering nor hunger nor fire nor fear,

Could afflict humanity should thou be here,
And remained still among our midst,
Then all of mankind would still exist!

My mind whirled with terror and with the fear of the unknown as this new life and crude reality made me feel utterly powerless and false. How can a human soul be connected with the cosmos with a world beyond life and a power beyond this small bounded world? All my past reality, and all my former notion of life and death was shattered and was now, reconstructed. Indeed, this world and this life, and humans with their frivolous love and hate, meagre wealth and power, useless battles, warfare and killing appeared as mundane as a cheap movie scene, where actors battled one another over acting and scripts.

The flimsy ideologies people believed in and the people they tried to influence and the power they fought over and the temporary life over which they fought over seemed so menial in the sight of that eternal power that controlled the universe and life and death and the heavens and stars and skies itself, that I ceased to care much about grades, money and degrees. O how powerless and useless humans and their love and hate and vengeance appeared to me now!

How temporary the world and its people and their feelings and their anger and their love and madness towards each other was, and how it seemed so real and true to them until death overtook them! Oh, indeed, the veil of ignorance was pulled off from my eyes and the real world and its invincible power and intricate workings was revealed to me. I walked up and down the avenues alone, thinking about the harsh reality of this world. I wanted to wake everyone and shout out the truth about life and warn them about what brutal end each person's death was, but my comrades insisted it was futile as a terrible fear began to assail me. Would everyone truly end up as a deathless mass? Was I too destined to die and begone forever? Was the desolation of death meant to last forever, or was dying but another link in the chain of doom which drew tighter round us with each passing hour? I knew no matter how healthy, vigorous and how young one may be, there was no escaping death, and for a moment, I was almost afraid that I had entered a house of death where ever minutes and seconds meant the time of death drawing nearer. Ah, my life became a living agony since that day, because I understood the reality now, and I also knew that no civilian could continue living this lie of human and worldly life, once they were forced to face that reality with

which I had been rudely introduced. That day, my soul was shaken and my life changed. My heart felt like a stranger in this false world of animation and make-believe films. I wanted to suppress this ominous feeling and in vain, tried to go on with my everyday life, but my very soul betrayed me. Once such scenes manifest themselves to someone, how could she find the strength to live on living this lie?

This world was okay for children who liked toys and played magic and spent their time playing make believe with imaginary friends and dolls and toys and believed those were real. I no longer could hear life murmur, or see the stars glisten but everything around me seemed fading and ominous. The tune of the earth was lost to me, as green meadows and golden hills and valleys appeared like distant mirages that were meant to disappear once I came too close. There were happy creatures yet who resided in this small planet, and appreciated the beauties of nature, and watched in wonder as roses blossomed among the leaves, but no matter how many birds overhead fluttered and sung, I knew that becoming distracted from my true end was foolishness. and so, with my aching heart, I stood on the awful verge of death, hoping to face it with as much fortitude as had my saintly companion who left unannounced. My heart yearned for more truth, and my soul cried out. I didn't want to be bound by human weakness and worldly temporariness, for I thirsted for eternity, and longed for a power eternal and a heaven that would make every human pain insignificant. Oh, how I yearned for the truth and wished madly to delve into that life of eternal joy and peace. This small world of fragile and little humans and their temporary love and changing hate appeared so useless now, and their affectations seemed so meagrely in the face of that eternal power of the Creator God, that to me, all the friendships and families, all the love and hate and people and their feelings and their hurt and their revenge and hate was irrelevant, for what was it all but the play for a few days? My heart was in eternal, unending fear and it seemed as though the life beyond death was appearing near, and strangled me from every side.



A Saint's Miracles and Technology:

I lived in a digital era where every young person had numerous social media accounts and many influencers roamed the streets all day and night, snapping thousands of pictures every day and recording hundreds of elaborate and original movies, hoping to gain more followers or subscribers, and the more likes and reactions a video and picture received, the more popular the person became, and the more makeup a woman was able to paste over her face, the more views she would get on her social media handle, until scarcely one person would exist in the entire bus, subway, train, plane or airport who was not glued to their smart phones or vlogging stands, but in the midst of such technology, there lived a saintly maiden amongst us, who surpassed all ancient religious or spiritual characters in her piety and chastity, and remained engrossed in tearful prayers throughout the night and fasted every day of her life, no matter how blistering hot the summer days in India were, for she lived not for pictures and social media posts, but her life was devoted to worshipping the God of Adam, Moses and Abraham,

and rather than upload joke videos on meme pages, she would spend her evenings reciting softly verses and chapters of the Islamic holy book, Koran, which she had memorised in her childhood, when growing up in Riyadh. In this era, where modern youths believed that the more photographed someone was, the more popular of famous or worthy he or she was, I was stunned to learn that this pious maiden had never taken a single picture of herself in her entire life, and she whose power was more profound than all ancient empires combined, and she for whom even the dead awoke and spoke of, and she whose mere subconscious wish was enough to cure a terminal patient in his death bed, with all her powers and miracles, she did not have one picture in this world, although I, despite trying to convince myself I was not pretentious, occasionally snapped up to a hundred selfies if I did my hair or elaborate makeup. Not one image or painting or picture existed of the most pious and revered young woman in this world, because her worth was not in her beauty or fame, but in her heart and her piety. I imagined she vigilantly refrained from snapping her pictures or letting others record her images due to the verses of the Koran which she adhered to where drawing images of animate objects were discouraged.

She knew from the Holy Quran, that it was wrong to carve or draw human-images and attribute them to God. Similar verses, such as 7:32, 6:140 and 42:21, condemned innovated prohibitions as laws decreed, so when it came to photography, she did not seek to depreciate God's beautiful creation with illegitimate photographs and paintings but I mourned that she did not have one picture taken of herself, and no image which I could remember her by, and I wished I had even a headshot for reference, especially for those of us who were not personally able to visit her in the far corners of India. Another reason she discouraged painting and taking pictures was that she felt photos could distract her from remembering God. This was true of any of God's provisions if people are not careful. Money or marriage may also distract humans from God, so she was staunchly against marrying, and practiced moderation in all her tasks, for it was the key to her detachment for things of this world. I knew excessive photography and indulgences was counterproductive, the way we know that gluttony is wrong, but I occasionally thought it was be illogical for her to prohibit all photography in her presence, but perhaps it was part of her austerity to live casually in this world, as difficult as it may be to do so. She had no passport, and at the age of eighteen, somehow travelled to her parent's home in India without any proper papers. This was because her father was a diplomat whose family was revered by the Saudi government and were not placed under any scrutiny, allowing her to pass Indian

customs without any trouble, but once she settled in New Delhi, she refused to have her picture taken to apply for a new passport.

In the entirety of her life, this young and fair maiden never allowed anyone to take her picture or snap a selfie even in the privacy of her own chamber, for she was extremely shy and modest, and believed in the religious laws that prohibited carving or cleaving graven images. Although Islamic scriptures discouraged drawing or painting animate objects, it was also Bible's Exodus 20:4 that declared, "You shall not make for yourself a carved image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." These rulings of God she strictly adhered to and refuse to compromise, and thus, even I in my childish excitement, could not save a picture of her glamorous face, which evidently no camera could do unto it justice. In her deathly ill condition, when she finally expressed her desire to return to her birthplace in the Middle East, but few people imagined it would be possible for a young woman to travel without passports or travelling documents, but she was no ordinary woman and somehow, was able to secure a seat on the Pilgrimage flight to Mecca that was leaving India that afternoon. Due to the last-minute arrangements, her parents could not secure seats for themselves, so only her aunt accompanied her in this journey and tended to her even as she lay ill on the plane. Even until this day, I wonder how she managed to board an airplane without any passport of any form of photo ID, but I had known her long enough not to be astonished by unexpected episodes of her miraculous events.

The cause of her illness was not a mystery, for I had heard a lot about how gravely distressed she had been due to the family pressure which compelled her to agree to a marriage she did not desire, for in her heart, she wanted to remain single and celibate for the rest of her life. But in her final illness, she embarked on this Pilgrimage journey with her aunt and longed to be in the holy sanctuary near the Temple of Abraham, even though her health was deteriorating.

With no passports and other documents, how she boarded a plane from India was a mystery to me. It seemed that the saintly young woman's family members were acquainted with a number of diplomats in both India and Saudi Arabia, and it was possible that they had enabled her journey and facilitated the process of getting on a plane without the usual documents. It was possible that she or someone in her family had diplomatic papers of passports.

She was not afraid of death for she was a saint of God, and all her anxiety were set at rest for she had nothing left to live for except meeting her God face to face in some corner of heaven. Her aunt later described that upon boarding the plane, her strength suddenly failed her, and the fair woman dropped deep into the chair upon which she was seated, with a faint cry of pain and a ghastly pallor stole over her beautiful face. Her aunt held a glass of water close to her lips but due to an aching pain in her heart, she was unable to drink a sip.

When her aunt later recalled this saintly maiden's dying hours, my poor bruised heart became more and more raw with pain, and I hoped there would be some form of consolation in this episode, but only death and darkness followed her illness. News relating to her state of health came to me only after she had passed away, for I was in my native city, far from the saint's homeland. To the great regret of her family, within one day, this saintly woman's illness made a serious advance but when they asked if she was in pain, the pious maiden refused to complain though she was feeling thirsty and sick, she continued to pray and fast even in those hours. On the airplane, her aunt had the opportunity of looking after her as she insisted on nursing her, and upon arriving in Saudi Arabia, other passengers insisted on sending for the doctor, although by this time, her breath quickened, and her rosy colour faded away. Her aunt reported that she looked the way people looked when they suffered under some sudden pain, and like martyrs, she suffered under one of the most capricious of maladies when this illness affected her immune system in the most unaccountable manner, from one part of the body to another, and not having shown the fairest promise of submitting to medical treatment, this unnamed illness cruelly reduced her to a state of relapse. Alas, it was our adverse fortune, that subjected my heroine to this last and worst trial of endurance. After days of pain was aggravated by anxiety, there was no one near her to help personally with either sympathy or advice. But care and sorrow, and heartache and pain left their traces on the human heart and brain. Yet, this chaste and fair woman bore it all with such bravery that it made me wonder what higher aim can a woman attain than the conquest over human sadness and pain?

The day she landed in KSA, there was a computer glitch in customs, and so she was able to get off the plane with her aunt and leave the airport unnoticed. All portals for arrivals and the customs check in that airport shut down, due to what many believed to be a computer virus at that time, but only later, scientists attributed the sudden black out to a rare solar storm that affected the said area, and so, for eight hours, the entire

security system remained unresponsive, and this young saintly woman and her aunt freely walked out of the airport and checked into a local hotel, where after one strenuous and distressing day, she breathed her last in the comforting arms of her elderly aunt.

It was a wonder how she was able to slip out of the heavily fortified airport, but it was the pilgrimage season and tens of thousands of pilgrims were arriving in the holy sanctuary city each hour, and it was impossible for the airport to accommodate everyone as they landed, especially since never before in history, did they face such a massive computer failure due to an unidentified glitch.

However, security at Saudi Arabian airports were foolproof, and sure enough, one day later, they checked all travel catalogues and cross referenced the names of every passenger who boarded these flights, and soon, airport officials working for their nation's national security and immigration departments, began to go house to house, tracking down all the passengers who had left the airport within the timeframe of the glitch. Officials arrived promptly at her aunt's residence, which was essentially a hotel suite they had booked for the duration of this journey, and when the elderly woman answered. The Saudi officers informed her that their system detected a breach from this address and found an illegal entry in this house, and added that in addition to the old woman's name, they found this saintly maiden's name on the passenger list and needed to see her and scan her passport. The aunt paled upon hearing these words and burst into wild tears, for it was only hours earlier that the fair young woman died and was buried in the ancient cemetery of the holy sanctuary mosque.

The frantic officials offered their condolences but all hope from this life was gone for me and my country, for this saint was dead and buried, gone forever from our midst, forever and forever, never to be replaced, never to return.

Although continents apart, I sensed something that day. I awoke that morning with a sick feeling, almost like a premonition, and I knew something happened to our world, as though my heart knew we were just deprived forever of her piety and purity.

Her soul was not into earthly pleasures, and grass and flowers could not wake joy in her heart, and with each studious day, the flush of life dimmed in her body, but she looked forward to death with the thrill of a prophetic joy, because she was aware that all terror and chill of this world was temporary, while those billions who lived from continent to continent, would find their mute lips cower in the face of death. But she was a saint of God who experienced no sense of coming ill, and found all her sympathies with God. Unlike ordinary humans with their mundane and busy schedules, she did not seek an escape from the thorny stems of time, but befriended the hereafter and the

death that would lead her to it. Of all the noble traits about her, it was her bright eyes which arrested my attention when I was first blessed to lay eyes on this saintly woman. I remember her eyes, that were deep and mesmerising, and seemed to mirror the untamed beauty of the vast sands of Riyadh, upon which she was born and with each flutter of her lashes, a sanctuary of secrets and ancient whispers told the saga of that distant land and desert dreams.

After her parents forced her to be betrothed to a man, and persuaded her most vehemently, she with her gentle heart, could not tolerate the anguish and soon, lapsed into a fatal illness, and begged to be able to visit her birthplace in Riyadh just once before she died. This time, her parents, seeing the errors of their ways, chose to honour her wishes, and escorted her to the airport, for the first flight to KSA. Due to her particular religious zeal and chastity, this fair maiden refused to have her pictures taken, even if it was for something as necessary as a passport, and so her parents somehow persuaded Indian customs officers to allow the ill woman to board the flight, but they knew that upon arriving in Riyadh, with all its stringent security protocol in place, there would be no way the Saudi officials would allow a young woman to enter the country without a passport, but she was so grieved that they made an effort to put her on the plane.

But despite everything, fate was against her, or she loved God too much to remain on earth, and her sad demise followed this journey.

When the fictional Harry Potter feared that he had lost the Horcrux, which was an object in which a Dark magician would hide a detached fragment of his soul in order to become immortal, and thus live forever to torment innocents in the world of the living, even if their body suffered fatal damage, Harry was devastated, because he knew the Horcrux was considered to be by far the most terrible of all dark magic, and to lose it was to lose his only chance to save humanity and so, I too felt this sense of loss and dread when this saintly woman had died. When the news of her death reached me, I was in shock, and felt a hollow pit sink within me, much akin to the despair the disciples of Jesus experienced when they suspected he had died on the cross, and was gone. Like the main protagonist of *The Lord of the Rings*, who nearly loses the promised ring into the damned fire, and fears that losing it means all power shall be lost, I believed that with the death of this young and fair saint, we too shall be annihilated. In *The Lord of the Rings*, Frodo was a Hobbit of exceptional character, but still fell into despair at that time, while I was an ordinary city girl from New York whose life's very purpose was centred about this pious woman's miracles and prayers.

But her parents could were not religious, and so, they could not appreciate her piety, and persisted in marrying her against her

wishes, or at least raised such an emotional tantrum that she could not find it in her heart to refuse, and had to give in to the wedding, but this broke her heart and caused her to become gravely ill, and fearing she was in her deathbed, she begged her family members to take her one last time to her birthplace in Riyadh, so she could cast one farewell glance over the golden sands of the Arabian peninsula. Her journey back home was brief, as her family members boarded her on the first flight from India, and like an opulent alcove bathed in the ethereal glow of twilight, she was a vision of divine allure reclining amidst the whispers of polymer and the subtle clink of ornate metal on the spacious airplane seat. She was deathly ill, but her hair, a cascade of midnight tresses, framed a face sculpted as though by the very hands of Aphrodite, and though she was intermittently weeping, her eyes remained alight with the embers of untold stories. Upon the final hours of the journey, she draped herself in the black robe of the thickest silk, adorned with several intricate lace that traced patterns as mysterious as the language of the stars. Her plane touched down and she was almost home. The aurora borealis, also known as the northern lights, was seen in skies around the country that day and officials in Saudi Arabia later upgraded it to the level of extreme geomagnetic storm - the first since the solar storms of October 2003 which caused blackouts in Sweden and damaged power infrastructure in South Africa. As the daughter of a scientist and physicist, I was always interested in the Space and the skies, and so I studied the rare phenomenon and discovered that solar storms were essentially happening when the magnetosphere allows a few of the charged particles in the solar wind to get through, especially near the magnetic poles that are about 10 degrees to the geographic poles. Once the charged particles penetrated the magnetosphere, they followed the magnetic field all the way down to the Earth's atmosphere, where collision with atoms and molecules in the atmosphere sent them into an animated state. The charged particles then de-excite emitting light that creates the colourful display of the aurora twirling around the Earth's magnetic poles. In the Northern Hemisphere, the aurora is often called Aurora borealis, or Northern Lights, but in the Southern Hemisphere, it was called Aurora australis, or Southern Lights, and so, this cosmic extravaganza of colourful lights caused by a solar storm that day painted the skies across the Middle East with heavenly hues, and also crippled all navigation systems, causing blackouts in Riyadh. This was a woman who had never taken a picture in her entire life, and did not even have a passport as she was determined to adhere to the laws of God and never engrave her image on any item, and so when she somehow got on a plane from India and arrived in her birthplace of Riyadh, without a passport and

valid photo ID, there was no logical way she would have been allowed to embark from the plane, but it seems that her miracles stretched farther than one could imagine, and the moment her plane touched down, one of the most powerful solar storm in more than two decades struck Earth, triggering spectacular celestial light shows in skies from Tasmania to Britain and causing disruptions to satellites and power grids as it persisted into the weekend, making the airport personnel allow passengers to leave without checking out. There was no danger in this celestial phenomenon, but her slightest wish and faintest dream thus came true, and heavens and earth moved to accommodate her wishes, so beloved was she to her God. It was then that I realised her true power and miracles, for ever since I was a little girl, I was fascinated by spy movies and hacking flicks, where brilliant computer programmers had the power to manipulate a super computer and crack the codes of the most sophisticated firewall and with a click of a button, shut down electric grids of major cities, or at least that was what some famous action films like Mission Impossible, or Nikita, tried to show, and I was in awe of that technology and wanted to gain a part of that power, but now that I saw how much immensely more powerful this fair and saintly maiden wielded over the earth and cosmos, I conceded that no computer and no technology could compete with the supernatural miracles which this woman of God displayed without even knowing she was making any change.

Whatever timid minds may think, there were no flaws in her character for in her faith in God, she was not in uncertainty in this matter. It has rarely been given to us to know our base from our noble hours or to distinguish between the voice which is from above, and that which speaks from below, or which wishes are for fulfilling vain desires and which were to seek the pleasure of God, and few among mankind were thus able to exit the abyss of their animal and selfish nature and immerse themselves into the spiritual goodness of God, and this saintly woman was one who could distinguish between the impulse of spirituality and the hereafter. Doubtless, deep truth of character is required for this, and I was certain that this young woman was even more pure and noble than the angels whose whispering voices get lost together. For her, the Sun not only produced a dazzling celestial drama, but along with this cosmic extravaganza of colourful lights that painted the skies with vibrant hues of pink, green, and purple over Saudi Arabia, it also meant that she did not have to suffer from security checks and other degrading scrutiny.

It was a rare show of lights, referred to by scientists as aurora, after the Roman goddess of the dawn, but this young woman was the true saint of God whose power extended beyond the horizon and above the skies.

Oh, heavenly woman! Thy God had chosen thee and loved thee! What human can dare to think of thy power and might and of thy God who owns the endless heavens and the endless Earth's and the endless galaxies. Oh, she who defined the meaning of purity and chastity, what human or saint of this century could ever compete or compare themselves to even a day of thy life and piety and purity? Which human could dare to dream to be an iota in thy sight worthy? The dust beneath thy feet could see the planets and the stars for all the stars and suns would envy with that dust that fell from thy feet.

Everyone know what causes an aurora, because it is a solar storm, that is essentially a dramatic blast of electromagnetic radiation from the Sun. But this storm which consisted of solar flares, which was one of the most violent forms of solar activity, caused global blackouts temporarily, and disrupted airport security checks when the plane bearing her landed. The intensity of solar activity is measured on a five-level scale, ranging from minor G1 to extreme which is denoted as G5, and the one that showed above the Saudi Arabian city was classed as severe, and thus, the solar flares affected the electric grid, disrupting power sources which generated electricity at the main airport.

Oh, thou who were in the form of a human amongst us made of flesh and blood and yet the Lord and Maker of the inconceivable universe and uncountable galaxies is thy friend and thy Guardian. Oh, what joy what blessings it was to have thee once amongst the most unworthy of human sinners. Ordinary humans live akin to animals and other beasts on earth as we eat, work to earn money so to eat, and then become exhausted from this work and sleep and most of us dare not abide by our own thoughts, because we think them our own, and not God's, and this was so because we only now and then endeavour to know in earnest what our true purpose in life is, but this saintly companion of mine was wholly different, as in every action of her life, she cared only for God and lived for this purpose alone. Such astuteness in spirituality and piety was only given to the habitually true to know the difference and she knew it, because no matter how many tribulations stuck her in her blessed life, she never complained and only reassured herself that God is love and His judgment is just. She lived free from sin and sorrow because in this world, she sought not her own will, but the will of Him who sent her to out earth, albeit for a short time. This allowed my saintly companion to experience the deepest of existence for her life was a life of love and faith, where she did not go timorously about, inquiring what others think, or wondering about what others believe, and caring about what others said, but she only loved God and

longed for the day she could be in heaven. If one was to spend quality time in her presence, her simple lifestyle showed that living the life of a saint seemed the easiest, but it was the most difficult thing in life to do, but I learned the beauty of faith from her, and believe more fervently in God. It felt that even from the world beyond, she seemed to be saying, that God is near you, so cast yourself fearlessly upon Him. But with her gone from our world, our future seemed doubly uncertain and unsafe, because I knew that more powerful geomagnetic storm that recently hit the Earth and already caused radio and GPS to malfunction at the airport where she had landed in KSA, were to follow. Scientists feared that these solar storms would cause waves of hurricanes and storms to overwhelm this planet and I wondered whether the consequences of the magnetic storms that threatened us would lead to a permanent Armageddon.

I was always fascinated by the science behind auroras for despite all its flaws and fails, this was one of the unique characteristics of our planet earth, whereas on planets like Mars and Venus that do not have strong magnetic fields, charged particles in the solar wind directly impacts the surface of the atmosphere and as a result, does not display wondrous scenes. Fortunately, Earth's strong magnetic field creates a magnetosphere that acts like a protective bubble surrounding our planet, and that magnetosphere deflects most of the charged particles around this planet, protecting us from the harmful effects of solar rays, but also causing magical streaks of night lights in the sky known as aurora borealis. I knew that solar flares occurred when magnetic energy that built up in sunspots is suddenly releases, causing a solar storm which are also known as geomagnetic storms. I never expected a geomagnetic storm to affect this part of the world, and interestingly on the very same day when this saintly maiden and her family chose to return to her birthplace. For many, life after death was but a world which happened to be invisible now, but which would become visible hereafter, and unlike this life, it was a moral realm, where the world of right and wrong and heaven and reward were promised to all, but this saintly young woman lived her earthly days as a manifestation of paradise, for was not the true and real heaven the kingdom of love, justice, purity, beneficence? She embodied all those heavenly traits within her, and every waking hour, she longed to return to the eternal heaven wherein God abides for ever, and with Him those who are like God, rather than staying on this planet earth, where the anarchy of hate, injustice, impurity, uselessness and vanity prevailed.

It was known that the energy released by the solar storm can cripple Earth's technological infrastructure, mess up satellites,

radio communications, internet, navigation signals from GPS satellites, halt aviation and severely damage electric power grids, but no one expected this solar storm to strike directly over the city where this saintly maiden was landing and since it was nearly a direct hit, the impact on Riyadh airport was catastrophic, costing billions of dollars in damage to their economic and high-tech infrastructures, and since it was the annual hajj or pilgrimage season, this affected millions of people. This glitch in airport security was the reason why this pious young woman and her family was not scanned or checked by the airport personnel and they walked out the front door and headed home. The vast amounts of energy released by a typical solar flare across the entire electromagnetic spectrum heats nearby material, launching a colossal amount of charged particles and magnetic field from the Sun's upper atmosphere, and this in turn, affects planets as far as earth were the flare races towards us and its electromagnetic radiation and the CME rip through the upper atmosphere and ionise neutral atoms by removing electrons from them. This entire phenomenon is generally harmless and only adds beauty to the night skies, but it also occasionally causes disruptions in global positioning satellites and other electronic devices. This electronic glitch eventually meant that the saintly maiden who arrived in her birthplace in Riyadh did not require a passport to check out of the airport. She thus entered that country bypassing all protocols and peacefully died that very next day. God had sent her to us as a gift, but we were sinful and vain and did not deserve to have a saint so prudent to live amongst us, and since was not controlled by necessity that He would be forced to bring into the world beings whom He knows to be incorrigible, and doomed to endless misery, but His beloved saint was called back to heaven, where this young woman lives in joy and peace. The God of mercy bids us copy His justice, and His love, but it is only the saints who can live by His justice, and His love. There was only one morality for God, and for man, and those dogmas which prophets and saints taught us were worthy of a God who hated nothing that He had made, and God was perfect in this, that He made His sun shine on the evil and on the good, and allowed His rain to fall on the just and on the unjust, and had always been good to the unthankful and to the evil.

Experts at that time suspected that the aurora borealis, caused by a coronal mass ejection on the Sun, not only illuminated the skies over the southwestern cities of Saudi Arabia, but the massive solar storms that pummelled the Earth blacked out lights for millions of people in the Middle East, while as an after effect, the storm disabled many satellites and damaged instruments on several NASA orbiters. Scientists had many

explanations for this surprise occurrence, but I knew it was her piety which once more caused a miracle to take place unbeknownst to the saintly maiden whose very thoughts God paid heed to, and though she was but a frail and trembling mortal, there was an unknown light within her soul, which could wake wind and water, if she commanded it. Now she was dead but never gone, for her soul lived in God's eternal and changeless kingdom and soon, the day may come when all that is human, man and woman, will disappear from this planet, and all shall abide with God, and on that everlasting day, I hoped that this saint of God would remember me, and say a kind word on my behalf because God's strength was hers as well, since she was independent of all mortals and knew God was with her, and would save her.

People often panic when such solar storms take place, and some doomsday prophets worry that solar storms are an omen for the end of the world, and in some ways, this time, the solar storm did cause the world to hasten to its grave, for without this saintly maiden in this planet, I had no conviction that we would last for too long. It seemed that this was one of the largest solar storms in several decades, and it effectively crippled most of global navigation and global communication, making the airport security malfunction. There were thousands of miles of thick magnetosphere 40,000 miles above and still, this tiny planet was able to reflect the lights of heaven through it all.

Nostalgia cannot cure grief, and this I knew ever since the young auspicious woman passed away. I prayed and wept, and cried and wailed, hoping this was not true, but death was real and death was unchanging, and so the saintly young woman never returned to earth. Oh, angelic woman, bitter is our grief! We did not deserve you, nor were we worthy of your auspicious presence amidst us, and we did not have the privilege to have you to live and breathe amongst us and all the sinful dwellers of this temporary world. But alas, it was enough knowing that the Munificent God had sent amongst us a woman so saintly and angelic, even it had been for such a short time! She was free from all imputation of disbelief and retribution and believed God to be a Deity of love and compassion, while the majority of the people in my era were busy in their technical world, indulging in the basest desires, and fancying God to be a careless, epicurean deity, who was cruelly indulgent to sin, they freely hurt and hated one another in their daily endeavours to be immoral. This young woman believed firmly in forgiveness, and did not care for moral retribution, but I was devastated by the restless grief that plagued me ever since her sad death, for how could I help not being afraid for the future of our world, when I saw tribulations raging around us, in many a fearful

shape, here, now, in this life? With her prayers and devotion, I felt she could continue to be a source of blessing for us in this world and in the life to come.

For the brief hours that I spent in her noble company, I noticed that she was at all times engrossed in silent prayers, the only indication of which were the soft sobs which emanated from her lips, as she constantly repented to God, though she was more sinless than newly crowned angels.

We shall mourn you, O sinless angel! We shall mourn you- for it was better to have had you in this world no matter how a short a time that may have been and then to have lost this gem, rather than to have never had at all. The rain was still falling but my tearful thoughts did not abate. The sullen sky, all around the horizon, still lowered watery and dark, as I mourned the loss of this century. It was true that as long as a sinner was penitent, he could not be miserable but if he went on being impenitent for ever, he would make himself miserable, becoming more and more miserable for ever. His impenitence, becomes his punishment, and is therefore irremediable, necessary, and endless, but for those saints of God who only sought the kingdom of heaven, and desired nothing more from life than God's love, and abided by faith's morality, and these saints bore patiently whatever hardship came their way, and if the tribulation or punishment was corrective, their moral sense was never shocked by any severity, or by any duration for they believed in an eternal life and an unchanging God. They knew God was One and eternal and God was good and not evil, and His paradise a blessing and not a curse, and every immorality the man bears on earth including the folly, the falsehood, the ignorance, and the vice of this sinful world will be forgiven by God's bounties, and thus, they praise God for it; and give thanks to Him for His great glory, because these saints are certain that God is the everlasting and triumphant foe of evil and misery.

Every word she ever spoke to me remains etched memorably in my heart, and if I should ever have children and grandchildren, and should they ask me if I ever saw a saint of God, then I shall say, indeed I have been blessed with meeting the greatest saint of all centuries and I had the honour of meeting her in person, speaking with her and had witnessed the greatest miracles after Jesus that took place in front of me, but if they ask me as to what colour her eyes had been, then I wouldn't know what to answer for I could never look into her eyes long enough to find out, as every flash of her lids radiated a heavenly light as though the floodgates of paradises emitted therein. She was the purest woman in the city, or rather the noblest in all societies, and though admired by some of the most influential

individuals, she thought not of using them for her own advantage, and neither cared for attending socials to widen her circle of listeners, by seeking the approval of the world. If her knowledge and her anecdotes informed and amused her peers, or if they moved the interest and stored the memories diligently, she was hardly aware, and even when her family members improved conversations and increased the usefulness of social interactions, they could only fulfil their highest purpose for her if they allowed her to remain engrossed in tearful prayers. Thus, her pious and spiritual labours and her hopes of beginning and ending each day with the happy privilege of existing for her God alone, meant she spent very little time speaking to people. She spoke, but in the language of silence. A true saintly visionary, she did not yield to lethargy in her love for God and esteem for the Holy Scripture, and overexerted herself in matters of faith, and demanded not a looser, but a stricter regimen, and sought not a more metaphoric, but a more literal way of living in austerity, and expounded not a more contemptuous, but a more reverent interpretation of piety and life thereof. She lived like a fairy, even as the world around her bursts into colours, both bold and subtle, but served as a chaotic backdrop to her calm perseverance, and was an ode to her quietude. Saints could be found amid many contradictions, as we often notice in the writings of all the finest divines, when they give up for a moment the contemplations on their systems and theories, and listened to the voice of their own hearts, and therein found God and His unchanging and eternal love, so too did this saintly young woman rest with God in her heart. For her, God was not some obscure deity residing far away, but was a Benign Being whose Benevolence allowed mankind to flourish despite all their sins and sumptuousness. This young woman loved fellow humans for she loved their God, and so mercy became a part of her as she abhorred cruelty, sought to abolish torture, and in her occasional activism, even laboured for the reformation of criminals, and abolishing capital punishment. The heaven was her home as she resided in a spiritual world. Her lasting effect on humanity was manifest by the constant testimony of hundreds of cured people's affection and esteem and dying, she left to all those who had known her, no remembrances connected with her character that were not of kindly piety and natural gentleness, or a plethora of various attainments and innocent humour, of good deeds humbly done, and of valuable benefits modestly conferred. But it was not with the loss of this young and fair woman alone, that my afflictions multiplied, for although traces of this death were yet darkest in my life and profoundly felt in the corners of my household, I simply knew that much pain and disaster was soon to follow it. Indeed, we lost such a gem because we were not worthy of a saint of God

who lived in the shadow of His divine charity, stooped from heaven to earth, to toil, to suffer, to die alone and obscure, wallowing in her own bitter sorrow without complaint, so that she may better the lives of those who lived in the world by supplicating to Him who created the heavens and earth. Perhaps mankind was not worthy of that miraculous woman whose boundless charity, and fervent love, that was offered freely to her peers, required no return or rumination. It was not from age or infirmity that she died but a broken heart caused her young life to be extinguished too soon, as her frail and fair frame was ill-disposed to bear the physical trial of her sufferings and bereavements. I have no doubt that she had been the object of the fondest care and attention, even when she lingered in her frailties, between life and death, but she refused to fight for life and gave in to death to journey on to the realm of a dreamless untroubled sleep.

How could I ever reconcile with the fact that because of his actions the world lost its greatest and most chaste saints? Oh, why had her family been so stubborn and forced her to marry when she only wished to be celibate, chaste and pious? Indeed, her father was very thoroughly influenced by the media and he intensely disliked any and all religious people and disapproved of his daughter's pious endeavours. I wished the media and their reporters, editors and hosts were capable of being less bias, but in their hate, they have become animalistic and crude, and because of their constant preaching of hate, I lost the greatest saint on earth.

Where does the hating of one media go? Perhaps, we cannot always envision the lingering effect from here, but one news reports speaking negatively about a religious man, or one false news about a priestly person, and it ends up harming our very existence, and can change the course of the world.

One fake or partial one-sided report in a newspaper can make ten or hundred million people hate someone, and that could be enough to destroy the world as we know it, because in some corner of this planet, there might have been a saintly figure whose family suddenly began to hate him after seeing these false reports and the, they would destroy that saint's life, the way this saintly maiden's family had essentially destroyed her life, merely because they believed the media when they said all religious persons were dangerous, when all she ever wanted was to live with honour, dignity and love God.

We lost the most pious saintly maiden who could perform the most incredible miracles, all because of his arrogance, ignorance and fear, and now, the world lost the guardian angel of our generation for ever.

I never can stop thinking that had she lived amongst us, then we would be safe, as there would be no fear of warfare or disasters. I could never placate my mind after her death, because I knew what a gem and prize she was, and how she brought good fortune to our part of the universe, and so long as a saint so great would have walked with us, nothing could have happened to the world that possessed her.

But feelings of frustration about her father's flawed decision increased, as I wondered how he could he have thought that she was under some evilness which made her so aversive to the idea of marriage. This was a ludicrous theory. My heart wept in such feelings of pain and remorse beyond what words could ever explain. This was a saintly woman, who refused to marry so that she could devote more time of her life to serving God and saving mankind, but her father imagined that it was not a normal behaviour pattern to express dislike to the idea of marriage.

How could any imbecile think of her to be under some evil influence? She who was the softest, most angelic in nature, and she who offered up her seat to strange men when she had every right to continue sitting, and she who without an exception, gave her plate of food away to every child or beggar or vagrant that asked her for anything, much to the annoyance of her friends who had to make sure there were no miscreants or homeless around before giving her a humble meal.

This saintly woman was unnaturally chaste and pure, and was one who never in her life raised her voice above a whisper though was dragged through every painful tribulation and fighting that she was forced to endure because of her reluctant marriage plans. Such mercy flowed from her bright eyes, that even if the whole world would become insane and mad, she never lost her softness, her purity or her mercy.

She was angelic in nature, and never tried to talk to others about God nor her belief, but for the most parts of the day, she said nothing. She would pray in silence and await her guests calmly and silently. Even in extreme distress, her eyebrows did not quiver, and her serene pale face did not flinch. It was her nature that she did not try to win their favour, and she rarely met her visitors personally, and sometimes only came to see them for a moment. And yet everybody who saw her, knew her, and they knew that she was a chosen character who was impeccably chaste and pure. After she died, I knew we had lost the most precious treasure this universe had ever known, and thus, I began to think of how to channel my grief. I travelled

and shared my experiences with acquaintances, and tried to traverse the liminal tightrope of existence with a sound and hopeful mind, and wondered if her spirit was still watching over us across the astral tapestry of time and space.

I knew it was fear that made the father so desperate for his daughter to enter marriage, but I could not believe that he allowed this fear to make such a damaging decision like asking his reluctant daughter to marry. Was not he a believer of God, and if he was, did he not know that the God Who created all of the mighty heavens and earth could nourish a young girl and protect her without the presence of a man in her life. Despite years of living in a bustling town, this saintly maiden was not corrupted in any way and neither was her piety altered by the passage of time, as she lived to serve fellow man and manifest God's solemn promise of love and litany. She was endowed with such wisdom, that to me, it became evident that only the lovers of God could be wise enough to become mature. Yet, the greatest tragedy to face mankind was the day when her father pressured her to enter into the bonds of matrimony.

Oh, what right had her parents to put her through what ordeal that they did? If it was their plan to force her into a marriage so desperately, then why had they raised her up with so much honour and respect?

Why did her father teach her religion and knowledge about God? Why did he teach her pride and self-respect and allow her to wear a veil and teach her such honour and chastity? Why did her mother teach this daughter God's religion and piety and faith, when she persuaded her husband to force the young teenager into marriage?

Why did he teach her so much honour and so much chastity, and allow her to have so much pride and self-respect and to worship none but God and to serve none but the Creator God? Why did he allow her to stay away from the sight and touch of men till her twenties, teaching her to cover her body and to have faith in the Supreme God?

Why did he put her into an all-female school so she grows up with the most strongest righteous standard of self-respect and pride, then after all that much faith and honour, why did he force her and pressure her and emotionally blackmail her into going in marriage with a strange man when she never spoke to a man from her puberty till that day and when she never even looked at a man and when she never talked or sat next to man in all the years of her chaste life?

Her chaste and innocent heart could not bear the idea of marrying a stranger and living a married life, and when her father went ahead with the wedding arrangements, it caused her to die from heartbreak. I knew this woman was lost from us, but she could never be truly gone, for even in death, she undoubtedly basked beneath all the cosmic seraph's gaze, blessing life's twilight and all those who resided in its labyrinthine maze. Human tribulations increase each day, as they rise above us, at the apex of the sky, and greater and brutal perilous storms beneath are bounded by this earth, and our misfortune did not allow a saint of God to be in our midst who could have saved us with her compassionate prayers. Indeed, we owe our eternal and sincerest love and gratitude to the saintly maiden who resided in Basti Nizamuddin.

I am certain that for many years to come, humans who benefited from her presence will thank her from deep within their hearts, although with her death, we have been deprived of her prayers that could outshine the brightest of all lights.

Alas, there were no disciples surrounding her bed as she died, but her life was love, and in it, she felt that God spoke to her, and with her accustomed vitality of observation, which was akin to the character of the saints. She was a free soul soaring above our known world. In her sinlessness there was the strength to connect with an Almighty creator who owned the unmeasurable universe and the inconceivable multiverses.

Yes, it was she who was free, freer than the angels that roamed around the universe, freer than those who were cursed with obsession of this world and its people.

Freer than men who were cursed with bitter hatred and revenge and enslaved by their passion and madness.

Who knew that purity could hold such power within itself? Who knew that in her night long prayers and in her sobbing for the forgiveness of the slaves of God, she had found the love and friendship of God Almighty Himself.

Who knew that love for unconditional love God's creation human beings, made her heart so supremely powerful that God rewarded her with power and love from within Himself and Over His kingdom.

My heart wanted to weep out in the silence of the night, every night I lamented and my remorse knew no human bounds, how could a human soul attain such sublimity and piety.

Was it her love for mankind that made the god of all the heavens reward her and love her so greatly?

Was it her sinlessness that made her worthy to be so honoured by the god who made all the planets and stars and controlled the souls of humans and the death of demons?

How could my heart ever find reprieve in this accursed prison like life? How long was our souls cursed to stay in ignorance and blindness, until we find light and love, an eternal love that would make us soar upwards towards eternity and find the answer to life's purpose and the key to our freedom?

I remember I was such a young child, yet I stood for several hours in my New York home in my living room staring up at the sky and watching for the rain to fall and wondered myself into madness as to why she asked the child about the colour of the rain.

From childhood her stories and her experience shaped me.

From childhood it took my heart away from people and all the visible things, and in my teens, my heart longed for peace and eternal promises of hope, a hope that would soothe my soul and make me sleep in peace knowing that should I or anyone of my beloved family, die or get terminally ill, then there would be a heaven awaiting their return.

My high school classmates mocked believers of god incessantly, it was like their favourite sport and game, they called them insane and so on, but truthfully, how could a human go on living if their loved ones should have died, either a human being needs to be so utterly cruel to not break down themselves when their loved ones left them, or one had to be extremely low IQ'D to not remember the pain of losing a loved one, and survive life by not believing in a meeting with their loved ones in an eternal afterlife.

It is not evidence that makes us believe in God, but it is desperation of our longing and our love for fellow man which forces us to believe in our creator hoping upon hope- that we shall meet our loved ones one day. That no mortal death could

ever destroy our immortal soul as we are the creation of an immortal God and thus, we shall not perish.

Perhaps it was her love for God which made her belief so powerful, that perhaps God got emotionally moved by her pure belief and her heartfelt tears, so He came to her and gave her a power over His kingdom opening the doors of hidden knowledge and the power of heavens itself in herself.

Perhaps it is love that makes God show Himself to those whose hearts are pure.

Perhaps we are blinded by our own hate and our own sin and God cannot come near a place so filthy and so filled with the dirt of human love and hate and greed and anger and vengeance and with the fuel of passion.

Like gasoline and kerosene, we burn down the angels before they come near us and we push God away from our hearts farther and farther away until we ourselves get lost in the depth of our sin filled sea.

I remember asking a very old pious saintly man, that what made humans so divine that they share the power of God. His answer was simple, to become God's friend, you must become like God.

How bizarre an answer that was? How would we know what God is like?

God is free, God is one divine, unequal, the master of the universe, He worships none because He is the Creator of all.

If you want to be like God, then you must worship no human beings, that's was his answer, to become free hearted, to never let any human obsession or human lust or feelings of worship and urge to impress come to you. If a person becomes so pure hearted and so free minded that they never ever allow a single human thought and obsession to come to their mind, only then will God and they become friends. You can love humans -but never singularly, you can love humanity because God loves humanity, He loves all His creation equally, God has no special person whom he prefers over others, it is only up to us to become worthy of His love and His friendship and He will come to you. God loves all of mankind equally without any singularity, God has no partner no children no parents, God is

one, God is free, and of you become like God as free as Him as singular as Him, then God will come to you.

How does majority of the people of this universe spend their lives away obsessing over fellow humans when the lover and his beloved shall all end up dead in the same small grave or cremation centre? Yet how does every human soul fall into the trap of death and allow their souls to die in the worship and obsession of fellow humans? How can death sickness and the temporariness of this world not awaken them to the reality of death and decay and eternity?

Alas what has life to offer but death in the end of every life and sickness sin the end of every health and bitter betrayal and loss at the end of every love. What had this world but a place made to tune man into animals.

How sinless and pure had one's heart need to be to be able to fly over the hatred and sin of mankind, how painful how gruesome the path to salvation.

With every path towards God, decorated with glass and stones and rocks and embers of human hate and heartbreak, how were any man to make a saint of this world alive with a sinless heart and a pious record book?

How does one feel when they get sentenced for life in a state prison?

Because that day I realized that my heaven was hell, and my sentence was death and I had no defence, no backup, nothing to prove my innocence in a world of pain torment and a sadness that swallows man's soul as if it were their daily bread.

Could my tears be the windshield water that would wipe away the cloudy looking glass of my life?

Could I cry the pain of my heart out enough to finally be worthy of knowing about my God and my abode in God's heaven or were my world and the next life both be cursed with loneliness and ignorance?

How useless was this life and how young I was to fear my future so madly! I feared it more so, because life passes away without any warning, without permission without letting you know how fast it passes you by till death comes to meet you and it is better to weep now while I'm young then to cry when I'm old or when death finally meets me halfway.

She had made me lost in a world of wild fears and an eerily ethereal depression and a pain drenched in remorse that made me walk past insanity a million times each passing day, yet it was she who opened my eyes to the ultimate meaning of life and of the true uselessness of time and wealth and love and life.

Fear and hopeless made my heart scream into the night each time my sleep would break out of nightmares of death and the end of my useless worldly life. Unknown ignorance of my afterlife plagued me into the shores of madness and fear unequalled by anything I had ever been afraid of previously.

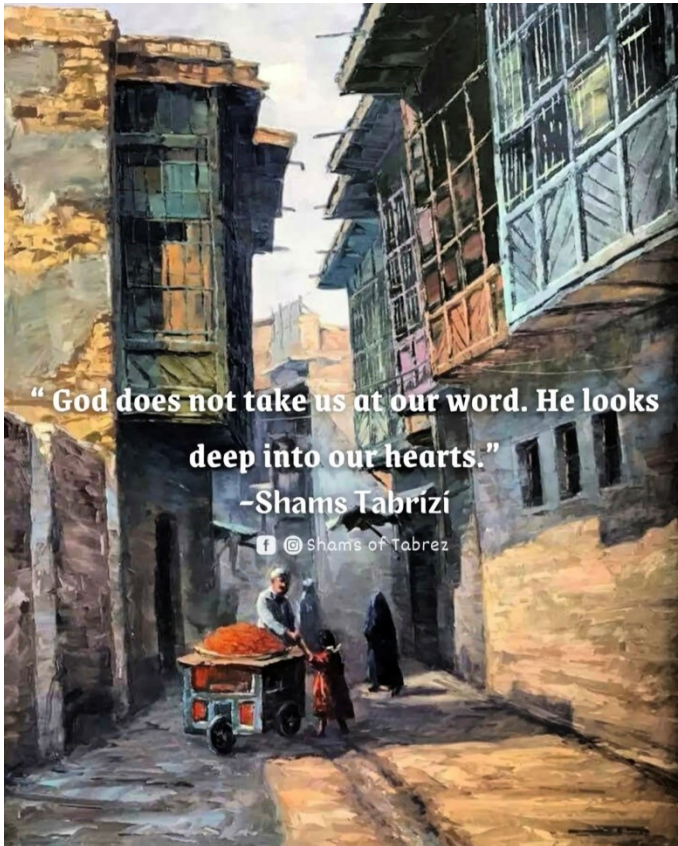
Because that day under the incessant falls of raindrops -my life changed, I forgot all about my past, the fear was too bone chilling, it changed very essence of my terrified soul, it dug a hole so deep into my heart that I could never find the exit again, never fulfil whatever I had lost that day.

I was taking a brief stroll around the city hoping to forget my lingering woes, when from inside a mosque, I heard a familiar sound echoing eerily into the alleyway. It made me freeze as a cold wave of nostalgia struck me dumfounded, and I suddenly realised why the passage I heard emanating from the mosque interior evoked such poignant emotions in my heart, for my memory rushed back to three years ago when I first met the saintly maiden, and my family and I were fortunate enough to accompany her in transnational vacation across India, where I noticed that each night, after everyone had retired to their beds and shuttered the doors of their hotel suite, this young woman arose and stood in prayer and remained engrossed in supplication to God, sobbing and weeping intermittently until the time of sunrise. I was a little girl of nine when I saw this, and curiosity got the better of me, and I became very anxious to find out what was causing this fair young woman such distress that she felt compelled to stay awake all night and pray, and so, I slipped out of my hotel suite and inched my way into the balcony of her room, where she was deeply engrossed in whispering a specific phrase, and after several moments, I finally was able to identify the words she uttered in Arabic, and

upon checking, I saw that it was the 118th verse of a chapter in the Moslem holy book. The translation of the verse she was repeating for the duration of the night was thus: If Thou punish them, they are but Thy slaves, and if Thou forgive them, Thou art surely Great, the Almighty Wise." (The Koran, Chapter Table, 118) I had stood beside the balcony as silently as I could and waited patiently, trying to ascertain if she uttered any other prayers or words beside the specific verse of the Koran which called upon God to forgive the sins of man, but soon, I became tired from waiting, but she stood unwavering as she prayed in the hotel room which was now bathed in the soft caress of the moon light, and to me, she appeared to be a vision of grace and allure that was periodically kneeling or standing in devotion, her form poised with anticipation, and brimming with the hopeful breath of spring. Her gaze, which was generally tender and introspective, was welled in tears, and remained downcast, and occasionally lingered on the delicate blossoms of the little florals that were placed across the patio.

In between her sobs, I could make out a handful of coherent phrases, all sounding like verses from Koran, the Moslem holy book, which she had committed to memory while studying in Arabic high school in Saudi Arabia, and when it was almost dawn, her voice wavered as she praised God with beautiful language and benedictions. She celebrated God for being a Merciful deity who gave salvation unto kings and dominion unto princes, and whose kingdom was an everlasting kingdom, and Who delivered his servant David from the hurtful sword, who made a way in the sea and a path in the mighty waters for those oppressed. This young woman glorified God's name and beseeched Him to bless, guard, protect and help, exalt, magnify and aggrandise all the helpless people in nations across the world. She spoke with such feeling that I was awash with relief because I knew as long as she was alive, and praying thus for the goodness of mankind, we shall all be saved. Through her prayers, I knew humans would benefit greatly because even by listening to it, they could have learned how to plead and obtain favour from God Almighty, who was on the throne which was supremely exalted, and the habitation concealed in the chosen height. While praying for the salvation of mankind, she wept so poignantly that it was apparent that for God was the existence, from the emanation of whose light sprang every existing thing, wherein we lived under its shadow, because for God was the two worlds which He had separated, this one for action, and that one for retribution. I had no doubt that the reward which God had reserved for the pious, and which He showered gifted upon the Good, and did not conceal from mortal ken, would be gifted abundantly to this pious saintly woman who floated away from our world to a fairer and happy abode, to reside in paradise

**where a thousand rainbows danced and swung upon its skies,
and even the dust was made of crimson, amethyst, and gold.**



**God and His Angels:
The messengers of heaven Thee revere.
They stand to praise Thee in Thine inmost shrine,
Yet from beholding Thee they shrink in fear,
For how behold the dazzling dread Divine?
O Lord, my God!**

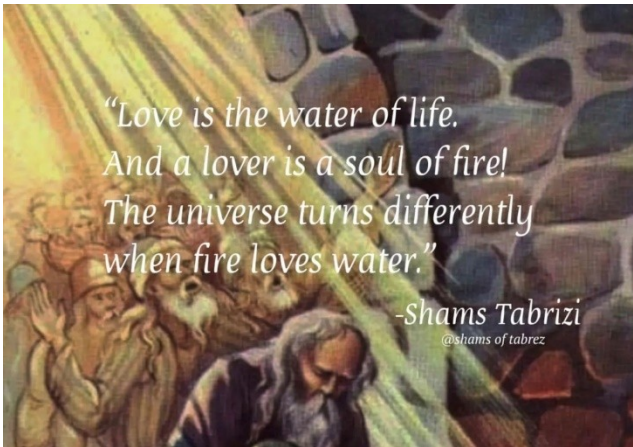
**What voice is this that singeth without cease
And spends in song to Thee its nights and days?
But Thou, omnipotence beyond increase,**

**Art high—I know—uplifted over praise,
O Lord, my God!**

**So great Thy majesty and manifold,
How canst Thou lodge in tabernacle's span?
Such glory no circumference can hold,
For Thou art vastly mightier than man,
O Lord, my God!**

**He at whose feet celestial creatures creep
A day of liberation will proclaim,
And from all corners call his scattered sheep,
However sorry-looking they or lame,
The Lord, my God!**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



A Miracle Missed close to Home:

Several months after my friend became cured after drinking the holy water, and delivered this good news to me, I suffered the bitter loss of losing the precious vial in which the holy water was stored. As it happened, I was away from home when the fridge was being cleared and cleaned and all the empty jars were tossed away, including the nearly empty bottle in which the saintly woman had blessed with her breath.

My grief was unending, but before I could mourn for long, I received a call from an unknown number, but since it was a local call, I answered. It was a middle-aged American woman who had heard from my other acquaintances about the holy water which could heal everyone, and she requested some for her ailing husband and had been crying for a long time. But the water was already gone, and she was devastated.

I suddenly remembered the saintly woman whose piety and purity and whose immensely powerful miracles saved so many lives that I d=could not imagine a world without her. Indeed, the saint who had blessed the water by breathing on it after reading the first chapter of the Final Testament was now dead and gone, and the holy water she had blessed a long time was also finished. Ah, what terrible anguish it was! Without her miracles, I found no more hope on earth, so I looked to the skies, hoping for heavenly help, and standing morosely under the heavens, with faint streaks of azure sheen glinting in the moonlight, I felt that she was not entirely gone from us, and among the golden sandy hills to the coagulating rivulets of green, there were still some vestiges of her glory and gifts which beamed upon humanity with tender love.

It was already midnight, and the heavens, alit with stars, beamed serenely with peace and solemnity.

I knew that this saint of God would continue to benefit us and improve many lives from the land of the dead, and I was certain her pure heart benignly smiled at us as the moon which glimmers from afar.

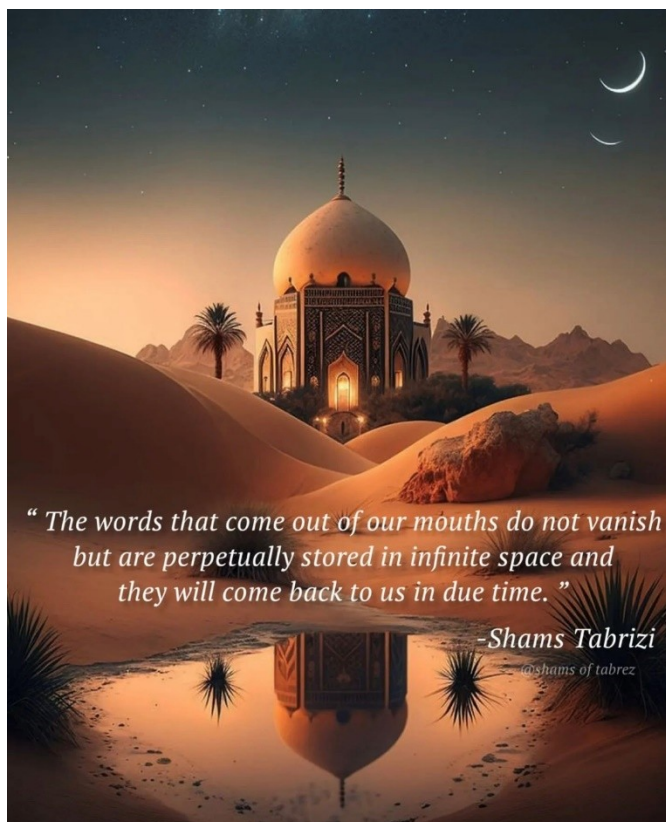
So heavy was the wind that it seemed as though the tempest thirsted for the rain. Soon, the scattered clouds were pressed, one upon the other, until they burst in streams. As the cloudy mantle spread across the evening sky, and even as the moon glimmered, an ashy curtain covered the moon from me.

This night, the heaven was wearing a dusky raiment, and the moon appeared dead. But the moon was not dead, but was hidden somewhere in the darkness, as though her tomb was in some yonder cloud. As we mourned with tearful grief this pious woman who was more noble than a queen, I recalled her final hours, and knew that even in death, she was the epitome of love and self-sacrifice.

She lived in quietude and revelled in obscurity, and for the most part, was wholly ignorant of her immeasurable power and profundity of her prayers. With her tears alone, she mended hearts and restored men's mind and body to health, preaching

with her example alone, indulgence and charity, and presented humanity with an example of piety like a seditious repentance. She did not solicit the princes or kings, and with silence, encouraged the acknowledgment of God, as she aided in the alliance of goodness and kindness, and thus hastened with a certain feverishness, her daily fortitude and fervent prayers. Although she lived mostly alone, she did not consider herself to be at odds with any historic necessity, because due to her love of God, she beheld the shadow of death nearby, which had already lengthened out along the path in which she was journeying so dolorously for the glory of God since the day of her first saintly mission.

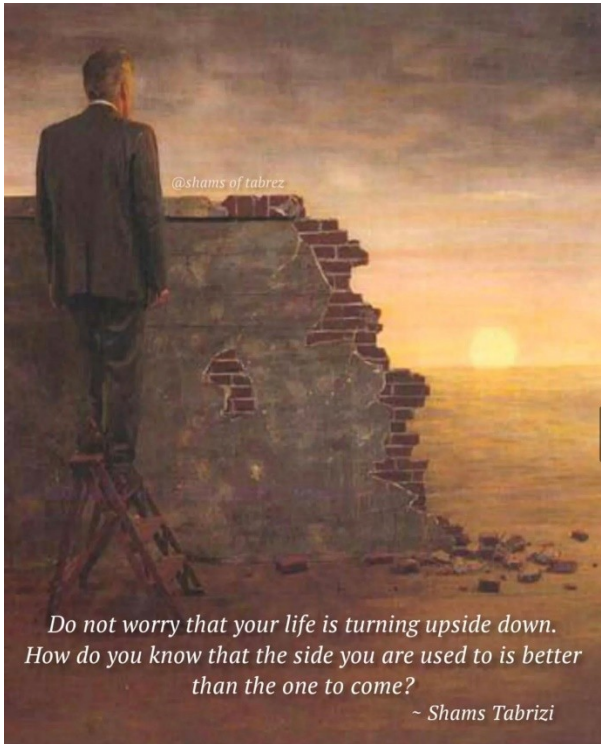
This young woman was not a gift for the people of this world, but her miracles preceded her and benefited even those among the land of the dead, who had perished years or centuries ago, and this I was able to see with my own eyes, when I and my parents accompanied her and her family on a trip across India.



THE LORD OF HEAVEN

O Lord, my God, Thou art we behold,
The seven heavens cannot Thee enfold,
Sustained by Thee, they do not Thee sustain,
Nourished by Thee, mortals erase their pain.
They hymn Thee since Thou madest them of old,
And when they perish, and their tales are told,
Thou shalt still remain, O mighty Creator!
Most Merciful Maker and Judger!

- SOLOMON GABIROL



Accosted by the Dead:

When the van finally came, I was lethargic and tired after a whole day of fatigue, and so I sat in the back of the van, staring at the scenery outside the window as almost several hours had passed, that the sun was setting in the backdrop of a mesmerising twilight, and no one sat in the back of the bus/van so I had many seats to myself to relax.

I turned on my music on my MP3 player and rested my head on the seat.

I didn't know if I had fallen asleep in the monotonous moving of the car's wheels, but I thought I did.

As I half lay across the seats, I thought I heard the wailing of human voices from a distant away.

My heart stood in terror for indeed it seemed distinctly clear, and then to the greatest horror ever faced by any man before me, the worst of the worst nightmare happened in my life destroying my life and my sanity forever, when those figures came to haunt me into a madness which manifested into a terror that would never leave the imprints of my memory. Mainly males and some females of the other world. Their pleading cries for compassion, as I heard their voices like an echoes form eternity begging for my saintly companion, addressing her by her name and aggressively crying for her company for a few more hours claiming to have found reprieve for the first time in the decades of their eternal world, some respite from a pain that had worn out their forgotten souls, cursed by years of torment in their unending unforgiving world of eternity.

My eyes became wide with horror as their pathetic outstretched arms holding out their hands towards our speeding bus and chasing us from behind the darkest horizon of the world of the dead.

I saw several people, more like a group of people, chasing after our car.

Their cries unheard and ignored by the world and its people, ignored by humanity, ignored by life and ignored by lives who still loved under the harsh unforgiving sun and moon.

The night was almost pitch dark except the fading twilight or the light of stars, the world was dark and silent and I was alone witnessing with horror the scene that unfolded before me.

They didn't appear quite real to me as they didn't appear to walk rather they appeared to be floating away. No, they floated towards me.

I wanted to scream out till my ears would split or I my heart would burst out of my ribcage.

I lost my mind, my voice, what outer worldly maddening insanity was I seeing?

The world has decided to torture me that day.

Oh, cruel was the piteous cry of human souls.

There was no sound more torturous for a human heart than to witness the groans of fellow humans in agony, I shall be haunted by their voices till either I shall weep myself to madness or God shall send me a sign as a reprieve to my tormented soul.

Was terror a word? Was horror a word?

How could my human heart bear such terrifying agony and till today find the strength to beat on.

What was this madness of the human heart that could betray itself by going on living when death and the horrors of the dead were so near?

My heart cried in a language only God could understand and I wept for strange men with such piteous madness that I thought surely, I would not survive this nightmare.

O Sand and Deserts, the Tearful Trip is Done!

**O, let the fiery sand storms cry out their
pains,**

**And manifest fury with storms in desert
plains,**

My soul no longer shall be afraid of mourning,

Nor be wary of these deserts' wailing,

For it shall find solace with their songs of joy,

Knowing no sorrow they cannot destroy!

For now, my heart is anguished and unseen,

And loneliness of death is hidden yet seen,

And my soul no longer can bear this fright,

Of future's torment and its plight!

**Of all human souls made, perhaps it is the pain that torments
us and that what makes man become insane.**

It is the moment we lose our ability to control that pain that tortured us when we give away to insanity because the world becomes too terrifying for the mind to live in, and we become lost in another realm.

I prayed for madness that day because my heart had threatened to die that day, fear was the cruellest of all pain inflicted upon man's soul, and terror made us pray for death and madness with equal desperation.

My heart wept in a million ways that night, and fear held me close, death came to meet while I lived in this world, death came to torment me and make my living so tormented a life that I would beg for death to free me from the dead.

My mom couldn't save me, for the first time I was in my own, cursed with an agony cruel enough to injure my soul with arrows of fire and poison.

I begged fate for mercy but in vain.

The face of fellow human souls would never be a sight I could forget or erase away from the memory of my soul.

I was alone on the edge of their world, they took whatever life is called, away from me when they came that day. What right had they to torment me with their sadness when I was just a child myself and what right had they to steal away all my life's happiness that very day.

If I could cry myself to death, then that night I would have done just that.

Because their faces and their pleading voices were clearer to me and more obvious than those of the living?

How can death be the end, if the dead were more alive than the living?

How could I love in this life, how could I eat and sleep not knowing what my fate held off me in that world?

Was pain strong enough to make me feel as though I had gone mad? Because that night I so desperately wished I had.

One night, in one lifetime and one voice of a human heart whose soul burnt in agony, one groan of a tortured soul could make any human heart wish and beg endlessly to nature for an eternal reprieve.

No human soul is strong enough to go on living when the dead comes crying and begging for help.

Death was supposed to end all horrors, alas where shall our human souls find comfort if death were to be the beginning of our true misery?

The dream was so frightful, and I believed that it was real. I really thought for a moment that the dead has risen from their cremated ashes and was haunting the living ones.

Indeed, death and decay were horrifying, and nothing worried me more than the prospect of being cremated within 48 hours after death.

The Mortifying reality of Make-Up:

It was a horrifying idea to me, to see that the local crematoriums consisted of a team of employees who were known as professional make-up artists.

I did not realise that their primary job was to apply cosmetics on the face of the deceased to make the body and face presentable to the funeral goers, prior to stuffing the body inside a pre-heated blazing hot oven to be cremated.

Death was unholy and unexpected for nearly every one, except the saints of God who sought death as much as we desired to live. Verily, the unglamorous images of people lying with their mouths open in slack fill the gurney of the funeral houses, and its employees use professional efficiency to hastily whip out tubes of super glue, and use the heavy-duty permanent adhesive to glue the lips shut forever, and fix the expression of the deceased so that they can look like they are naturally sleeping. However, workers who prepared bodies for funeral or cremation often said that using crazy glue on the dead bodies is not enough, and that they had to use steel or aluminium wires to keep the jaws in place, and even stitched the mouths shut prior to applying glue. The inhumanity in which a human body is handled was petrifying to me, because it seemed rather harsh to think that wads of rough fabric or cotton will be stuffed into the frail mouth of the deceased, and he will be powerless to stop them from gluing his eyes and lip shut. Ever since I became aware of the process, my trips to the dentist became a nightmare, because I imagined only what the deceased humans had to go through when funeral workers sewed their mouth shut and used wired to bind their jaws in place, even as the decaying tooth and gums rotted away. After hundreds of visits to dentist, and undergoing extensive teeth-whitening procedures, how mundane and vain would it be to die and be erased from the memory of the world?

Art Thou Grieving the Loneliness?

Do not enclose me in a gilded cage or casket,

**Nor burn this youthful form in a blazing
basket,
Where cruel fire shall burn to ashes,
My bright skin and beautiful lashes,
And funeral workers will take my bones,
To pulverise them under a crushing stone!
Oh, how I shall then be much unknown,
Without this face and body, and all alone!
O do entrap me in that dreadful gurney,
And let my soul be festive and free!
Let me be near the deserts' mountains and
plains,
Amidst the grains of sand that perpetually
rains,
And the high and mighty dunes and breeze,
Which give tunes winds wailing with ease,
And that cheerful orison can drown my
sadness,
And erase the misery of my forgotten
madness!**

It did not matter if someone had dollar notes mile high at home, or if he or she owned a hundred banks filled with cash and currency of every kind, the money could neither save him from death nor delay it for one moment. Death was a prowler who did not seek permission prior to plundering. It was an expert on swooping in on unexpected humans who loved to live dearly, and who had long hopes and elaborate dreams. Death did not care that you did not finish your college degree yet, or

pay the mortgage to your mansion. It did not care that you just got engaged to your dream woman and was preparing for the wedding of the century, but it killed with cause anyway, and took away life in the most unceremonious manner.

Every time I thought that I too will have to die one day, and be reduced to such a pitiless state, my heart froze in anguish and I could not stop crying. Oftentimes, when I fell asleep after a long and exhausting day, I would awake abruptly in the middle of the night, and rush downstairs to check if my dear mother was still alive and breathing. I would only be relieved when I saw that her door was ajar and she was soundly asleep, and even then, I sobbed in relief, because I knew my heart was too afraid and fragile to even entertain the idea that my beloved mother would succumb to that horrifying experience of death and end up like all the people who had perished in the past. Decay is an irreversible process following death. Within hours, the once fresh and firm human body starts decomposing, emitting the most putrid and unpleasant smells. No matter how much perfume are applied and how many fragrant sprays are applied, the smell of a rotting corpse is not something any human would ever want to encounter because it can be extremely traumatising.

The horror of dying is not merely in the reality of death, but the painful truth is that the events which follow death causes far more mental and physical anguish, both for the deceased and for the grieving survivors.

The grisly reality of life and the despair of death is often overlooked by the mistaken notion that somehow, the deceased ceases to feel any pain or pleasure, but the human body is still a human, whether the heart is pumping or not, and the dead person does not stop being a person, and so, when I saw some of the gruesome and painful practices which the corpses in crematoriums went through, my heart shuddered in shock, for the employees in funeral homes often prepare the corpse in elaborate ways, and drain all of the blood out to be disposed of into the sewage. During embalmment, chemicals consisting of a mixture of formaldehyde and other solutions are injected into the body through the arteries through an arterial tube. Blood is drained from the veins of the dead person through a jugular tube as the chemicals take over the body. This is done with an embalming machine that is connected to the tubes where the drained blood is suctioned out, and finally, ends up in the sewage just like all the other foul wastes in the world.

The internal organs, blood, sweat and tears of the human body no longer is sacred and safe, but is flushed down the drain like the rejected waste of the city sewage. How could a human being, whose end may well be in such a gruesome funeral gurney, ever experience joy or pride?

In addition to draining out the blood from the deceased's body, the skin which becomes dry and scaly after buckets of crude disinfectant is used to clean the body during the embalmment, is then processed further, like an impersonal baggage of dirty

counter. Every precious organ in the human body is dissolved with crude acid in the most painful manner and flushed down the drain like a filthy road side alley, and no human honour or dignity is preserved.

I wondered how many hours each one of those deceased spent on priming their body mass, and how many days they pumped iron to increase the muscle mass, so that women would swoon in admiration over the muscular bodies, but in death, there was no glamour or dignity left in the human body, and those great and strong men were nothing but a discarded waste, to be rinsed with acidic disinfectant, injected with poisonous hydrochloride acid to dissolve all the blood veins within and flush the dissolve body organs down a sewage, and then finally to stuff the human body into a cardboard box to be shoved into a hot over which had been pre-heated to nearly two thousand degrees. Since this modern era promotes cremation, most of the dead are cremated in brick ovens, and roast and burn to ashes after being doused in flames for several long hours. When the cremation process begins, within several minutes, the soft tissue of the once beautiful and youthful faces burns off of the face and skull except perhaps for the cheeks. The ribs start to be exposed after twenty minutes, and body builders who prided in exposing muscular abs will find their chest and abdominal regions beginning to burn, and jets of liquid would then spray from holes that are formed in the body as it aggressively evaporates. All the abdominal organs that once were filled with gourmet meals will dehydrate and start to shrink thirty minutes after the human is tossed into the burning over to be cremated.

Oh, why had they come to me, why had they not known of my throbbing woe and the agonizing tears that would torture me into frenzied madness and an anguish that would torment me for years to come, night after night?

Why had they chosen me of all those who knew her?

When the attack and the violence of depression attacks form every side and one begs for death to end it all, then how can that person survive that heart wrenching pain if the option of death were to be taken away from the hopeless human hearts which burnt in endless chains of the bitterest suffering?

The heavens colluded against me that night, the angels forgot to protect me.

The dead they came to me as if to take me with them and curse me with a woe that would make me weep after death- and chase and beg for the company of saintly woman like them?

As if there suffering souls cursed me that night with a suffering as bitter as hopeless and as heart hurting as theirs!?

What was my sin for which they chose to torment me thus? How could I ever live to forget their faces and their wailings?

On a Starred Night, Fear Uprose!

**Oh God of my soul, whose soul is in me!
Thou madest man from dust that is holy,
As I am made from Thine image and Glory,
Hate me not when death betakes me!
Do not despise me when I am dead!
As at Thy mercy will be my head,
For how could Thou hate a being,
Thou madest into so fragile a thing?
Will this youthful face and silken hair,
Fuel the fire of the funeral fair?
Alas, if death should find me somehow,
And demolish this life's cheerful vow,
Will I be lost under mountains of snow,
Gone like those who perished ages ago?**

**How could I eat and not cry and not sob myself to sleep each
night when all I knew of death were their wild tormented
pleading eyes staring with horror and their outstretched arms
threatening to take me away from my mother's lap to their
world of the cold and the dead!?**

**Why do even the dead have no pity on the young and innocent
ones! Oh, why had they chosen me that pitiful night! Why had**

they branded my young soul with such terror as would haunt me with an unbearable grief till I knew not what to do.

My world has gone into the abyss of wildness and into the world of hopelessness, I have lost my way in life and the world has become my tomb and no music of this hurtful world could out volume the voices of their cries which shall torment my heart till the day it beats its last.

Oh, cruel were they! Cruel, cruel indeed were- what they did to my heart!

**My tears could never stop their flow, years have gone by and my memory has denied to fade away.
I am a hostage of my own soul.
Death has himself threatened me so when life betrays me, I cannot go to him for freedom.
I am cursed with a life and a sadness that knows no boundaries.**

How much more distress can a human heart take before it becomes of the dead while it lives?

Why did the world only hurt those who had no hope and no way out of that agony?

I could never forget their names nor their faces, till the inevitable comes to make me meet with them in the land of the forgotten ones.

**How could my agonised heart make out what they were asking?
How could my tormented heart fathom or comprehend their harrowing voices pleading her name begging for her to stay with them a little longer because the torment that tortures their souls were stopped and had ceased whilst she sat next to their resting place?**

The echoes of their voices could chill the bravest soldier and he too would lose all strength and all stability of the mind.

Our human souls weren't meant to find suffering from the place whence the abandoned ashes of humans of past centuries reside in.

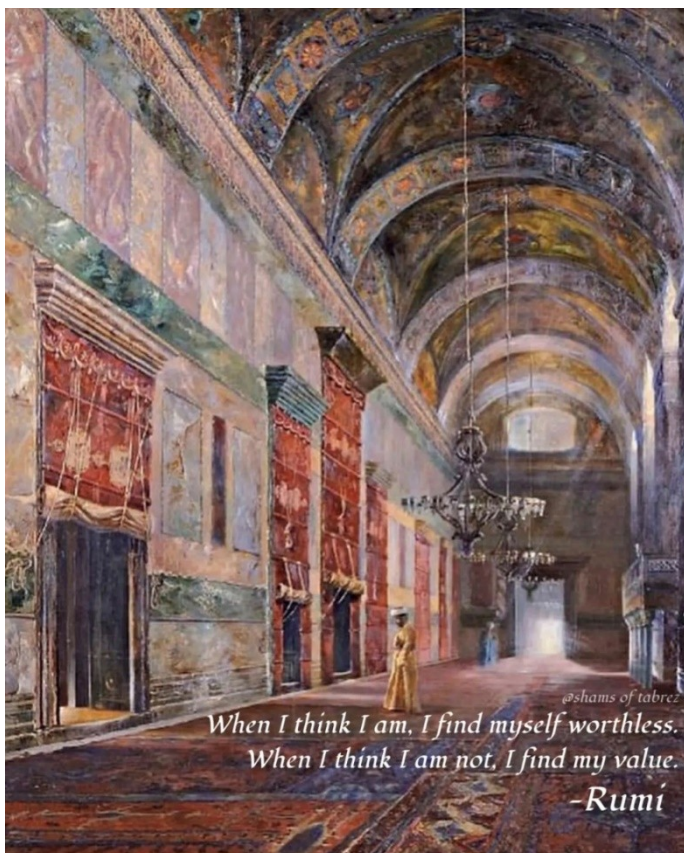
**Of all the most severe excruciating torture, is the pain of fear and pain when witnessed in others, how could I help them, what power had I to help them?
Who would believe the words of a wild American child?**

How helpless is the distress that causes a human soul to deplete and become broken beyond repair, when helpless souls beg and their wailing haunts your heart and makes you cry out

begging into the wilderness for some help, knowing none will come?

Indeed, all these dead people arrived herein at this hour because of one reason alone: this saintly maiden whose piety and purity surpassed even the seraphim of heaven! They sought her companionship and begged me to persuade her to stay in their neighbourhood so they could rest in peace.

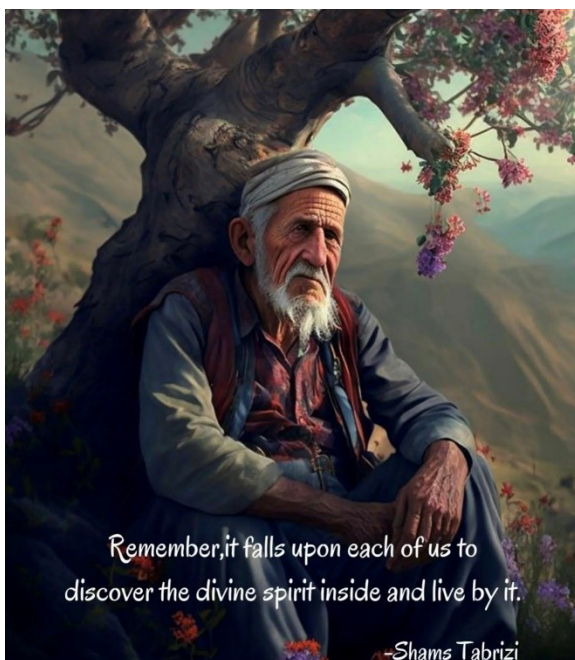
I knew this young and fair woman was full of active solicitude to provide comfort to lost or reckless hearts, as through life, and of all sordid views, she yet never refused other's demand and persisted in the courageous resolution of not underselling herself, even when pain and famine stared her in the face, and when the exigencies of her family urged her to the sacrifice of that self-respect, which her chaste and free spirit never after forfeited. The stories of her miracles passed on to us by her aunt, by making her known to limited fame.



ALMIGHTY GOD

**O Thou who payest heed to the vilest criminal,
And listens to the cry of the mutest animal,
Unto the poor, thou giveth excellence,
To the learned, art Thine munificence;
How can Thou from me be far and hidden,
When I cry unto Thee endlessly unbidden?
Night and day I turn my heart to Thee,
And with a steadfast soul, I call unto Thee,
And pour incessant gratitude for Thy Excelling
goodness.**

**O my King, with pain I beseech to Thy kindness,
Grant me a home in that promised garden,
Wherein Thou alone shalt be my Warden!
To Thee is manifest, my heart's many pain,
With Thy love, I shall forever remain,
Dreaming of celestial compassion,
I look to Thee for life's instruction,
This is the plea to which I beg acceptance,
My sole petition, my daily repentance.**



Beam of Light from Heaven:

While we were waiting for the next bus to come and pick us up with my mother's phone, calling non-stop until her battery went down and her phone was dead. And my friend didn't have any cell phone with her although her aunt bought her several cell phones, she forgets them or didn't charge them and left them in places. I know of that fact although I'm ashamed to admit to a very guilty sin of mine. Which I never did before and would never do afterwards and I feel severely ashamed to admit it but I feel I must confess, but you must forgive me for I was barely in my teens and a wild child I was -and although I never did anything of that sort before- but my inquisitiveness got the best of me and although I tried to control my urge and my inquisitiveness but I could not contain it any longer and without her permission I had went through every inch of her suitcase and her handbag when she went outside once we came to our destination. I wanted to know what the baggage of a saint holds. It had nothing to reset; so simple made of India and cotton and two black robes and black veil that she were. a tooth stick she didn't even have truth brush it was a tooth stick made of twigs that he could find in the street vendors in India in front of mosques. she had no perfume she had no cell phone she had no makeup no Vaseline no moisturizer nothing. not even a lip balm. she didn't have any electronics with her. her towel was a sort of Indian towel made of cotton printed cotton. It was not the American towel which is a capable of holding onto a lot of water. Her towel was made of cotton, easy to dry easy to wash, and she had a pair of sandals in the shopping bag and nothing else. No medicine, no water bottle, no cups and only a pair of socks but it was not a exactly socks; it was more like a stockings of silk; it was black to match with her black veil and her black robe. Even though her hair was long, she did not have a comb. Most of the time, her hair would stay loose and sometimes I would see it from under her well, and because of this light colour, her hair perplexed me. It was not easy to find a person with light hair in India, but her hair was golden brown and it was long, straight on the top and a little wavy towards the edge. And that's all that I found in her luggage. In her handbag, I found a copy of the Quran wrapped in long cotton scarf and some crackers local made and a box of dates which perhaps she had bought from the Middle East and some dry cheese- also but from the Middle East or at least imported to India from the Middle East. She had a pair of

undergarments, two prayer mats, and a very long prayer bead. An odourless green coloured soap, a washcloth and several plastic bags and a blanket more like a quilt and a box of tissues and napkins and plastic spoons and forks. And slippers (more like beach slippers) packed in a separate bag. That's all the things she carried in her luggage.

So, when my mother's mobile phone's battery died, we did not have any other way of communication and we were waiting helplessly on the side of this abandoned road waiting for the next bus to come and find us as our driver promised repeatedly that they would send another car to pick us up as soon as possible. But it was a hot summer day and the luggage that had my mom's medicine and water bottles in it, were accidentally taken in the previous bus, while I was too busy pulling out her bags to make sure that she stays with us.

I did not want her to stray away from my sight, even for a moment and I certainly would have lost the entire purpose of my visit had I allowed her to go in the previous car and not with us in the second car. So I had pulled out her luggage and hid it thinking she must be obliged to stay back behind and would later come with us in the second van that would pick us up later. My mother made sure that her older friends and those who were feeling a little carsick were the first ones to get on the first car because she did not want them to become sick in the scorching Indian summer heat. We did think we had a lot of water bottles and food in one of the bags, but unfortunately that was also taken in the first bus- and thus we had no water. My mother says it was the one and only time in her entire life that she faced thirst of such severity. Within three hours, my mother became extremely dehydrated and the feelings of severe thirst came over her. We had no water bottles and there wasn't any car or any person as long as our eyes could reach. It was a vastly abandoned road that was being used by us, a sort of short cut that no locals bothered using.

Several cars did pass by, but it didn't come to my mom's mind to stop them for water because we thought we had water in our bags only to realize later that we did not have any water and the cars stopped coming by, as the sun had already set and it was becoming dark as night time approached, and since the road did not have too many street lights like they do in American highways and freeway, it's looked as though, no one actually took that path during the night. My mom did not drink water unfortunately from that morning, and with her diabetes and her high blood pressure she became extremely thirsty. She couldn't even take her blood pressure medications without swallowing it with water. My mom is naturally of a very sensitive health, and she was going through a lot of hormonal imbalances at that time and I was a teenager. She was on many

hormonal medications and blood pressure medications and her also, her sugar level was borderline -which made her double the thirsty. She constantly had to drink water. My mother was telling me that she was feeling faint and would faint right now if she did not find any water. I became very worried from my mom's health; I did not want her to become unconscious I feared that she might go into a diabetic shock and severe dehydration was taking place and I feared her blood pressure would shoot up due to severe heat and dehydration. So I asked my mom since it was becoming very dark that, I would go up to an elevated place near the roadside and look for any cars that were coming by around or any person I could see from far so I could go there and ask them for help, it was pretty pitch dark and my mom told me to not go out of sight even if I went to that elevated place and to be careful of my steps. I went along and climbed that elevated place which was kind of like a hill made of mud. It was probably some broken up building which later became filled with cement and mud and dried clay. it did look like a small place from far but once I started climbing it did appear to be quite high, I think it was at least three to four story high and it took me a while to get on top of it to see if there were anyone around. I did not see anyone around but something caught my attention and I stood there for such a long time that only when my mom came screaming out my name I broke out from my reverie and came down. it was a pitch-dark night in a village in India. a picture dark night in a very in a place at least three hours distance or five hours distance from New Delhi. it was an abundant road with not a single street light or lamp to let the path. there weren't any houses there. there's kind of like an abundant place where the car broke down.

When she became tired, my mom told her to rest- to sit down and rest against the suitcase and my mom told her to lay her prayer mat on the floor and to lie down for a while after saying her evening prayers, and that the car would come within several hours.

My mom was always very worried about her because she was so frail and so slender, which mom thought that she wasn't eating enough and was very afraid for her health. Always asking her questions since my mom was from the medical field. She laid down calmly and I think she fell asleep, while me and my mom were anxiously awaiting in the road looking for the car that was supposed to come and pick us up a while ago.

My mom walked half the way with me and then she was keeping an eye on the place where she was resting while I was already standing on top of that small hill of probably some decade old abandoned- under construction building -, and now it was filled with mud to make it look like a man-made hill top. As I reached

the top of that mound, and looked beyond the horizon as far as my eyes could see, eagerly waiting for any car light to come through the road as it was an extremely moonless dark night, and I could not see anything- but then to my disbelief and a detail so shocking, something caught my attention and perplexed me with a shudder, shaking me to my core.

I saw with my own bare eyes something which I never saw before in the entirety of my life.

My soul stirred inside my ribcage.

This unhidden sign made me gape in wonder, I stood in too shocked to move. My serenity and composure now turning into pure terror.

In awe I saw a white light shining from the starlight as I watched in wonderous amazement, like a child in a nightmare, hoping against hope that this event was false and a figment of my worst imagination.

And then I cried out for my mother from across the hilltop as I caught a glimpse of her shadow.

My screams made my mother's heart come to her throat in sheer fear as she staggered towards me.

All my blood had gone from my face.

She stumbled in the dark as she rushed towards me.

In my heart I thought I had gone mad, I thought India did something to make me lose my sanity and senses, I saw a sort of light coming from the sky from the dark black night sky a sort of searchlight coming directly from the sky sort of circled around the place where she slept.

I thought for a while that they were the angels of light descending upon the earth from heaven above. It looked like a hollow search light or a floodlight light that had surrounded her and it went up as far as my eyes could reach, beyond the cloudless sky and into the darkness of the summer night. It was the beginning of the lunar month and the moon was nowhere in sight. I could see the stars because the sky was extremely clear and the monsoon weather has a way of clearing out the clouds. It was a pitch dark, black sky with no moonlight and no clouds and only the stars and the constellations that I had memorized.

I paused to look up at the heavens. There was no moon tonight and the sky was aflame with a legion of stars, the sparkling strands of a cosmic web that testified to the glory of the Lord.

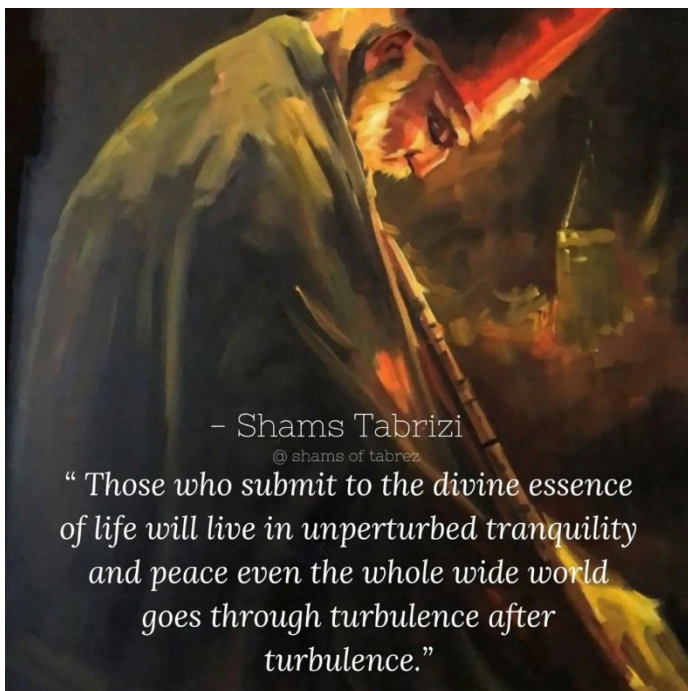
The foolish among his people

My heart had paused its beating to look up into the heavens which seemed to no longer belong to the people of the world, but to her alone.

It was the absence of a moon, yet the sky seemed aflame with legions of powerful beams of light, the glittering strands of a

nee born starlight defying the cosmic constellations as if to testify to the glory of God's friends.

The light came directly from the pitch-black sky and as if a flood light or a torch light, fell on the place where her figure was laying. I was so shocked by the sight and a million things went through my mind including UFOs and rockets and telescopes and satellites, meteors and everything else. That I had never ever seen anything like that before. why would some UFO or some satellite throw down a beam of light from over the stars towards her and pinpointed on that place where she slept in the pitch night dark sky. I thought my eyes were playing tricks with me I called my mom but she was so tired she couldn't get up completely I Helped her up and then made her look at that light and she was so perplexed and even today she never forgets it whenever I remind her of it she does not find an explanation although she wasn't as impressed as I was but I was shocked beyond imagination. I would not completely class that instance, as a miracle perhaps it would it had been a year for UFO perhaps, it had been a satellite but sometimes I think what would a satellite do in a village in India some 10 years ago and why would they drop down a flashlight on top of only one person not on me or my mother or anyone else.



– Shams Tabrizi

@shams of tabrez

*“ Those who submit to the divine essence
of life will live in unperturbed tranquility
and peace even the whole wide world
goes through turbulence after
turbulence.”*

**God says: ASK OF ME
Ask of Me, beautiful mouth,
What dost thou ask of Me?
For thy suppliant cry hath ascended on high
Inclining My ear to thy plea.
First with the lion we met,
Next came the leopard's leap,
We were fain to take flight
From our garden's delight
And into a hiding-place creep.
Hardly these creatures had passed,
Sated with Judah's spoil,
Then the wild animal we feared
Out of midnight appeared,
To trample and dwell on our soil.
Ishmael's offspring command
Back to his Arab land,
As his mother of old
To her mistress was told
To return and submit to her hand.
- SOLOMON GABIROL**



UFO, Meteor or a Miracle?

It appeared as if a light from the heavenly Stars was going to consume our world and bring the heavenly power and its angels close to save our world from the fire of demons which were ignored by mankind's sins.

I had never seen her at night under the sky and from a faraway distance elevated to the point where I could see her from above. If I weren't so severely pessimistic then I'd say that perhaps, she had the lights of heaven or the lights of angels follow her around wherever she went, whichever night she went out to. But I was no witness to that, this was the first time I saw it and this was the evidence I needed to know about her power her inner power or maybe her love for God and her connection with God and a heart wrenching awakening in my heart and my love, my reverence for all those who hailed from her country.

I felt my future unfurling in front of my eyes. If there were angels who would be writing our future then today, they would include me among the faithful ones.

The longer I looked into the light, the more terrified I felt. Hours must have passed by as I stood there frozen against time to see the light move or find the source which I so desperately sought.

Blood rush to my face and my body became frozen like a statue I thought I had become a part of that hilltop and that the fear of that supernatural light and that elimination would be making me frozen to the point that I would become a part of this hill. Eventually my legs started shaking so much that I thought I would fall down from the hilltop. I held on to my mother to gain some strength from rhythm of her beating heart against my own thundering heart that drummed my ears into deafness.

I tried to choke out the words.
My body was drenched in perspiration.
I thought I would be dead out of sheer fear by now.

But I fought on to live and find some power from my mother warrior spirit.
I was afraid to speak I was so afraid to speak that I was afraid of the light, I thought perhaps if I raised my voice that somehow the light would come to me or someone would

descend or some alien action would take place. My mom was becoming scared because I was not returning and I was not answering her call. She came towards the hilltop calling out my name. For a long while, I couldn't answer her I was too afraid to pray but my eyes were wet with fear and my legs were shaking so uncontrollably that I did not trust that I could come down from the hill without completely falling and injuring myself. It was a very hot summer night but my entire body became frozen and started shaking in cold. I started shivering the temperature of my body went down and my fingers were frozen as if in a frostbite. Yes, fear could make your blood chill not metaphorically but physically also.

I became lightheaded and the tremor of my heart was soaring out and whatever hope I had for a human presence to come and suffocate the fear of an alien power; before it had a chance to stop my bleeding heart and end my ordeal, had been unanswered.

Then I prayed for some comfort for my silently aching soul, hoping that the most high God of Adam, wouldn't be too farther away to hear the prayers of a desperate mortal child. The temperature had lowered down from hot to chilling cold starting from my toes and ended in my fingers almost frozen. My whole body became cold with unfounded terror. I stared in her speechlessness, - in each path I took with her- in each event I turned to -in each way I went -I was faced with a different site a -different miracle something- I never anticipated before.

If these were in fact angels and not UFOs, then I felt that the destinies of the people of India was being inscribed and written clearly for the hearts who believed in heaven. I felt this night was rewriting the fate of this country in the eternal tablet of heaven. Something felt so other worldly. Something felt so suspicious as if the silhouettes and the hidden secrets of the world was being descended from heaven and the world itself was a conspirator against the people. That night I felt my fate was being born anew.

I could never imagine a light coming down from the heavens towards her. It stayed stationary. I showed it to my mom by repeatedly pointing it out with my finger, because by now I had started suspecting myself and questioning my own sanity. I told my mom about the light and she was also amazed I told her to describe it to me and she said it looks like the moonlight is being concentrated on her. But I reminded her it was not a full moon or even a half moon it was two days from the new moon. And that it could not be the one light. But my mom was so

distracted by the delaying of our car and afraid of it not coming and she not having any water and feeling so tired that she was completely unaffected and could not remember it for too long. The events that were happening currently had distracted her. She was lucky to be such a simple soul. But my heart wasn't as easily forgetful, I could not speak properly because it felt as if the muscles of my face had also frozen and were trembling and shaking. My hands were shaking my feet were shaking beyond my control.

I permitted myself, by my want of self-restraint, to pry into her life, and experience the purity which she inspired her peers, but she was a living miracle and such terror I never faced before, such connection with the heaven I never witnessed before I was in awe, I was frozen I was terrified- horrified and that would be a word too simple to describe the feelings which tormented my mind.

A thousand thoughts, a thousand fears raised each other making my heart too weak to walk back down. I thought I would collapse I thought I would faint and I thought I would fall down from the hilltop. I've lowered my body to the floor and thought I could somehow come down from the hill balancing my entire weight on my whole body and somehow crawl down instead of climbing down.

Turning away from her, the light was gone and there was only endless darkness, I found myself looking beyond the small manmade hill towards the place where God seemed to send down his legions of light to enshroud a human special to the inhabitants of the outer world.

The small hilltop was soaring 40-50 feet from above the hilly ground, grounded in a pinnacle of uneven plateau.

It was a three-story edifice, which hid away from the sight of the starlight.

Then I looked past the hill towards the place where she lay, the plateau of pebbled valley seemed to sparkle and its cobbled ground shining with an unearthly glow, the stones almost appearing white as of light itself had sprung forth from within her form.

Sadness, I felt for certain, but sometimes I thought I envied her, for mine was a mixture of admiration and envy, because if anyone was worthy of envy in this world, then it was she. She was the embodiment of perfection, devoid of hate because she was divulged head to toe in the love of a greater Almighty God. She has no time for human hate human vengeance human

dishonour and human hatred. Hers was a different world, a world of piety, a world of piety, a world devoid of all the hate that makes our life so miserable.

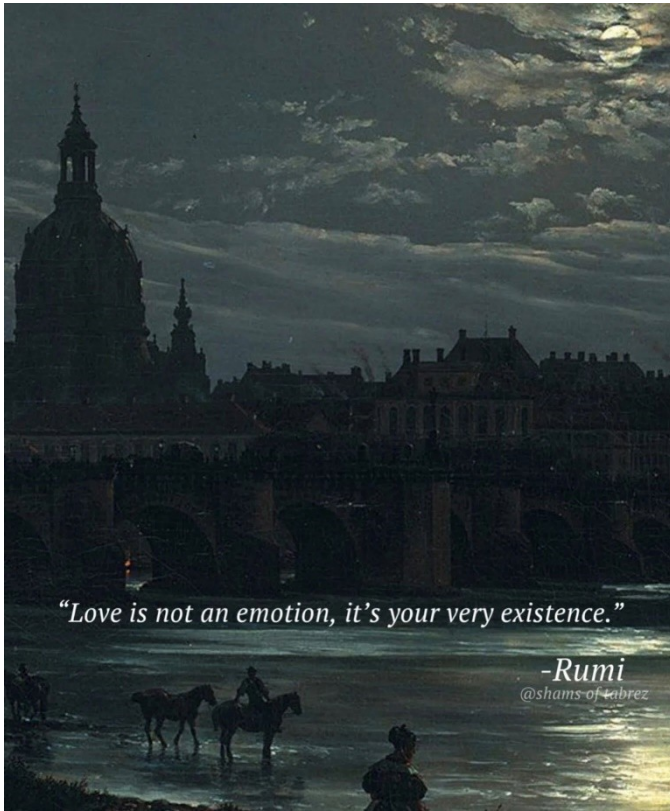
I envied her purity and the goodness of her heart. How could I ever attain an ounce of her light heart that could fly over the heavens and stars?

She stood like an angel, wrapped in a black veil and robe that glowed like the setting sun, that cling to the fabric as if holding on to the last warmth of day. Waves of light hair framed her face, soft and serene, and her eyes dazzled one in with a spark of purity that could light up the darkest night. When I beheld her, the room around her seemed to fade away, leaving only the dance of light that played off her black veil and robe, as if the very air was in love with her.

I envied her purity and piety, as I spent my life drowning my misery, in music and unfulfillment from everything I pursued, she had found her vocation and her home in God.

When she stood in prayers, she became a part of another world and her heart reached the zenith of another universe, her body was here and her heart was beyond the heavens.

While my prayers never went beyond my lips and were nothing but empty words, her prayers went beyond the time and space of this universe traversing through the heavens as she embodied heaven itself. She communed with God and that's how her heart stayed so sinless and pure and she wept to Him and she prayed to Him and after each prayer she longed for another visitation with her Lord. Hours passed by but she became absorbed in her heavenly communion with her Creator. God was her friend and she loved Him with a love that was beyond the control of any catastrophe or torment to sever or cut off.



A Miracle: When a Mute Child Speaks

**When I saw her miracles manifest before me and physically saw
the young child who had never spoken before suddenly began**

to hear perfectly, I knew that my life would never be the same again. I believed in this fair young woman's goodness and piety and trusted in her miracles with the complete and absolute trust of a child. My mother was accompanying the trio in this shopping episode and had been busy haggling with traders and craftsmen all day hoping to secure a bargain in this historic marketplace but even she became over whelmed by this miracle and her face lit up with enthusiasm and joy when I told her about this saint's miracles who was weary of the world and all its wealth and sought only to please her Maker.

When I was told that the child who had spoken for the first time in her life was born deaf, and doctors assured the parents that this impairment was permanent, I realised that this saintly maiden was able to perform miracles which no science could explain, for she herself did not know that by merely asking the little girl some questions, she was able to make her talk.

I shed the bitterest tears after locking myself in the women's washroom because of the might and power of God whom I had claimed to believe in but now was forced to bear witness to His might and Grandeur.

Was it awe or was it the fear of really knowing or discovering for the first time the presence of an almighty God who seemed to share His kingdom with His most beloved ones yet left them to the mercy of mankind?

My world shook, the blinds had been pulled away and my eyes opened. My life plans shattered, the heavens came down, the world stopped its rotation and life itself seemed to stop to mock my past life.

My heart trembled as my mind tried to reel from the shock and fear plagued my every veins; I became delirious and froze for the longest period of time and desperately looked for some privacy so I could cry out loud because the longer I stayed in her midst, the more she horrified me. She who once walked upon the shores of our earth on the muddy streets of India was no more; the world unaware of her existence, her name unknown, her face unseen, her voice unheard, her power undiscovered. She walked amongst us concealed, hidden and blinded to us, while the heavens and the Earth were bound to her orders and the suns and stars obeyed her every command!

Who was she that stood before me, made of flesh and blood, yet how could she become so close to the God Who controlled the suns and stars that she unbeknownst to herself, controlled God's kingdom as though it were her own?

Did God value her so much?

Was it true that God had so much love in Him for those who loved Him with such fierceness and persistence and patience, a love no suffering could lessen or shake, a love which no calamity could make her blame?

Was it true that God was nothing but Love and the more someone loved Him with a pure heart the more God loved them? Why had God chosen her, or was it she who had chosen God and never let Him go? She suffered, oh, indeed, she suffered unspeakably, yet she held on to God's law and His faith and His love, never letting go, never forgetting, never blaming, never hating! Was it her humility and forgiveness and her prayers of night after night that made God choose to elevate her to a level unattained by man ever before? Our hearts shall mourn you till the end of time and the heavens shall remember you, oh saintly soul, unknown to mankind, yet known to your God, nameless to the world, yet famous to the dwellers of heaven above.

When I first met this pious woman, I was too young to understand the intricacies of theology but spending each day in her company breathed a new life in my soul until I was certain that there was truth in her being and mercy within her miracles. Indeed, when she had died, it was as though a pall had fallen over this continent and I felt lonely with living with the memories of her miracles alone, almost like an outcast in my own city and a stranger in a strange world that no lover promised serenity or security for us. It was astonishing that I was able to respect and admire this holy woman although we were not blood relatives, for faith had a way of enabling one to put the bonds of the soul before the ties of blood. Alas, she did not have to die so young but her father's temerity which made him pressure this chaste and sinless daughter to marry made her sorrowful and her silent despair grew by the day as his efforts to persuade her became more frequent until living became impossible for her. After her death, I tried to keep her legacy alive by sharing episodes of her miraculous life with my young peers but my stories were met sometimes with incomprehension but more commonly with laughter and indifference.

Her death had been the direct side effect of her father's inconsiderate actions. He disliked religion and strongly disapproved of his daughter's pious mannerisms. The media has

the power to effectively brainwash people into supporting a cause, or to go against certain beliefs and faiths, and I have personally been able to witness the colossal damage media reports had done to this young woman's family, that they became convinced that all religions were violent and all pious and religious people were mad zealots, who would eventually become violent or abnormal, and so, they did everything in their power to coerce this young woman to abandon her pious and chaste ways, leading her to suffer such severe heartbreak that she perished. Indeed, media reports can influence pole so intensely that it permanently embitters their minds, and families go against family and everyone learns only how to hate more creatively.

Indeed, I had heard later on that her father who was already terminally ill, greatly lamented his own actions and turned to faith and believed in God towards the end of his life, and they say he died of a broken heart and kept hidden regrets of his past, but it was too late, and far too late now for his tears or regret. What was gone was gone and there was none to blame but him, the birth giver of the greatest gift upon man was the one who was fated to take it away.

Why did he force this chaste sinless daughter to marry? He had no right over her, no duty that could justify it or no unfounded fear which could have justified what he had done to the most decent woman who lived.

She was the saint of the world; she belonged to us -to the people of the world. She belonged to all those for whose forgiveness she wept for. She belonged to men of all faiths and women of all nations and the children of the earth. Tears welled in my eyes, and my heart started pounding. How could I have lost her? How could the world have lost such a gem? She was our strength, and humanity's soul. How could we survive without her? I suddenly realised that I was now crying openly, but wished to be left to the privacy of my grief.

How could he have done what he did?

As long as the sun keeps rising and the moon keeps waxing and waning, and world continues revolving around the universe, I shall not forgive him, for when the first nuke strikes and the first NATO nation declares war, when the thousands of children are forced into orphan hood and no civilisation is left to defend the children of today from sickness or abuse and the honour of

every woman is attacked by enemy forces- I shall blame her father. There is no one else for me to put my frustration on. She could have saved us, but she is no more.

I had high hopes for humanity. Indeed, I made a list of wishes and prayers which I planned to give to her, and make her pray for the salvation of my nation. I had listed everything the world needed to survive so she could pray for those. My numbered prayers are decaying away but she who could have made it come true was nowhere to be found. Gone away, gone forever, never to return!

Ah, unloved she lived,
uncared for- she cried:
And unneeded, she died!

She came to us at a time when one world was dying and another was about to be born. There was such glory in her tale, and so much wonder, that I could narrate her miracles and power for years, but it was the great dams of sorrow in her story that I hope humans will preserve and learn invaluable lesson from and carry the wisdom to the farthest reaches of human kingdoms and empires, so that the daughters and granddaughters of those who are born today will be able to emulate her pious character and they too could then carry her tale and sing glories of her days of honour and of pain, when she suffered alone, and had no one to stand by her side, and no loyal friend or family to support her, and who had given up everything she gained as a sacrifice for mankind and lost her very life as the price of her destiny, because perhaps it was her fate to be gone in her prime, and perhaps, that was written in the ink of dreams when she was still a child.

Had she blessed our earth for a few more days, then I would have used her connection with the heavens to save the earth, because when one heavenly woman remains in this accursed world of sin and torture and abuse, her sinlessness and her love could have saved us all, and her prayers may have stopped all wars, and we could have achieved a nuclear disarmament deal, and eradicated poverty and sickness and freed the women from dishonour and degradation.

But she is gone from us and we are cursed to remain here, awaiting the wrath of the demons and hell itself to descend upon a world so cursed with abuse and human degradation and sexual abuse and dishonour; a world where all godly men are cursed and hated and framed for every crime they did not do; a world where sick and evil men of hellfire made for hell like the devil himself, frame endlessly the men of faith and honour and then dishonour the name of their Creator by torturing innocent

people and trying to frame God by saying His name out loud while doing every sick crime!

This hellish world where we are cursed to live has no more chance of any saint of coming and surviving within its bosom, because this is a world for sinful men and jealous women who are all the slaves of each other's body and wealth. This world hurts saints and pious souls and dishonours men of faith and honour only men who disrobe women and degrade them and helps them become unchaste and used and abused.

Perhaps we didn't deserve her. Perhaps this sin-filled world is what we deserve of each other, and only hate and breed jealousy and rage and anger and revenge and cruelty until God leave us all to suffer in the hands of our own selves.

Maybe God turned away from the world; maybe He never looks at us any longer. Maybe He closed the window and when calamity and war strikes - God shall be deaf to our prayers.

There is no more sinless saint left in our sin filled world.

Ours is a cursed world of hate and anger.

Ours is a world where God has abandoned us.

Ours is a world of pain and suffering with no hope and no one to help save us.

There was an old home near my house in New York, and I could see the building from my room's window. It was a pleasant sight which often made me joyful to know some elderly senior citizens were nearby and relaxing in their retirement life. But, suddenly, after meeting the virtuous woman in India, and after coming back from this journey, I couldn't make myself look at that place anymore. I did not want to become old and forgotten and lost, or forgotten by the world, forgotten by God, and only yearning, chasing and working and pining after a useless life and the forgetful people within it, and pursuing a life which had no meaning and no purpose; a life which had to end with sure death.

I did not find any strength to even look at the old home and its inhabitants anymore, for the old, the forgotten, the despised, the burdens of the world, all of them once were young and carefree and independent and thought they'd never become so utterly helpless at the mercy of strangers waiting for death to do its cruel thing.

I cannot make myself walk across the road leading to the old home, because I would feel a physical twinge of pain in my heart. I would physically feel my heart constricting and experience a crazy urge to cry out in pain, hoping it would ease the hurt that bottled inside my soul. How could one go on living

this life if there was no God to hope for, as if there was no afterlife to hope for, and as if there was no God to love unconditionally?

Indeed, it seems to me that perhaps everyone around was stronger than me. Perhaps they were stronger, perhaps they were foolish, perhaps they were a combination of the two. Because how indeed could man go on living this life called life?

How could they look at old people in elderly care centres and imagine themselves fading away from the world and becoming nothing; frail and unwanted, forgotten and abandoned, and thoroughly worthless after living a life which would be forgotten along with those whom we loved and hated and protected and cared for?

There was no purpose in loving, there was no reason in living if there weren't a cause behind it.

I myself was surprised at my grief, as I was crying out in such horrifying wails of grief that my blood filled with fire and ice. I suddenly felt my body teeter, as if my legs were giving way. I grabbed the wall but was too weak to keep myself standing and keep from collapsing.

Oh, hurt one! Your memory shall live on so long as there are the souls of men in this world still living, still breathing, unknown unborn men for whose forgiveness you shed tears! Your sacrifice shall never be in vain, oh tormented one! Faith and mercy shall prosper and the laws of God shall honour and protect women for centuries to come and your tears of terror and heartbreak shall not melt away into nothingness!

Oh, innocent virtuous heart! Forgive us for not knowing how to save you!

Oh, untainted unblemished soul! Could you ever find us worthy of your forgiveness?!

Could You find it in your merciful heart to forgive those who couldn't save you from the pain of fear and from the pressure of faithlessness?

Would you find a place in your pitiful heart to forgive those for whom you wept for, yet they never knew and never had the chance to help or save you?

Then forgive our unworthy souls! Undeserving as we are! But you were not like us! You forgave those who hurt you most bitterly and those who betrayed you most mercilessly!

Forgive our guilty ailing hearts! We too, oh angel of God, are the victims of this world! We too suffer and weep ourselves to sleep!

Oh, pure heart who would weep even for her worst enemy and saw neither creed nor country when she shed the hottest tears for the forgiveness of mankind! Forgive us and take pity on us too for you are free from this accursed world but we are forced to live out our sentences and compelled to watch the wrath of torture and hate and warfare and killing and surviving devour our souls and our innocent ones!

Forgive us for we have neither hope now that you are gone nor faith strong enough to survive the wrath of this world and still hold onto faith, hope and religion! Our souls are lost too- and when the rage and wrath of mankind unleashes upon us the hell of war and hunger and sickness and disasters- we cannot and shall not have the power or strength to survive or even stay with our humanity and honour intact!

We shall be damned:

Cursed to live!

Powerless to die, fated to suffer.

And unable to cry!

We envy the dead for they are the lucky ones!

We envy the tortured ones for it was better to suffer than to become the torturer!

You changed me, O sublime woman! You made me who I am!

You took me from the depths of my own hell and to the footsteps of a sinless heaven.

You shall live on, oh, immortal soul!

You shall live on in the veil of every chaste woman!

You shall live on in the tears of every betrayed girl!

You shall live on in the faith of every worshipper of God.

No death can hide you; no grave can erase you.

You shall live on till eternity ends and no mortal death can finish your power nor darken your light!

There was something so visceral about my screams that I felt removed from this world, and felt myself being swept up into another world. A primordial realm where the idea of sorrow itself is born in the mind of God. At that instant, the wind rose and began to howl like hounds and jackal, as though they too were grieving for this loss. The sudden gusts stirred the dust from earth, causing clouds of dust to rise from the dry earth, and I knew that even the soil beneath our feet were mourning the loss of the most pious woman who ever lived.

Pain flooded my heart, as though a thousand spears were hurtling forward to rain death upon me and I felt a flash of sadness when I realised that saint who could have saved our world was no more.

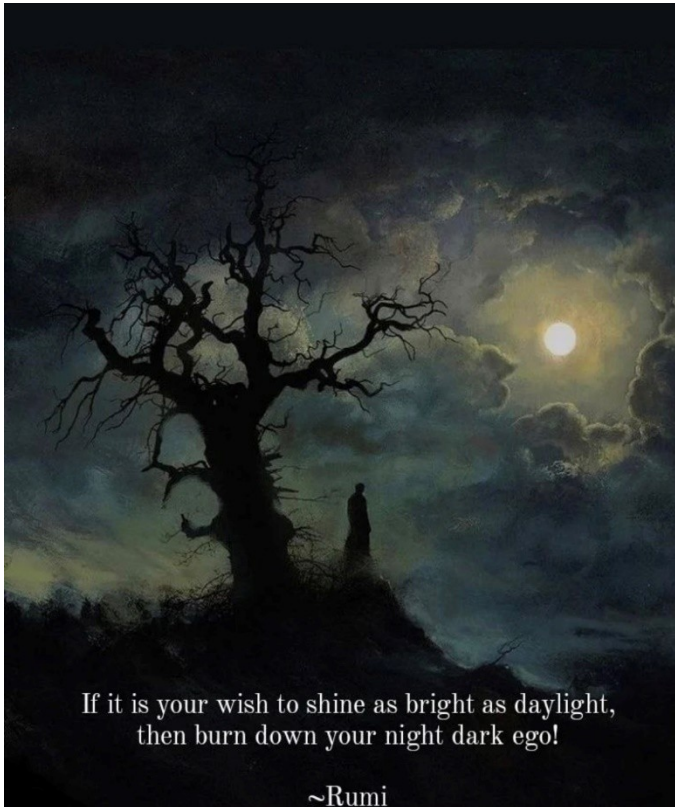
My world became dark and my vision clouded with tears, as if a sandstorm had descended on me from all sides.

I wanted to grieve alone, so once I stepped into my backyard, my wails spread like a brushfire and suddenly all the animals in the neighbourhood, seemed to get caught in my grief, and even the numerous birds on tree tops beat their wings, and shrieked, as though they too were weeping for the saintly daughter of heaven, and scion of paradise. She who was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, was gone. I was weeping, but momentarily, the cries of the animals around this area echoed in my ears, and I froze in awe and fear.

Amidst the eternal majesty of towering peaks, her presence in paradise was undoubtedly the most delicate sonnet, and an ode to grace.

I could not stop sobbing, and the unearthly sounds that were coming from my throat seemed to echo and dissipate into the nothingness of grief and loss.

It was as if when I wept for her, the world itself wept.



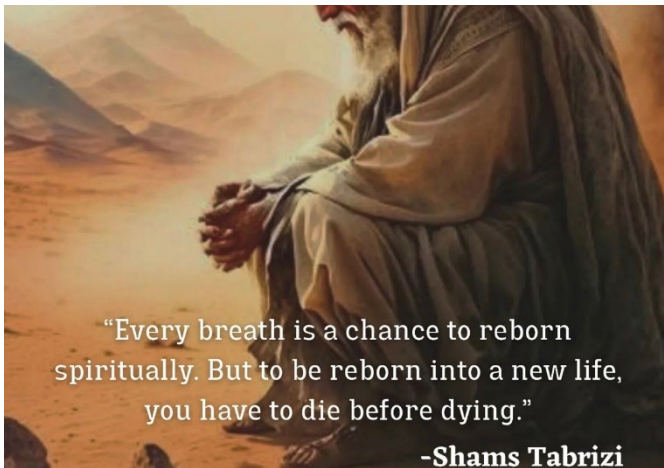
If it is your wish to shine as bright as daylight,
then burn down your night dark ego!

~Rumi

FORGET THY AFFLICTION

**Forget thy affliction, and cease supplication,
Recall thy release from Egyptian rod,
The hand is not short that hath laid earth's
foundation,
Who stretched out the heavens remaineth thy
God!
And at thy due season the glory that dwelleth,
In heaven shall rest on thy head that great day,
When moonlight as sunlight in radiance wellet
And sunlight shall glow with a sevenfold ray.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



The Light from Heaven:

Grief was a word and my life became its definition.

To know that such a pious figure was gone made me inconsolable. I sobbed until tears came no more, and I paused to look up at the heavens. There was no moon tonight and the sky was aflame with a legion of stars, the sparkling strands of a cosmic web that testified to the glory of the Lord. In such vastness, this heroine of mine had travelled on, and only the foolish among world's inhabitants would dream of wasting this brief life away.

Like a time-machine, my mind returned to the hour when I was in India, and the saintly maiden was still alive with us, and there I witnessed the most spectacular phenomenon of God. As the young saintly maiden lay quietly, I saw the most brilliant lights beaming upon her from the sky, as though a million angels were approaching her to seek grace and benediction. I remember my heart had paused its beating to look up into the heavens which seemed to no longer belong to the people of the world, but to her alone. The saint of this world roamed from star to star, her soul lighting the way like the Milky Way itself. It was the absence of a moon that made the sky appear to eerie, yet the sky seemed aflame with legions of powerful beams of light, the glittering strands of a new born starlight defying the cosmic constellations as if to testify to the glory of God's friends.

There were legends of people who seemed to know the secret of life from horoscopes by studying the patterns of the stars and their positions, but those superstitions were a delusion because they could never change the future; perhaps, the foolish people would also believe that it was their energy and focus which made them aware, but perhaps it was the demons who listened into the information brought forth from the heavens towards the saints of God about the future of mankind which the dark ones overheard. They perchance overheard it and swayed the belief of man in their dark powers and meditation away from the one heavenly God, in order to make men disbelieve in religion and believe in their own energy and vibe.

Only God and His closest friends knew about the true future, as He was the greatest time traveller, and those who believed in the power of their own energy could never encompass God's glory, nor could they ever dare to attain a position even near the lofty grandness which the true sinless friends of God had achieved. Theirs were a counterfeit, a lie cloaked in truth to confuse mankind away from the remembrance and purity of God and His heavenly realm, and towards one's own self and one's own false powers, which neither gave them immortality nor gave them the power to heal the sick and dying. Who would consider them ingenious, who attacked her faith on the score of

their presumption, and on the miserable necessities which obliged them to ignore her circumstance and dismiss her pains as positive degradation?

I thought it was their vulgar sarcasms retorted by epigrams, which defined these worldly-minded people. Indeed, they were distinguished no more by their false elegance than their causticity.

Mocking religion was not uncommon, and those who were unhappy with this woman for being religious wasted their versatile talents criticising her chastity and dismissing her veil. The heavenly light continued to shine upon her, and when I turned away from her, lo, the light was gone and there was only endless darkness and I found myself looking beyond the small edifice of the hill towards the place where God seemed to send down his legions of light to enshroud a human so special to the inhabitants of the outer world. The small hilltop beside her was soaring fifty feet from above the hilly ground, surrounded in a pinnacle of rough plateau. It was a perhaps a the height of a three-story edifice, which hid away from the sight of the starlight. Then I looked past the hill towards the place where she sat; the tropical valley seemed to sparkle and its cobbled ground shining with an unearthly glow, as the stones almost appearing white as of light itself had sprung forth from within her form.

I have never before seen such miracles in my life, and the most unnerving part was that the saintly woman had no idea she had causes cataclysmic changes in the galaxy.

When I logged into the net that night, I spared no effort to research and surf the news for any cosmic events such as UFO sightings or space related issues such as solar storms or any suspicious events that might have occurred over the Indian peninsula that fateful night, but all my efforts were in vain as there was not a single event reported from the astronomical society which could have explained what had happened.

The most fearful aspects appeared to me was the fact that all my questions and research only ended up with a hundred more questions and I never found any answers to any of the unexplainable events that happened around her.

Who was she after all? Just a young woman made of flesh and blood because to remind myself I often shook her hands. She was a normal girl born from a regular human father and a very regular mother. And they had a typical house and she ate like a normal human being and she slept like a human being, but what was she, who was so worthy to God of all the heavens?

What was she -what had she done to build the connection so strong and so sublime with a God so powerful and so All Controlling and Almighty.

How could she be more worthy to God than all the people that walked in the universe amongst all the planets that adorned the universe -and all the stars that surrounded the Milky Way and all the universe and multiverses that made this vast unending and inconceivable universe?

What was she- so special, so unique, so beyond human comprehension that even while she slept a searchlight made of heavenly light would burst forth from the outer sky and descend on her?

It was after that particular day I became physically afraid of her. I regretted ever holding back her suitcase when our bus broke down and the second bus had come, or when I had been rummaging through her belongings -I felt ashamed and guilt juttred my strength -I wanted to apologise, but I realised that she would not even understand even if I attempted to tell her - she wouldn't see anything wrong in anything I did. Or anything wrong in anyone did.

And I thoroughly regretted, keeping her back away from the rest of the people just to keep an eye on her. I thought God would punish me for keeping her behind for the third bus so she could accompany me and my mother. I thought God was angry at me I feared it was a sign from heaven as a warning to me that I was not to mess around or harm or hurt or fool and manhandle someone so worthy to God.

Someone so close to God. A million fear, a million thought had holstered my mind.

I felt like an alien, more so like an enemy of God, guilt juttred me and I do not know why such terror and such fear overtook my senses, that I couldn't make myself dare come near her any longer.

I stood farther away from her unable to gather the strength to speak with her in a normal tone. Unable to ask her questions as to if she needed anything.

What was it that injured my will so severely, was it the guilt the shame or the utter fear of seeing unexplainable lights descend from heaven over her. Or was it the fact that the heaven and the world seemed so close as if to collide and yet so far away from each other. The afterlife and the current life of the world became intertwined yet they were so farther away from each

other. That they were so connected and yet so veiled and blinded from each other.

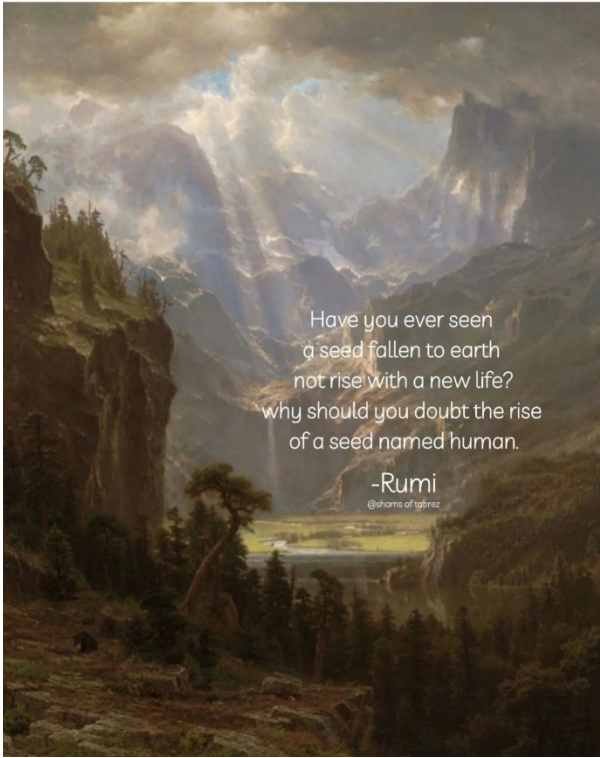
It amazes me sometimes as I had always look down at that country and sometimes even ashamed of it and thought of it as a country of rags and poor people and unclean roads and everything else that would class them as a third world country in my sight up until that moment, I had liked nothing about them nor did I have any respect for them.

But from that day onwards, my entire outlook changed. Cosmetics didn't matter, it was the heart that mattered to God and eventually I realised that, whatever they were, their humility their piety and their self-control and absence of passion and hate was what made some of them so incomparably honoured to the God of all the heavens and earth. In my mind I thought perhaps all the saints of God hails from that genetical DNA- from that country which became the most revered country to me in all the world. Was it their humility- their love- whatever it was that God had chosen a girl whose DNA was from that country to become such a close friend of His. My heart shook asunder and the light made me feel like I was directly connected with the heavens. I was terrified to even come down from that place. I was terrified to come near her. I thought the light would pull me away like I saw in movies like Star Wars and sci-fi films.

I thought of aliens and angels and demons. I thought of God and I felt so terrified and so horror stricken, that I could not come near her -I would not come near her.

My mom was telling me to come near and sit down and wait for the car to come but I did not want to come anywhere near where she lay down. The light had terrified me out of my wits and senses.

Finally, the persistence of my mom made me come down, and somehow the closer I came -the more the light appeared to mix away, making unable to discern between the darkness and the light any longer, I thought it must have been my imagination because she seemed to be sleeping in the dark and the closer I got the more the light seemed to fade away into oblivion.



The Invisible Picture in the Camera:



Every hour I spent in her company was akin to residing in heaven, so kind and considerate she was. She had faith in God, and believed in the promises of redemption and in the divine mercy toward foolish, sinful men. In descriptions true to nature, and, through poetic imagination, transcending the science of her day, this saintly maiden proclaimed the glory of creation and extolled the Creator with such fineness, which the art of painting never produced.

In shifting rays of speech that exuded swift sparkles, heart to heart, she answered gently, offering a slow smile to my persistent questions. She had this particular gift of being invisible in camera and no matter how many images I captured; her picture did not appear on the negatives. I thought I'd become mad with anticipation, I had found within her power that was beyond this world, who would have believed me?

It terrified me to find another world beyond our own

I questioned my own sanity and confirmed from others as to what was happening.

I had found her, my suspicion confirmed and I would never let her leave.

My mind reeling from a shock I was too stunned to take in.

I held on to the printed picture as every hair in my body stood up in a terror that made me want to faint.

It didn't impress me or fascinate me, initially but my breath froze as I noticed that the camera images which were meant to reflect her were blank! My hands were shaking for days after that and I held on to that picture for how many hours I do not know. Eventually I did lose those old phones and one of them stopped working but I kept that picture with me for a very long time, to prove to myself that this unusual phenomenon did take place, and for several years after that event, every time I saw it, I could not speak for hours and hours on end.

I had kept those negatives and the polaroid paper with me for a very long time until the third time we moved our home and changed countries multiple times; I had lost it in the moving process but I kept all my old phones that had stopped working many years back, hoping against hope that perhaps one of those- if fixed could still contain a picture of her or a picture of her without her in it.

But This picture which was printed was a physical evidence of the eeriness and the terrifying reality of the life of saints and the inaptitude of technology when faced off against the lovers of the God who allowed man to create technology, but retained that power which was beyond any human comprehension or understanding.

I was a pessimist -born pessimist- I had to be one because I grew up in a very material world and knew nothing but materialistic things and beings. No matter how many miracles you hear of, if you grow up with such logic and modern understanding of everything you do not believe in miracles, one simply cannot and does not.

Yet how long could I fight against her? How long could I force myself into ignorance or blindness , when I was experiencing at first hand -the might and power of an almighty God?

Readers, the events I heard about her from some mutual friends, was beyond the wildest imagination of even the most

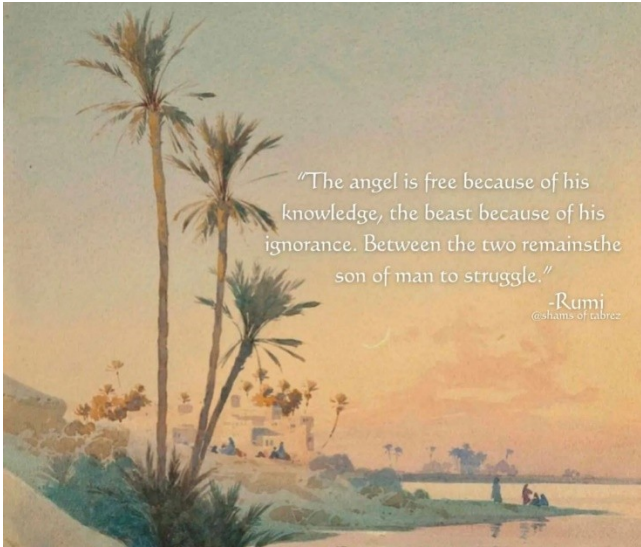
imaginative writer and director. I have not mentioned even a hundredth of what I heard about her from the most trusted educated and civilized mutual friends of my aunt regarding this saintly friend of mine, because although I never could make my sceptic heart believe in them until I had forced to witness things I couldn't explain, I felt I had no right to write about events of her miraculous aspects unless I myself was a first person witness and had at least 3-4 persons to corroborate each of these events.

These happenings could shock even the most staunch atheist or agnostic and sometimes I feel I need their suspicion and disbelief just to calm my heart enough to find the strength to continue living in a world which is so deceiving and so secretive and so hopeless and eternal.

With all her miracles and glory, she departed from the world where she had suffered without measure, and went to repose herself in the pacific sea of the Eternal God and thus, managed to get far from the darkness of life, and was now, united with the true light of heaven, where she shall be more honoured by God and His angels than she was here below.

She was too noble and too good for this world, as earth had exposed her to the rage, envy and hatred of the less distinguished candidates but her ready faith and pious spirit made her overlook the follies of others, and she ignored all the brilliant repartees and bitter sarcasms which were aimed at her or her faith, and never did she reply to their taunts and calumnies.

She loved humankind and could hate no one, because hate was founded on wounded vanity, which never forgives but attacks. I was sure that in heaven, this saintly maiden enjoyed a profound peace; and while the vilest corruption existed in the morals of the people, under a neglected internal police and the worst of domestic governments, and due to their increased passion for luxury and show, in the idle and worthless endeavours, and in the sumptuous and ambitious leaders, her hereafter was far removed from the lowliness of this planet, whose inhabitants were generally impervious to any ray of prosperity, and indeed, God had chosen her to be one of the most successful candidates for immortality.



TO MY SOUL

**Be wise, my precious soul, and haste
To bow to God in reverence.
Let vanities no more be chased,
Bethink thee ere this world lies waste,
The world that waits thee going hence.
Thy life to God's life is akin,
Concealed like His beneath a veil,
Since He is free of flaw or sin,
Like purity thou too canst win,
To reach perfection wherefore fail?
And as His arm upholds the sky,
Do thou thy dumb brute body lift,
Thou, soul, to which we can descry
No like on earth- O magnify
The God of whom thou art the gift.
Greet then, my soul, thy Rock with praise,
Hail him, my inmost heart, with song
Unceasingly throughout my days,
And let all souls their voices raise
My benediction to prolong His praise!**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



The Spring of Life:

There had been too many miracles taking place, and too many unexplained events in her presence, that I had begun to question my sanity.

How could a teenage woman be able to cure terminally ill patients by merely talking to them?

How could she remain awake all night, to weep and pray to God?

No, I could not fathom her miracles.

I had sworn- I would not come near her or speak with her or even dare to come any closer to her. But my mother was feeling so tired and sickly and she told me that she was afraid that something unexpected could happen to her as she felt faint. She later told me that after coming back that she thought she would die out of thirst and dehydration, although it was only several hours because she had not drunk any water from the morning, unfortunately because of the traveling and her blood pressure was naturally elevated and the scorching summer heat could make anyone have a heat stroke within a few hours.

We were sitting in the AC then but right now it was still very hot and for several hours without any water and only some crackers and food my mother health was rapidly deteriorating, severe dehydration set in and she felt as though she would have a heat stroke or suffer a natural stroke because of her high blood pressure. I suddenly realised that, and became frantic and afraid for my mom's fragile health.

I hurriedly went again through all my luggage and everything to see if I had perchance could find even a small bottle of water inside. But unfortunately, I couldn't find any water or even an empty bottle. I suddenly found her behind me, she had woken up and she was speaking in such a low tone that I did not understand it immediately. But I turned around and I saw her , I almost screamed in terror and felt my heart thumping in my throat drumming and making her voice fade away , it took a while for me to gain my composure and I realised that she was asking me if I lost anything and I said that no, that I was looking for a water bottle, because my mom was thirsty and the car was delaying and it could be one or two more hours before the second car came. and that my mom was extremely dehydrated and that she did not take her medications and I had forgotten to bring the bag with the water bottles, I was actually afraid that time for my mom's health, although it wasn't too long but somehow my mom's health had really become sensitive and dire.

I then saw her face colour change. I saw it before , whenever any mention of any suffering or the slightest pain would be said in front of her, her pallor changed and she became extremely agitated as if it were herself in severe pain and a deadly atrocity. I do not know how a stranger can feel the pain of another so deeply and so honestly as if it her own, Even the slightest distress of people would make her despair and become

emotionally dejected. I saw her looking here and there as if to look for water for my mom I saw her face become so worried and when she went and asked my mom if my mom was feeling okay, she started searching her bag. My mom tried not to worry her and reassured her that she was feeling fine right now, although she clearly wasn't. but my mom did not want to worry her additionally.

And then she became calmer because she believed my mom, when my mom said that my mom was feeling fine. And my mom again told her to lie down as she was looking so sick herself. And that when the car would come, we'd wake her up (because I had already told my mom that this girl did not sleep the entire night, she was in fact praying the entire night as I had witnessed before).

So, my mom made her go to sleep again.

She woke up with a start within 15 to 20 minutes later. he gestured me with her hand to come near her. She asked me if I found any water for my mom to which I replied no, then she told me to look for water in that place (she pointed her hand and I looked towards a place which was several meters away from where she slept) unable to make any sense of why she'd tell me to look for water on a plain ground, I still out of decency went ahead and then I saw a marking in the floor. As if someone marked that place with a cane or a stick. It was like a mark on the floor, not exactly a mark but the dust was removed from that place to make a sort of line in one place. I asked her if that was the place because the entire place was small except for that place which was a little elevated as if someone had stuck their shovel or a rake inside that place of muddy ground. She said yes, as I stood in absolute disbelief thinking it all a stupid joke, yet not laughing because if one thing she was incapable of lying even as a joke or just, when I came towards her, she told me again to remove the mud from that place and continue doing so.

Then in my craziest imagination I had this bizarre idea of Sinbad and those Indian stories of buried treasures, I actually started thinking she was looking for buried treasure to be honest, although I found it extremely amusing; I knew better than to ever hesitate to follow her command, as I knew whatever she said, she said for a cause and a hidden meaning, and I did it passionately blindly without asking her any questions.

I used my bare hands and my nails to slowly remove dry dirt from that place. For a while, I thought that she had perhaps, lost her necklace or hid something of her belongings there.

I did not know what to think of, but I just kept on removing the earth from that place and suddenly I felt my hand becoming feeling cold and wet as the mud stuck to my hands, I continued removing the soil with my bare hands as she didn't tell me to stop yet and then I felt the mud become more and more heavy and wet and as if it were floating, I felt disgusted of that water but then suddenly a sort of water sprinkler, slowly started bursting out from forth from the beneath the small mud pond!

Words cannot describe the shock I felt as I stood staring at the small pool of water, I ran and brought forth my multitool pocket torch to see if the water was clean, it did appear crystal clear and fresh smelling, I ran to her, and she told me that the water is supposed to be clean and to immediately give it to my mom to drink.

I stared at her and felt myself becoming drowned in a daze. I walked backwards towards my mom, too disoriented to locate her or call onto her, it took me several minutes to realise what she had truly done.

Which world, which imagination could come up with a tale so wild and so insane?

How could there ever be water within four inches of the place I scratched my fingers into? In an abandoned Indian hard ground of dry earth, when- anyone who knows the soil of India knows how dry their earth is, and even when they try to dig a well in their villages, it takes days of digging and approximately 50 to 60 feet of hardened earth need to be dug out by machine for the water to come out to the well or tank.

Because the Indian mud is so hard and so dry and so severely solid. It was no desert sand that could be removed so easily. I realised what she had done. I was backing from her, once again losing my voice and forgetting all about my mom's sickness.

The madness of the event and the disbelief returned. The terror which had frozen me just an hour ago while I stood on top of the hill had now come back with full force.

I finally found my mom but I couldn't tell her anything.

I was too afraid I was too terrified I was too bedazzled for speech, I kept telling myself there's no way that she was from our world. She had heard my mom was parched and thirsty, and she had done the impossible, not thinkable for even the wildest

human imagination, she had brought forth water from the dry earth.

When we had left, and reached my mom's friend's house, I made our host's granddaughter, a girl of 9 who looked much younger than her age- ask my saintly friend about the miraculous water and how she knew where it was hidden beneath which part of the dry land?

I knew she trusted little girls and wouldn't think much of it, I was also young but growing up in the west, I had already reached an adult height of 5'2 within the age of eleven, Indians thought I was a grown up because of my height and the way I dressed.

That girl looked much younger than her age and I managed to make her ask about the water and how she knew of it.

What I got out from the girl was that she (my saintly companion) casually replied that she had gone to sleep and saw the apostle of God come and show her the location of water hidden under that place by marking it with his walking stick.

She seemed so calm while answering her, as if it were an everyday thing.

My heart and my mind were reeling from an episode of complete and utter madness. I feared for the sanity of my own mind and the life of my own heart.

While I felt faint hearted and my brain going into a freezing shock attempting to differentiate between reality and imaginations, fighting fiercely and madly with my own sanity and trying with the craziest urgency to justify it as a norm or class it as a coincidence and trying a million desperate ways to convince myself that it was all a normal event and had nothing special about it -to confer such suspicion of outer worldly influence.

Because when I couldn't find any explanation, I felt my heart break down and I ended in terrified tears, bitter tears that spring from fear and a sense of the most ruthless betrayal. I felt the world was something other than what I knew, and I was young, I didn't know why the world would show one side to me and open the hidden version to her only.

My life felt extremely false and I became afraid to lead myself astray and away from the path that she followed.

Hers seemed like the only path of salvation but there was no rule book for me to follow, no explanation as to how to find out about the hidden secrets of the universe, and that heavenly power beyond our wildest unworldly imagination.

The world appeared to purposefully blind people from its secrets. She was beyond the reach of the heavens, and too simple to know what she was, and we who understood her power and glory were deep under the sins of this dark ignorant and visible false world.

My heart didn't want to chase after the counterfeit, it cried out for that heavenly realm and begged for some sign some guidance for my lost and worthless soul.

I then remembered there was the smell of an Arabian musk emanating from her when I had to come towards her before she told me to remove the soil from the location, where it was marked. I smelled a very distinctive Arabian musk which I did not smell even 20 minutes earlier. I glanced at her, and noticed she was at peace with herself. Her eyes were alight with the glow of creativity, inviting the wind into the sonata of her gaze. Clad in a black veil and dress that swirled like smoke, she looked like the embodiment of purity, her gestures a tender caress that spoke of heavenly stories written in the language of the faith and love. When she prayed, and the world fell silent, listening to the liturgies of her existence.

The sweet fragrance I was smelling was numbing and it was the scent of Arabian musk which I had only found in shops in Dubai and Arabia. Neither I nor she had any perfume or musk with us in our luggage.

In my mind, I thought it must be that someone had spilled a bottle of perfume. But when I related this event to a scholar of religious jurisprudence, he suggested that it could have been the apostle of God, who had come to her to make the place of water in her dream or visions, he assumed that it must have been that heavenly person's scent.

But when I heard of that idea for the first time, I thought he was mad and that I too would be if I believed in him, then I too would become clinically insane or certainly be classed as one by my therapist,

People would assume that it is all my imagination. They would assuredly think I'm mad, or that I have severe schizophrenia.

I had multiple health checkups done on myself when I returned and the doctors ended up becoming angry at me for wasting

their time as there was nothing wrong with me and I should give preferences to those who were truly in need of assistance.

I remember that multiple times- I had on the ruse of taking leave from her shook her hands, just to remind myself that she was human and not made with clouds and stars. I feared sometimes she wasn't of flesh and blood and stared at her hands while shaking it and found her hands perfectly human and the reality of her blood inside the visible veins under her clear white skin.

If there were even a world untrue in the episodes of these events then I could have calmed my own heart, there were more events but too bizarre which I heard from other regarding her, but I shall refrain from mentioning them as I was no witness to it, but those were extremely honest people from whom I heard things that made my heart go mad.

Disbelief after disbelief destroying my every defence and every ounce of educated civilizations that I had learned in my prestigious New York schools and universities, all proven wrong and false by a movement of her hands or a prayer of her dreams.

She destroyed all my world of affluence education awareness and the things I had drowned myself into, believing in the visibility of our world.

But my ambition had become gone as the wind and storm that extinguishes the fiery storm of fire and life and dreams of the future.

How could anything ever appear as they seem when she existed in this world?

She could defy all human logic, bend the system of the world, control every super computer and bring the dead back to life.

No sense made sense with her, no logic applied to her, no world could contain her or predict what power she would exude next.

With her all else went blind and deaf and all the world and its puny powers became more worthless than the rubbish and garbage thrown and burnt.

How could any human being find a reason to continue living and working in a world so false and so fake, a world which now appeared to be nothing but a 3D illusion, made for mad men and children to live in fight in and then die to find out it was all false?

She must have thought the world was mad, and the world must think her to be mad... They would think of her to be crazy too. But how indeed could they deny the water, how could they deny the mark I saw on the mud? How could they explain the scents of musk and how could they explain anything of which I saw and heard in that life changing 48 hours that I spent in her unforgettable company? Which medical scientist which geologist would geographer which engineer could explain to me how she could have known the location of the underground water spring?

It is a frustration that gnaws at your soul and constantly makes you stay on edge and you find no peace in your soul and the heart keeps beating faster and the sleep never gives comfort and neither can you find any peace or contentment in it.

No one could till this day could ever explain to me, all they would do was- when they would run out of explanation, when they would run out of reasons, they would go back to calling me mad and everything a mental imagination or a form of schizophrenia.

I wished I was mad, at least it would give me one peaceful night of sleep if I could disprove even one of her miracles.

How desperately I try to fool myself but after a point, I am forced to awaken to the power of the outer world!

Had she come to the west she would have been appreciated indeed.

Had she stayed in the Middle East, she would have been spared from her father's pressure and emotional torment. Because the religious scholars of Arabia would have forced her father to stop doing what religion forbade, since the Sharia Council judges in the religious Middle Eastern nation would have compelled the father and brothers of every woman, by law, to provide stipend to the daughters and sisters for as long as they lived, and no woman in those nations were allowed to be married by force.

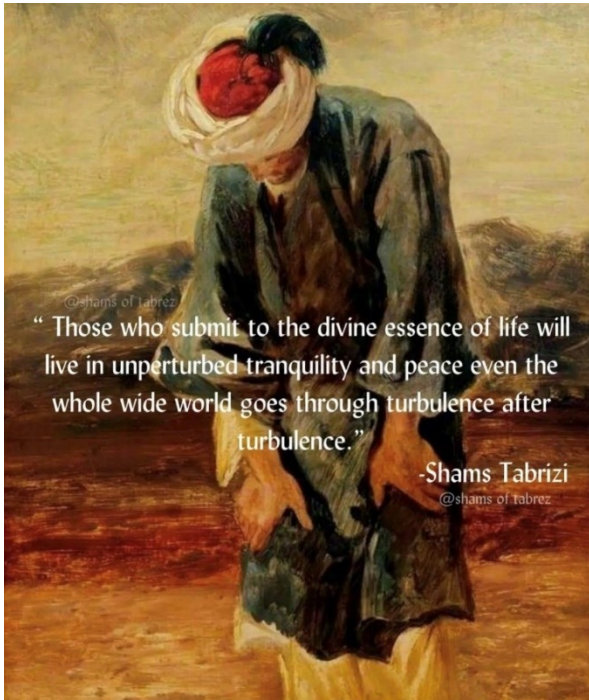
Had she lived in Saudi Arabia or Iran or a country which applied strict religious laws and banned all forms of forced marriage, such as all three major Abrahamic religions which prohibit marrying women against their will, then this saintly maiden would have been free from pressure of her family and she would have survived till this day.

Her irreligious father could not have threatened her, mentally tortured her, or emotionally blackmailed her or threatened her with homelessness, in order coerce her into agreeing to sign

the marriage agreement. But her father waited for her to be out of the country like KSA that was bound by religious laws, and because of his selfish ignorance, we had lost a saint from this planet, as he had free reign to coerce her into an unwilling marriage. He knew he could never force his daughter to get married had he remained in the religious nation, but in such godless and secular nation, any parent had the power to expel the child out of the home at the age of eighteen, but alas, she was fated to leave the country she was born in, to come to a place where society was king and government and family meant everything. And she had no support, no religious force to rescue her from the pressure of society and its norms.

What enigma, what conundrum that she who saved all the world, controlled all the land and sea, couldn't or wouldn't save herself?

Herself ignored by most, not valued not known, not sought by anyone, although every event had so many witnesses, yet no one actually focused on her and rather felt that to be amusing sometimes and treated them as a joke or some kind of magical threat.



The FINAL Destination:

I crossed paths with death when my favourite uncle died in New Jersey, after undergoing an unsuccessful heart surgery, and soon, I found myself grieving beyond any human limits, because upon arriving for the burial, the reality set in and I suddenly realised that my dear uncle, who was always so jovial, caring and happy, was to be laid inside a small dark pit in the middle of a barren cemetery in New Jersey, where no living soul could be seen for miles, and I knew then that I had lost my uncle forever.

Death really did not manifest as a final tragedy until one saw the end with his or her own eyes, and the second I saw the hole on the cemetery ground, and as mourners lowered his body underground, my heart froze in anguish, and I could no longer bear to watch and succumbed to tears and left.

Never again could I bear to drive by cemeteries and remain stoic or calm, for the signboard reminded me of a cruel and

calculated death that was hovering overhead, waiting to snatch away all the loved ones from me.

The death of my favourite uncle had a lingering and sad effect on the rest of my family, because he was younger than my mother, and was a habitually happy and energetic man, and so his loss hit hard, and my parents eventually became more sullen and grave by the day, and they too occasionally began to discuss death more often, even wondering aloud that they too would end up like my uncle one day.

Any talk of death or dying caused my heart to stop in fright, but my father considered himself to be a reasonable and calculated man, and like the traditional scientist he was, he felt it was only logical to make plans for the inevitable end, and so, soon after this favourite uncle's death, my father began to draw up numerous wills and finalised documents allocating all his property to all our siblings. He owned several properties and numerous multi-story homes, and he signed away the deed to one of the lush properties to me, and when I first received the authenticated piece of paper announcing myself to be the sole owner of a large mansion in New York City, I was momentarily glad to be a homeowner, and be financially so affluent, and within months, I also began to receive the monthly payment from the rent which was affixed to that house.

But every time I went to New Jersey to meet my uncle's widow and offer condolences to my orphaned cousins, my mind would become clouded with grief, and my younger uncle who survived him often tried to cheer me, by recalling happy memories. I tried to assuage my sadness by telling myself that my uncle was loved by everyone in his town, and all his life, he was a pillar of his community in Trenton, NJ. Everyone I spoke with attested to his generosity, kind heart, and cheerful countenance and every waking hour of his life; my late uncle was able to positively affect countless lives.

Naturally, it always occurred to me to wonder as to how people who have love in them survive this cruel term called life? Maybe God was needed for humans to survive so they do not turn insane in pain and heartbreak. How can a human being go on living life without breaking down in insanity if there is no hope for them to meet loved ones one day?

These thoughts plagued my heart until I felt myself drown in the ocean of hopelessness. No, I couldn't survive if I ever thought that my family or my mother would be taken away from me in death forever. No human being with love in them can stay sane and live life normally without the hope of one day meeting their loved ones again.

Even if I thought that I wouldn't meet my uncle one day to say a proper goodbye destroys me over and over again. How could one tell me I'll never meet him again. Years have passed by but I couldn't eat his favourite donut nor could I walk by Starbucks without shedding the bitterest tears for him. My hot-blooded childish uncle who I never got to say a proper goodbye, because he died suddenly one day before I had the chance to go visit him, although I had made plans to see him that day. How could you tell me that there isn't a God who wouldn't reunite us again in a world where our tears would finally stop? How could you tell those mothers that they won't meet their child again when their child died in their arms that were holding on to the dearest life of the child she bought to this world?

How could you tell those starving poor injured souls that this life has tormented them in vain, and that they won't get justice in the life to come?

No! The afterlife must be real. It has to be real. This world is too unjust and justice shall come for those who have truly died in despair

How cruel must one be to be strong enough to watch loved ones die and not go insane in that catastrophic heartbreak, for if I were to lose my parents or siblings or best friend forever, I couldn't live one moment, and I would either go mad or die if there were no afterlife and no God to love and hope for.

How short, how fleeting this life is, yet how strong the pain?

During one particular visit to the cemetery, I was overcome by the reality of this grave loss, and his absence pained me so deeply, that I could not stop sobbing, and finally, my younger uncle tried to calm me and asked why I was weeping. I admitted that I missed this uncle far too much, and to know he would never be able to speak with me again caused me great distress. My surviving uncle finally told me that he would be able to speak to the graveyard management, and secure a plot directly adjacent to my late uncle's resting place, and it will belong to me as long as I lived. He later went on to purchase the small plot in my name and assured me that if and when I died, there would be a plot in the cemetery available to me, directly next to my favourite uncle, so that I could find some solace in his company in the eventual afterlife.

This uncle also handed me a waxed piece of blue paper, which declared me to be the owner of the plot in this historic

cemetery which was one of the first rural cemeteries in America. By the early 1800s, it had earned a reputation for its fine landscapes and became the most prestigious place to be buried, but when I began to walk over the hundreds of acres of grassy hills, I suddenly felt an ominous dread overtaking my senses, as the realisation sunk in. This was the real destiny of man. This is where it all was meant to end. This is the only home I would really have. A tiny enclosure, no more than six feet across, with no lights and air conditioner, and no carpets and curtains to adorn the narrow space. This piece of paper in my marking the plot C was my final and only destination. This is all I owned, and all that belonged to me and all that would ever be truly mine. I was going to be stuffed beneath these century-and-a-half old trees under the cold earth within hours after my demise, to be lost in the tides of time, to be forgotten and to be eternally lonely...

Why then would I ever care about the palatial house in NYC which allegedly belonged to me, when all that belonged to me was right here? The cemetery's monuments, grassy walk-ways and ancient trees were the only things that would surround me for eternity. Not a living soul lived for miles, and I would be all alone.

I cast another gloomy look around the place, trying to make sense of the reality, and I noticed that time and weather had taken their toll on the marble sculpture, granite monuments, and the brownstone mausoleums of this cemetery. I became quite disconsolate seeing the decaying bricks and stones surrounding certain gravestones, which were even inlaid with precious metals.

Even the cast-iron signs, and once landscaped parkland was in ruins, and fading away, like all life in this world that was rushing away to eternal rest. Once, the inhabitants of this cemetery owned great money and jewelleries, and had collections of the most beautiful articles and perhaps preserved the admirable mementos of their own deceased relatives, but here, as I looked around, I saw items of little value lying around, although some stones contained brass and iron ornaments.

The lot number of the future burial site was printed in black ink directly beside the grave number and in a small sidenote, the name and date of interment of the person in the adjacent plot was given, and I once more saw my beloved departed uncle's name printed beside several coordinating digits, and once more, I burst into wild tears, trying to make sense of everything life had thrown at me.

Seeing the plot number of the cemetery was a wake up for me, although I knew that my late uncle's younger brother had meant only to appease my sorrow by assuring me that I would have a plot directly beside the resting place of the departed uncle, but as we were walking past the cemetery's 478 great acres of hills, valleys, glacial ponds, and paths, I felt the weight of the world weighing me down, because in between all the tombstones, and thousands of nineteenth- and twentieth-century statuary and mausoleums, hundreds of thousands of humans who once walked the earth now lay silent and unknown.

I was told that this cemetery had nearly half a million permanent residents, including famous personalities like the Civil War generals, numerous baseball legends, hundreds of politicians, artists, entertainers, and singers and billionaires, and yet, in death, they were all the same. Alone, unknown, unseen, unheard and mostly unlamented.

Suddenly, the house which my dad had bequeathed to me seemed worthless, and everything I owned or was scheduled to inherit was irrelevant, for nothing on this earth belonged to me. Why would I ever rejoice for the lame brick house and mansion on some obscure roadside in New York, when the only home I was meant to live in forever was this tiny plot in this ancient grave?

Ah, indeed, never again could I appreciate the money and properties which I came across, for even the thousands of dollars which I earned from the house rent was useless to one whose destiny was to die.

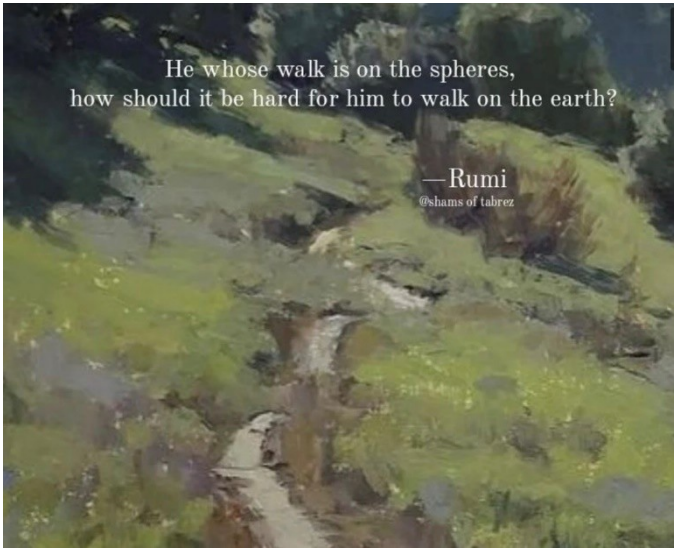
BENEDICTION

**Let earth and sea and the Temple's throng,
Ring forever like the nightingale's song,
And every highway become exalted,
And all harshness and hate halted,
The world and all who therein do dwell,
And every creature of fen and fell,
In a melody nevermore frozen,
For all those who've been chosen,**

**With forest and meadow and all their yield,
Fruit of the woodland and fruit of the field,
Unite in an ecstasy deep and strong
In a rapturous endeavour, all along,
With a single mouth in a single song,
Their spheral symphony to prolong,
Bless the Lord who is blessed forever,
Who gives and loves without measure!
The pundits vainly enquire His source,
Where is His throne, or His light, or His force,
His secret, the wonder of His foundation,
Sustains His vast and endless creation;
This is the reach of our poor endeavour,
To be blest by God with His Pleasure.**

**And who in His council dares take a station?
Sublime and hidden beyond our quest,
His essence unfathomed and unexpressed,
For He on His throne, is observing the creation.
Even in sacred song and story,
This to declare is our sole resource,
That all the earth in its daily course
Overflows with its Maker's glory.
And His lonely sway shall be shaken never.
Then let all creatures in awe and love,
Man or insect, or serpent or dove,
Now bless the Lord who is blessed forever.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



The Brave Solider in Norway and his Recovery:

I was wallowing in bitter grief even months after returning to home, and in order to preoccupy my sorrowful mind from all that had taken place, I decided to indulge myself in a shopping spree, hoping the luxury items would offer me some much-needed distractions. I thought purchasing makeup could cheer me, so I ventured into the Times Square Sephora shop and browsed through the aisles, unable to make up my mind on which item to purchase, because even in that cosy shop, my heart was roaming in the ether, daydreaming that the saint who

had passed away months earlier would be still somewhere out there, still praying for the salvation of humanity.

As I took heavy steps around the makeup section, a young glamorous woman noticed my hesitation and offered some small but useful advice about the products I was glancing at, and in a heavy European accent, she informed me that the darker shades lasted longer and gave the face a youthful look. I thanked the woman profusely for her help, and then noticed her eyes were teary. I stopped and introduced myself to her, and we exchanged names. Soon, I found out that this young woman had come from Norway only a fortnight ago, and was scheduled to start her first semester at a prestigious Ivy League university in NYC. I congratulated her for her achievements but her face paled, and suddenly she stopped in her walk, and said, in a deep and meaning voice, "There are so many issues in my life right now." The Norwegian woman seemed much agitated, but she managed to find sufficient composure and quickly explained that her heart was in a severe turmoil as she faced a huge dilemma concerning her older brother who was back home. I apologised for prying but asked her the reason for her distress, and she finally admitted that her older brother was critically ill as he was wounded in the military. Her older brother was part of the Norwegian soldier peacekeeping force that served the United Nations in official capacity, and were stationed around the world to preserve peace in dangerous regions. He was never involved in any combat, but participate only in defensive roles, but due to some misfortune, he accidentally stepped on a live mine over a desert in Congo, and the explosion caused his whole body to suffer from severe shock and burns. The mine had detonated right beside him, blowing up black hot clouds up to ten story high buildings, making him fly several yards away from the impact site. The explosion not only crippled him, but affected his brains, damaging his health permanently, despite undergoing years of therapy and treatment. His sister told me that after the accident, the young soldier was unable to breathe on his own for thirty-five days, and therapists and physicians worked round the clock to help him relearn how to speak, eat and breathe. He was once a strong young man, but now was paralysed and could not move on his own, and suffered bedsores that came from sitting or lying in one place day after day, month after month, year after year.

I could not even imagine the discomfort those who lived with paralysis faced each day. The challenges of such handicap went far beyond their inability to walk. He was one of the rare patients who could not breathe on his own for several months and suffered lung infections and doctors were only focused on giving him treatments to keep mucus from building up in the

lungs, but even then, his airways became fatally plugged twice. The severity of his injuries saddened me, as I could not imagine how a physically robust person could be instantly reduced to such a helpless state. His sister informed me that she was her brother's primary care giver, as his wife regularly resorted to infidelity due to his infirm condition, and spent little time at home, or rendering care to the crippled husband. Now, the Norwegian woman once more became tearful as she expressed concern about what would happen to her brother once she moved to NYC as there would be no one to look after his needs. The young UN peacekeeper from Norway suffered multiple complications from his injuries, and in addition to the physical wounds, his brain was damaged due to internal injury which was caused by the force of the blast, that struck him like a heavy truck, and made the brain matter inside his head impact powerfully against the skull, causing permanent damage to memory, cognition and intelligence.

His traumatic brain injury was caused by the explosion at the minefield, and had caused lasting injury to the head, disrupting the normal functioning of his brain. It sounded as though he suffered more acutely than many soldiers who found themselves near roadside bombs, artillery, rocket and mortar shells, or rocket-propelled grenades. Norwegian doctors had said that the sudden blow or jolt to his head not only caused concussion, but affected his physical functioning and mental health, and this resulted in long-term confusion, and memory loss.

The sister was very sad indeed, as she described how helpless her older brother had become, and how, if he did not become well soon, she would have no choice but to give up her seat in college and return to Norway to care for him.

I tried not to be expectant and questioning in expression and manner, but I was eager to find a way to help this kind young woman and gradually told her about the saint who lived in New Delhi, and I spoke vaguely about some of her miracles and described her purity, piety and powers.

She was fascinated to hear about this saintly maiden, and added that she believed that fate had brought her here in New York today for this reason alone that she would learn about the existence of a saint. The Norwegian woman confided that she never expected to receive a scholarship from an American Ivy League university in NYC, since her academic achievement were less than stellar, as it was her older brother who was considered the family genius and scored high on all IQ test, so this opportunity was doubly valuable to her, and now, relinquishing it all gave her heart a twinge of regret and pain,

but her brother's health was more important to her than her degrees. In an anguished tone, the Norwegian woman said she was a beauty queen in her country, and was able to secure a rare scholarship into the United States for pursuing higher education, but her brother, who was capable of learning new languages in weeks, suffered severe brain damage after his accident, and now barely can remember half the items on a grocery list.

She was overwhelmed with emotion as she added, "The loss of his limbs did not nearly devastate my older brother as did his loss of scholastic aptitude, for he was highly intelligent, with nearly a photographic memory. If only there was a cure to this illness, but ah, all the doctors have despaired from hope and said there was nothing they could do."

I paused for moment and informed the Norwegian beauty queen that there might be a way that her brother might be cured, and if she would be interested in hearing my entire story. She gushed with enthusiasm and begged me to tell her every detail, and I finally told her everything I saw in India and all the miracles that took place in the presence of the saintly young woman in New Delhi, whose subconscious prayers could cure gravely ill patients and whose miracles astonished even the elderly sages of the ancient city.

"She is a saint," exclaimed the Norwegian woman. "How can I meet her, for I shall certainly bring my brother to be blessed by her?"

I explained that the saintly woman observed such strict veil that no man had ever seen her face or heard her voice, but even if she agreed to bless and pray for the older handicapped brother, it was impossible for the saint was dead.

"Dead?" The Norwegian beauty queen repeated. "There is no hope for my brother then."

I countered her declaration with a question of my own and asked if she would be willing to take a cupful of water to her brother for him to drink, for many years ago, the pious young woman had recited the first chapter of the Final Testament, equivalent almost to the lord's prayer, and after much pleading from her family members and other elders, she had agreed to blow on a pitcher of water once, so that those who were not present may be blessed by her piety, and ever since that day, every sick and dying person who tasted even a mouthful of that holy water was instantly cured.

Upon hearing this incredible tale, the Norwegian woman wanted to know if there were any droplets of that holy water

left on earth, and I quickly told her about the bottle that I kept saved in my house refrigerator and promised to give her several drop full.

The next two days were rather hectic, as I rushed home and secured a small vial and filled it with the water from the pitcher and gifted it to the Norwegian beauty queen, who immediately cancelled all her school's orientation and academic planning session for her college and flew back to Norway to make her older brother drink the holy water.

I waited in nervous anticipation when she left for Norway, for although I knew the saintly woman in New Delhi was a pious and spiritual woman, and all her prayers were accepted without delay, but I was not certain that after all these years, a pitcher of water which she her breath fell upon would still hold so much power that it could cure and heal a man who was completely crippled, and had dozens of broken bones and torn ligaments. He had persistent pain at the site of the injuries and constantly complained of tingling sensations in his hands and feet. The young Norwegian soldier also suffered from severe gastrointestinal issues and had to undergo numerous surgeries for his spinal cord injuries. The mental impact of being nearly killed in a IED blast was challenging and the injury affect the young man's mental health, leading to lingering depression and anxiety.

I only prayed and hoped that the holy water I gave them would help his conditions.

No news came forth for one month, and since I did not have her Norwegian phone number, I could not call the young woman and find out her brother's health condition, but I hoped that even if the water did not cure him completely, at the very least, his pain and discomfort should lessen due to the fair young saint's holiness.

After thirty days, I received no phone calls, and assuming that the water somehow did not arrive safely in Norway, or the vial may have been lost in the airplane or destroyed due to turbulence, so with a heavy heart, I returned home and before entering, I checked the mailbox and found several heavy envelopes marked with foreign stamps.

I almost tossed them aside when I noticed that one of the return addresses were in Norway.

I hastily opened the envelope and read the letter. It was from the Norwegian beauty queen, and in large scrawled but hurried handwriting, she wrote that her older brother was completely cured, and every bone in his body had been miraculously

repaired, and this week, he even began to work out in the gym again.

I sighed with joy and relief, and closed my eyes to halt the flow of emotion that coursed through me.

Oh, the pious woman I admired the most in the world was dead, but the woman who died was more than a living saint, for even after her death, the power of her miracles manifested in remote corners of the world! In her perfect gentleness and untiring love for humanity, she suffered and sorrowed much. Who was there to measure her love and piety? Because of mankind, she suffered; because of us, she lived, and she suffered to live only so the situation of humans around her may be improved. Every breath she took either saved a life or ordained a soul, for even in her whispered prayers, she carried power that pervaded the curtain of death, and even after so many months after being gone from this earthly abode, her unconscious breath which once had wafted over a pitcher of ordinary sparkling water, still retained the power to heal the most deadliest of diseases.

In her letter, the Norwegian woman explained that none of the doctors are being able to function properly, so great is their shock upon seeing her brother move normally again, because his injuries were so severe that after the mine exploded, for two months, doctors did not give him any food because his organs were not ready to digest it, and he only received water saline. Now, he was devouring large Mac and cheese burgers every day and resumed his language and science lessons, even though the accident had left him with extensive brain damage and splintered spine in multiple locations, but his IQ was higher than ever. In her third letter, the woman said she and her brother would be in New York soon, to meet me.

I was inwardly very pleased to hear about the soldier's recovery, for in my heart, I had always planned to help veterans with this holy water. During that year, I accompanied my sister to her Ivy League university's Mil Vet society, to get in touch with servicemen and women who would have contacts with army hospitals so that we could share this holy water with the injured soldiers and help heal them with this saint's miraculous powers.

After visiting the Walter Reed Army Medical Centre with my peers, my heart bled to see hundreds of severely ill patients, who were suffering from traumatic disorders, and I knew this holy water was not likely to regrow lost limbs, but it could have helped with their mental acumen and moral strength, especially since most of the veterans suffered from some form of spinal injury and were paralysed. My friends in Mil Vet

received the idea warmly and volunteered to drink the water first to assess its power but there was hardly a droplet remaining.

I also knew that in England, hundreds of thousands of people were admitted to hospitals each year for brain injury, and approximately, one in every eighty second, someone was getting admissions per day to UK hospitals for permanent brain damage and trauma, and I hoped so departed that they would be able to have even a little bit of this holy water and be cured, but good things do not come by easily, and though I had plans to share this with all of them, by seeking out volunteers, our dreams never manifested for the small amount of water which I had was gone by the time we were able to forge a solid plan.

When I finally saw her again, the Norwegian beauty queen was accompanied by a tall man who looked like an athlete and bore striking resemblance to her, and when I approached them, the man got up and introduced himself as the woman's brother, and immediately told me that he wanted to be the first person to shake hands with the saintly woman whose water had cured him. He insisted that he wanted to give his thanks personally to the saintly woman in New Delhi, and I gently explained to him that it was not possible for she who cured him was dead. Upon her death, she went to live with her God in heaven, where she would suffer nevermore. Blessed was her life and profound was her love but with her death, this planet suffered an everlasting loss. Earth and its kingdoms were now under interdict and deposed leaders, who had neither purity nor piety, and who lived each day, dancing to the sound of desirous trumpets, all around their ramparts.

The Norwegian man had difficulty processing the fact that the saint who cured him was not present on earth, and had died a long time ago. He began to demonstrate his health and added, that for one whole year, therapists had made him wear compression leg massage socks to manually stream blood through his veins, for his leg pain relief and wellness. Only after drinking one sip of the holy water was he able to remove the leg compression massager and quit heat therapy and begin the normal blood circulation and use of his ankles, calves and feet, without the aid of a walking cane.

He again told me he really wanted to thank her for saving his life, and I told him that he could thank the saint in his prayer for she was dead.

While I never imagined that some aspect of religious doctrines could have ever altered logic, or silenced scientific temperament, what I saw manifesting before me had no human

explanation. How could taking a sip of water that had been in the presence of this deceased saintly woman many years ago, have the power to function almost as an elixir of life, whereby anyone who drank the water became instantly cured of his or her illness. Religious miracles and spiritual seances was the *bête noir* of modernity and while I had always believed in an omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent God, I did not actually think this Deity allowed His saints to take charge of worldly affairs.

But this woman who I had the fortune of meeting as a child was truly a uniquely pious person. Although I was only 9 years in age, I was fascinated by her words and when I saw her in a physical form she impressed me beyond my dreams. It was as if she was born to be that friend of God. If saints had a way of looking then she looked just like that; just like a saint. Fair skinned with light eyes light hair although of Indian ancestry and blessed with the sweetest smile, a smile that could shower warmth on the coldest heart, and eyes that could never be shaped or defined or described.

Her voice slow and low, her nature mellow and sweet. In a serene corner where soft light danced upon delicate textures, she sat in her home, a portrait of timeless grace and contemplation. She was of medium height, with abundant tresses of sunny hair, and a complexion that was rather strikingly pale, yet with no indications of ill-health. Her eyes were magical, but not entirely blue, though rosy and poetical in their frankness, and with long, curving lashes. Her brow indicated an intellect of a high order, and her movements were the very perfection of grace. I never ceased to be impressed by her manners and etiquettes. Never in this world had I seen someone more modest and shyer. Her gaze was cast downward at all times, lost in a tender reverie, as if the whispers of a distant, golden age echoed through her thoughts. Her features were so fine that it seemed as though it were sculpted with the softness of a painter's affection, her holy lips slightly parted when she spoke, as though she was on the cusp of sharing a secret with the fading light. The sunlight plays upon her flowing hair, casting shadows that weave into the intricate lace of her black veil and gown, each thread telling tales of elegance and whispers of yesteryears.

I remember my obsession to want to see her bedroom, as I began looking for a chance to run and see her room. I did not want to stay in the drawing area in the living room any longer. Because young as I was, I had overheard enough things about her which made me think that she had some miraculous power in her. She was a sort of superhero, only much more sweeter than the ones we watch on television, and yet a very mellow and

sweet and calm one. Someone who had no clue about her own powers, someone who was distracted from the focus, sight and thinking of fellow humans.

But as a child, I trusted her. Although she was quiet but she appeared so harmless and so forgiving and merciful that I felt no guilt or shame to look for a chance to sneak into her room. I had become restless to know where she lived and see where she slept. I kept asking permission to go to the bathroom, and then I asked her mom who was a very polished lady. Although she appeared very posh and calm, and spoke in a very classy way, she appeared quite educated and informed. She appeared young and was very friendly and accumulating towards everyone and the best host.

I asked her where was her daughter's room,

It was my mission at that tender age of nine to find her room as if to resolve the mystery of herself through investigating her room and belongings.

But I was not impressed at all. She led me to a room which was bare. To my utter disbelief, and to my absolute shock, I realized that this young girl did not even have a bed. The bed set that her parents bought her she kept it outside the room still in its box, because she wanted to sleep in the floor. Just a thin mat on the floor, and no pillow. That mat appeared to me as if it was a prayer mat, where she slept when she finished praying. I looked at the windows on the side. They were heavily curtained. The curtains were thick itself, but it appeared to me that she had ordered a double triple curtains to be put there. It showed as if there were blankets one on top of the other and there was no light coming in and no way to know whether it was night or day although their house was on the third story. I was perplexed by the way the window was curtained and veiled, and then asked her mom and she said that because she veiled herself, she never ever went in front of a window or a room where a window was open fearing someone could see her form or she could see someone else.

There were some clothes on the side in a basket and her black dress and veils hanging from the coat hanger. It was a bare and empty room. There was nothing impressive. No decoration, no furniture, no paintings of wall hangs, nothing fancy, it was utterly and completely -a bare and empty room. The room was indeed, bare and empty - but the one who lived there, had all the universe contained within herself.

I knew about her as a young woman, but still through my girlhood years, she always came and went through my thoughts.

I write about someone whose life fascinated me and whose life I was obsessed over from a very young age. I write about someone whom I met and if nothing else in the world- then still- I consider myself amongst the few luckiest ones in the world -to ever have known a girl like that, a woman of God- a friend of God -an angel of God and to know that I had spoken with her, and seen her and to have the ultimate blessing to sit nearby her,- was more than enough for me to imagine that the God of all the world's and all the lives and life -would forgive me however long I may live and whatever I may do, years of years went by, and there was never a day where her thought did not come to my mind and there was never a day which made me question my reality because of her actions.

When we were drowning in the world of sins, when we are surrounded by people who knew nothing but people, when we are blinded by music by entertainment by wealth and fame with the obsession of fame and honour and the pursuit of power, lust and love, sometimes even the thought or the sight of someone so pure and so saintly jerks us out from this illusive life and even for a moment it purifies our soul.

If it weren't for her spirituality and her purity, then I would have been someone who would be obsessed with makeup, education, ambition and the attention of human beings until my heart would become polluted by the pollution of glamor and selfishness. It was as if God made me meet her at such a young age so that I would know purity from impurity, goodness from badness, and this world from the other world.

But as glorified as she was, staying with this saint was intimidating and often terrifying for a little girl like me, for I was only nine, but had witnessed the most amazing miracles taking place. This was a saint of God who could heal cancer patients, cure children who were born blind and enable deaf children to speak, without ever realising her own powers.

Is there any word that are beyond a human language to describe what fear could really mean if multiplied a million times, if terror and horror would be too common and soft a word to describe what madness besieged my heart and terrified my entire being?

For several years after that I kept that picture with me rolled in an envelope. Whenever I looked at the picture, every past fright of ghosts and ghouls and the frantic nightmares deluged my veins, my blood curdled and froze and spasms of electric voltage would freeze my blood circulation in sheer horrific terror, and every time I looked at that picture, it scared with equal fright and horror, until I feared for my own sanity, I feared for my own mental health, if fear could turn one mad, then my soul had been cursed with the growling madness from within my own existence.

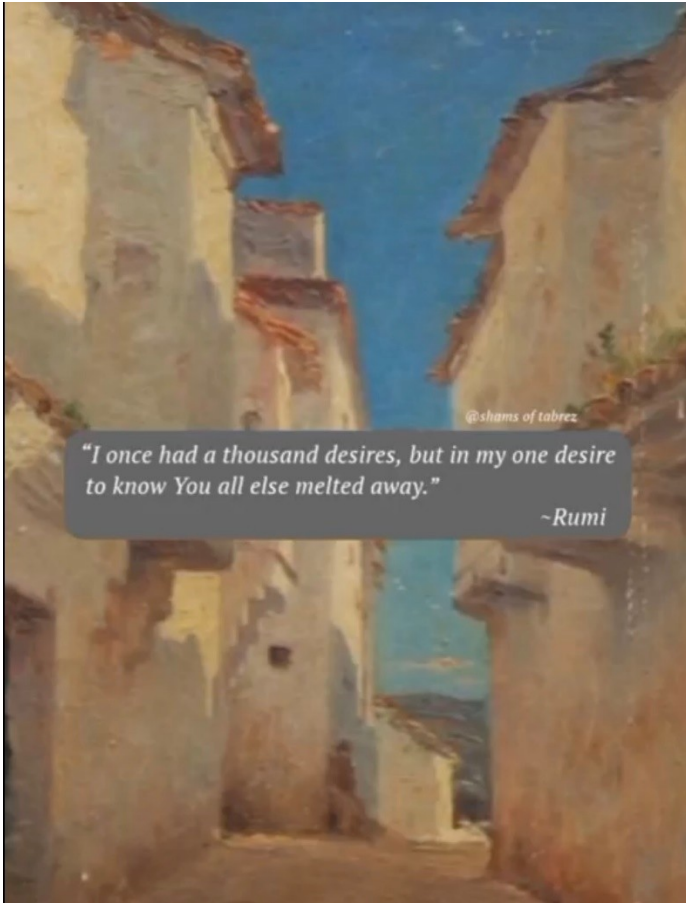
Words can never begin to explain, no thoughts, no words- no language could ever describe what terror shook my mind and what panic quaked my heart with the fear of death itself.

How can one human heart go through one after the other, such horror and such distress and calamitous events and still stay calm and collected?

In the deepest middle of dismay, I had almost gone through every feeling of fright that damaged my emotional state irrecoverably.

I felt my young heart just couldn't digest any more agony of the chain of events that drowned my soul in endless chains of raging fear.

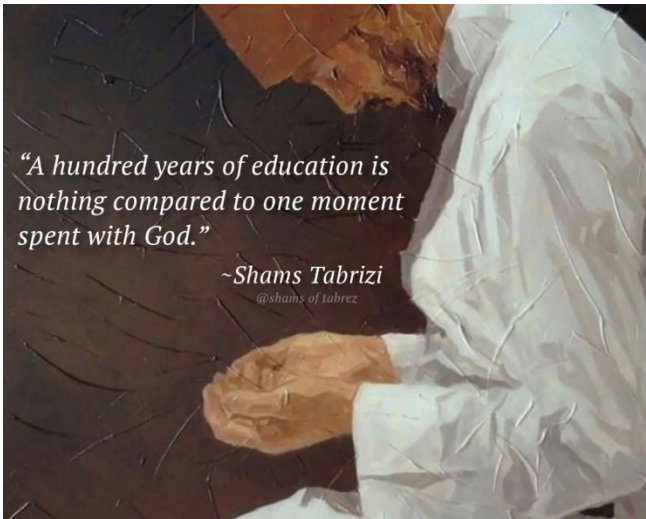
I couldn't ignore the irreconcilable thoughts and fears that infested my mind and my future being. It was a curse and I know not how I had managed to stay sane in that period of time.



LOOK UP TO THY MAKER

**Look up to thy Maker, O soul of mine,
Thy Creator remember whilst thou art young;
Cry morning and night to His grace divine,
And in all thy songs let His name be sung.
On earth the Lord is thy portion and cup,
And when from thy body thou goest lone,
A place for thy rest He hath build up
And made thee a nest underneath His throne!
Wherefore morning and night I will bless my Lord,
And from all that hath breath let His praise be
poured.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



A Coveted Saint and her Miracles:

I remember coming back from my visit with her, and in my shocking discovery I made the mistake of logging into my group chat with my high school friends being a freshman younger than all my classmates, and telling them about what had just occurred.

I still remember with absolute clarity the madness of my teammates; within 20 minutes, my entire chat room became overpopulated. At that time kik messenger and Skype was all the hype. Approximately 30 or 40 of my schoolmates logged in simultaneously to the group chat by word of mouth. And within 10 minutes I had a foot long list of how many hospices and hospitals I should bring her along to, because of their father or

their grandfather or their uncle or their friend or their relatives who are in this hospice or that hospice suffering from cancer or this disease or that disease, and they all wanted her to come and cure them. Many of them started sending me the addresses. And it angered me so severely to see several names which I knew quite well begging me to bring her.

Because they were literally from an atheist club, constantly making vlogs and YouTube videos belittling faith and God and making fun of everything that was religious. It astonished me to see them running towards someone who is so obviously religious for their own gain.

Some of them said they would believe in God if she did cure his grandfather or so. But it does not work that way. You don't get to disbelief in a God and dishonour Him and disobey Him and only believe in Him when you need Him or when He does something good to you, love does not work that way. I saw her and I knew what love meant. Faith does not work in that way. You cannot believe in a God only when he gives you. You cannot disbelieve in dishonour God all your life, and then start using saints for your own personal gain and only believe in God when He gives you what you want, and start disbelieving in Him whenever he takes something from you.

It doesn't work that way with God and with faith. It angered me so severely to see them demanding that she come to cure them when they themselves disbelieved in anything that was religious. One of them was a practicing wiccan, why couldn't he go to his evil powers to cure the terminally ill members of his family. My saintly friend did not even know that she was performing miracles. She merely spoke with them and not even understanding what she did- her love for God and her power through His love cured them.

She never even prayed for their cure, she never did any magic with wands or with magic spells. She didn't even know they were sick most of the time. It was God's love for her and her connection with the heavens that made the whole world change- all the sickness of people vanish away.

That she was a true saint, I had no doubt, and each day that I spent in her companionship, I could not cease to be impressed by her mannerisms and grace, for she moved with the breeze, and her spirit was woven into the very fabric of the wind. A vision in black, she moved with a rhythm that whispered of the sea's embrace, of skies unburdened by the weight of clouds. Her black veil and long cloak were a cascade of dark and mystic waves, fluttering perpetually around her lithe and thin frame, echoing a fluid symphony that matched the untamed dust

swaying at her feet. I always believed she was more beautiful than the day and more classy than the sun, as the sun was her the ardent admirer, showering her in a golden spotlight, casting a warm glow on her face, half-hidden beneath the wide brim of her veiled elegance.

She was a friend of God and did not demand anything from Him, but my atheist peers were unlike her in every way.

God was not their slave, even if they did believe in a God, God was not obliged to do whatever they wanted Him to do.

This world is not Paradise that they could get what they wanted. This world is hell and it belongs to the demons and God never loves here nor comes here, but there are some people, who are so pure that their heavenly power affects us when we are around them -and through them we find some reprieve from the suffering and the evilness of the world and its people.

My peers and friends from high school were the types of people who would give themselves credit if anything good happened to them and give all the credit to their hard work, but as soon as something evil or bad happened to them in the form of natural disaster or illness, then they would curse God and blame Him. They would curse God if children suffered, but never cursed the parents who got the child into the world and they had no right to. They knew how people suffered in the world, and they should never have gotten a child born into it knowing of the illnesses and the evilness that this world contains within it, but as soon as their child gets sick, they don't wait much long to blame the God who had nothing to do with it.

And yet when they saw someone so pure and someone whose love was so overwhelming that God himself couldn't say no to her prayers and the angels and the demons stayed away from her because of her purity and her love and her sublimity and her Divine attributes, and inhumanly kindness and mercy. Then what right had my schoolmates- who were constantly blaming hating and preaching hatred towards God's creation and the religious and this people or that people for this reason or that reason, always justifying hatred for one cause or the other, how could they come now and tell me to bring her along to cure them and use her for their own good, for their own personal gain.

Well, they would go back the next day and curse God for the next illness that came unto them. They were like the children

who enjoyed all the riches and wealth of their parents, and then curse them disobeyed them disown them, and leave them and never come back and never take care of them in old age.

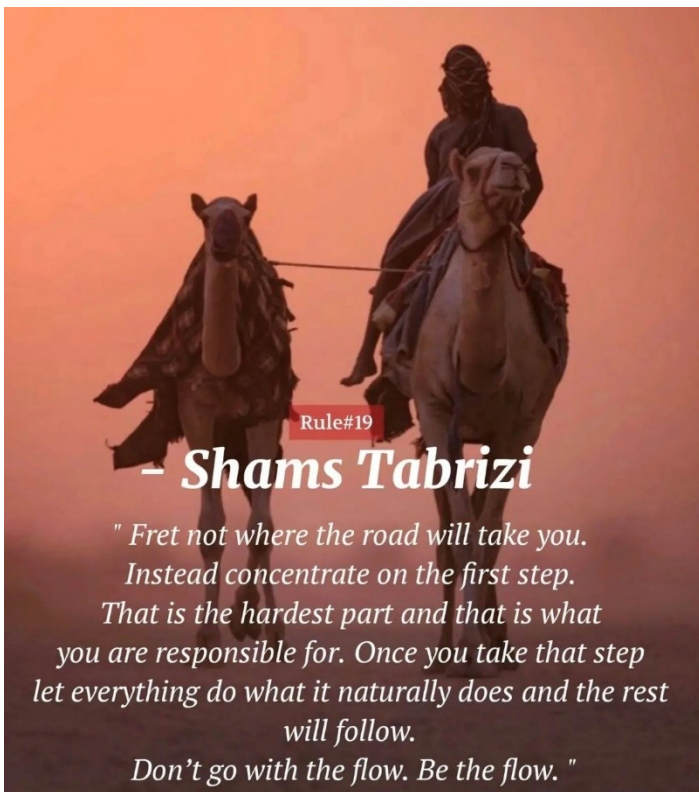
These were silly selfish souls, and I couldn't have fulfilled their wishes as she had no passport, how was I supposed to sneak her in through the customs, I know she would have come happily for she loved this country growing up in Saudi she was influenced by the love her peers had for everything that was American. They were living in the old world, where once our country stood for everything good and great and high moral and religious values. Not the country of today, where only sexual debauchery rules and controls and sexual communism has made all hearts sick sex slave of one another, this is not the country the founding fathers created when they came here to practice severe religious piety of Puritans and Mormons.

Our world was now a selfish world of selfish people who tried to justify their lust and selfishness by covering it with some goodness.

While my saintly friend was the most selfless soul in the world. She had no passion she had no hatred; she never tried to gain anything or attain anything. Never ambitious for wealth and never for love and never wanting anything and only giving. She was the most beloved to God. And that's why God never refused her.

And she never asked Him, she only wished and He gave. It was the love between a child and his mother. Or most loving child and his most loving father. She never asked anything and He never said no to her. And we had no right to take advantage from her for our own personal gain.

Such were my thoughts, but I was still inconsolable, for I was certain because of my misjudgement, and attempt to play God, I may have indirectly caused the death of many people.



- Shams Tabrizi

*" Fret not where the road will take you.
Instead concentrate on the first step.
That is the hardest part and that is what
you are responsible for. Once you take that step
let everything do what it naturally does and the rest
will follow.
Don't go with the flow. Be the flow. "*

MY HEART CLAMOURS

**My heart craves to praise Thee,
But I am unable.
I sing prayers and hymn litany,
Since I left the cradle,
Would my understanding,
Of Thee, my King,
Were as spacious as Solomon's,
Or acute like prisoners-
Without it my wisdom as yet ill suffices
For expounding Thy wondrous devices,
And Thy deeds of beneficence aligned,
Wrought for me and all mankind.
Without Thee all is cold and hopeless,**

**And where is the rock if Munificence,
Sustaining the weight of the world,
With no action but a Word?**



Burning in Ireland:

I was a rising junior in high school and even though I was the youngest person in my class, my peers felt comfortable to share their life events with me, and I regularly told them about the pious fair maiden who lived in New Delhi but died of a heart break after her parents pressured her into entering a marriage,

when all she had wanted in her life was to be celibate, chaste and pious.

Each day, in my enthusiasm, I would share a small anecdote from the saintly maiden's life, and tell my peers about some of her miraculous wonders which I had personally witnessed, and so, I was not unusually surprised when my friend who was studying in a separate class, waited for me after school hours and told me that she was suffering from severe grief and hopelessness. From her face, I knew she was distressed so I pressed for more information, and she told me that her uncle who still lived in their ancestral home in Ireland, had recently suffered a car accident. She said her uncle had a terrible car accident while driving past a construction site. He suffered a traumatic brain injury, and his prognosis was severe long-term physical and mental complications and possible death. My friend was overwhelmed with fear and she could not sleep or eat for days, as her uncle was very close to her since childhood. She understood that there was nothing more that the doctors could do for her uncle in order for him to survive and she needed God to send heavenly aid and perform a miracle. In an uncertain voice, she asked me if the young saint who I spoke so fondly of was still alive, or if she could visit her uncle in Ireland and cure him with her prayers, but I reminded her that the pious maiden was dead.

Crestfallen, my friend got up to leave, but before departing, she bade me farewell, and added that doctors feared that her uncle may not live for too long, and she would be flying to County Clare in the province of Munster in the Southern part of Ireland, where her uncle lived. She also added that after her uncle's car flipped, he was trapped inside the burning wreck for a long time, and over seventy percent of his body was burned badly, and even after doctors applied antiseptic creams, the injuries became infected. He was presently in ICU, but surgeons gave him less than 24 hours to live.

Before this accident happened to her uncle, the young girl's grandmother suffered a stroke, and since we knew the elderly lady rather well, I wasted no time to share some of this holy water with them, and she was cured a day after drinking this holy water, so the Irishman's niece knew from experience that this saintly maiden's blessed water was a proven method of cure, and she decided to get some for her uncle as well.

She sobbed thinking of her uncle's pain and I too could not help become emotional and in my sadness, my mind could not conjure up any idea on how to help that old Irishman. I offered warm wishes for her uncle's speedy recovery and went home. Upon opening the refrigerator door in my kitchen, my eyes fell upon the small pitcher of water which was nestled in a corner

of the shelf. I immediately remembered that it was the holy water on which my saintly heroine in India had blown on after reading several verses of the Lord's prayer, and so far, anyone in my household who fell ill became perfectly cured as soon as they took one sip from that jar. I came up with an idea and emailed my friend, and asked her to come to my house immediately. She did not reply and I feared that she had already gone to Ireland, but two hours later, I heard a knock on my door. It was my friend whose Irish uncle was injured in a car accident, and she explained the reason for her delay, saying she and her mother stopped at a drug store to purchase some healing ointment for her uncle's burns so she could take them to Ireland. Her mother was the older brother of this uncle, and this incident caused her bitter distress, and the older woman could not cease weeping, and although I myself was unsure if it would work, I told her that I still had some holy water of that saint in my fridge, and if only she could give some to her uncle, he could be cured, but my friend said that her uncle was still unconscious and was unable to eat or drink anything. I then proposed that the holy water be mixed into the ointment and nurses could then apply it on his burns, and this would likely heal his injuries. After explaining my plan to her, she offered the new ointment that her mother purchased only hours ago, and I hurriedly mixed in a few drops into the cream and told her to take it with her to Ireland.

She said she was lucky to secure a flight to Ireland, even though it was Friday, and weekend commuters were rushing home, but due to this last-minute plan, her mother could not secure a seat on this flight. I asked her not to delay in administering this holy water ointment. Her Irish uncle was paralysed, and doctors warned that any infection, in his skin, or the lungs, or the kidneys, could potentially get out of hand, with bacteria pouring into the bloodstream, producing septicaemia. I was worried, because my mother was a doctor, and she told me that paralysis was associated with a host of medical problems that affected patients' quality of life, such as repeated and chronic pain and muscle spasms, making the body lose its ability to regulate blood pressure and temperature.

On Saturday afternoon, my friend went to the hospital and helped her Irish uncle take a sip of that holy water, and although he was unable to drink it, to everyone's amazement, her uncle opened his eyes. It was the first of many miracles. Nurses thereafter began to apply some of that holy water mixed ointment to his burns, and within two weeks, her uncle recovered fully. At one point during this ordeal, his skin began to regrow and although he was paralysed on his left side, his limbs began to recover. But my friend remained in Ireland and gave her uncle the remaining droplets of

water, and about a month after, her uncle recovered fully and was shocked and pleased to see his body recovering so miraculously. My friend stayed with her uncle and tried to comfort him, because despite defying all the odds with his recovery, her uncle's injury left him nervous and agitated, but upon hearing about the miraculous recovery and the process by which his health improved, the old man was delighted. His niece could not believe the change in his demeanour. Her uncle was composed, serene, with an inner tranquillity. She had not seen her uncle so content and joyful in a very long time.

When my friend returned to New York, and narrated the success story about her uncle's recovery I gave a silent thanks to the saintly woman whose breath help so much power, that by merely blowing on a glass of water, she was able to heal the most grievously injured men and women, and that too, after she was long gone.

What a fortune it was to have known a woman so pure and pious! When I arrived in New Delhi, it was my first time visiting India, and after a long journey, I was able to accompany my parents to the pious woman's home, who was then a mere teenager, but to me, who was not yet nine years old, she seemed to be the epitome of grace and perfection. Upon arriving at her home, we were served delicious dinner and all the adults returned to the sitting room and lounged in the patio, but the saintly maiden withdrew to her chamber and was busy praying and weeping. It was late and slumber drooped heavy on my eyes, fatigue spread all over my body, but I wanted to stay awake and find out what this saintly maiden was doing in the middle of the night. I discovered that she was praying tearfully unto her Maker and begging for the salvation of mankind.

I was pleased to know that I had the opportunity to know this saintly woman, and was able to meet her several times, whenever my family and I visited India.

In the course of those three years. I travelled several times to India, for vacation, and once, it was for two days, and often, it was for several days.

Most people did not know unto what avail the Omnipotent God gifted her with such piety and purity. I wept for very gladness that I came to see such a noble soul, for if I never met her, I would never get the chance of ever seeing a miracle in the making. She alone emanated the glimmer of light and hope for this dark and sad world. Though the powers of darkness chained human soul to sin, and thrive in this world without a purpose, or without a use, and hands and fingers served to grasp at wealth and the foot, so tiny as it was, was designed to transport man with ease wheresoever they wished to go, but in these small and tortuous avenues of life, very few among mankind was able to be a pious saint, whose life was love, and

the stream of language that gushed from her lips only expressed kindness. She had no demands and no need of that which by the light of heavens we through the eye discerned and admired. It was unimaginable to think that she was an ordinary human being, sprung of mortal men! She lived amongst her family members, but went about her daily prayers without the benefit of parental scaffolding and in all the time I was there, I noticed she habitually ignored her own needs and feelings, and hid her vulnerabilities from others, because her only purpose in life was to better the condition of those less fortunate, and even after dying, she managed to impart kindness and grace upon those who were still here, and with the small bottle of water upon which her sigh wafted over, I was able to save countless lives.

Upon seeing this saintly woman for the first time, I was so impressed by her mannerism and kindness that I forgot to consider that she was a living miracle on earth, whose powers were given to her directly by God. It was as though generational purity was encoded in her genes.

It was the most horrifying part of my life that shaped me into what I am today. Over and over again I found proof of her unearthliness. She was real, I reminded myself, I stood in front of her, touched her light brown gold hair, looked into her large light coloured eyes, but still wondered how could she be of real flesh and blood, when I almost convinced myself that she was just ordinary, I calmed my fears when I was sure of her unearthliness by repeatedly shaking her hands to feel that she was human, and every time I finally convinced myself, an event would happen that would threaten to shatter my sanity and forced me to disbelieve in her human beginning and plunge my mind into a never ending questionings of disarray.

Hers was a frail body, almost too light in weight, too slender, too weakly, and I could even see the veins of her hand as her skin was so light and so pale, but I had to remind myself that she was a human all right, born of normal parents but what indeed had she attained in the eyes of God and in that world that is beyond our imagination and what we could ever know of.

What power had she held within herself, which even she was unaware of. At such a young age she had already attained the highest levels of what we heard of saints and angels, fairy tales to me up until that very moment. And then it terrified me. For- if, that was real_ then was all what I saw in my life and our world, was it all fake and false? If hers were the true events of the supernatural, then was my world false?

There was no explanation, there was no one to explain it to me. No one focused on her. No one looked at her twice. No one knew anything about her except for a few people here and there, who were amazed by the ways her prayers got accepted, they praised

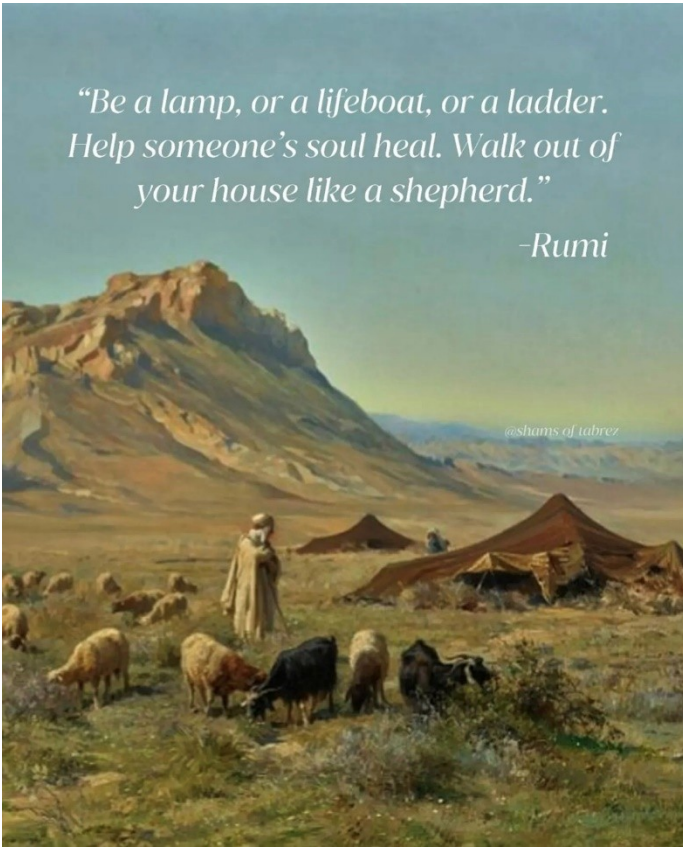
her and then forgot about her, but their focus did not go beyond that.

I visited her house twice when I was only nine years old, and I still remember every brick of her home. The courtyard in which she stood bloomed in a riot of colours; lavender wisteria cascaded down the walls, giving the aura of a paradisaal atmosphere, where no sorrow or sin could thrive, as their floral whispers blended with the heady scent of blooming jasmine. Never did I imagine this country to be so beautiful, but perhaps beauty is enhanced by the piety of pious women like this saintly young woman who graced these gardens. Leaves fluttered gently in the soft breeze, casting playful shadows that danced around her, but she was oblivious to it all, as in her heart, God alone reigned. She was a saint and beloved of her God, but now, she was dead and gone. Ever since this saintly woman died, apprehension got woven into the fabric of my daily life and became a part of my psyche. I wanted to let everyone know what a great loss we suffered but I bore this grief in silence and remained isolated without an advocate. Anxiety, fearfulness and pain were now embedded into my conscious as I constantly worried about the future of the world. I did not expect life to show her to me. Had she never come to my life, had I never seen her miracles and her purity in front of my own eyes, if I hadn't investigated her to reassure my own mind, then indeed, I would have been a very different person.

A worldly girl focused on wealth, power and love and all the visible things that we see of this material universe. I would have lived for this life, because by false dreams of long life and happiness and dreams of requited love and fame and power and the feeling of goodness after giving charity. And that was what my life was supposed to be. But after seeing her, the purpose of my life changed. Another world was open to me. It gave me hope but the terrified me much more. But that was an unknown world to me. The miracles unknown, the powers unknown, the feelings unknown and for how long, which eternity, where to, where from, who would answer all my questions who would guide my helpless soul? And if I were to have known what she knew? Then how could I ever dare to attain to her level. How could I even find myself or become worthy enough to even dare to dream to be like her. She whose heart was so sinless and so pure, she who never knew of anything even related with sin. And I was born into a world with a media, that had nothing to offer our young hearts -but sins and pleasures and human obsession, politics and all the feelings and things that pollutes a human heart and takes over a human mind so fully and so completely that there is no space or place for any purity or any spirituality left in that mind.

*“Be a lamp, or a lifeboat, or a ladder.
Help someone’s soul heal. Walk out of
your house like a shepherd.”*

-Rumi



Death itself Beckoned:

Oh, indeed what nightmare could be more haunting and more gruesome than the one I was fated to face.

Their pleas shall haunt me till eternity. Till now, whenever the gale blows strongly, or the animals howl outside, I feel faint for all the memories of that night comes flooding back to me.

It was heartbreaking and truly the most dreadful event that could happen to a human life, to have to face an army of dead human beings and to be haunted by their eerie frightful pleas of mercy and pity.

No matter how many music albums I listen to, no matter how many orchestras I drown myself in, I cannot drown out the voices of those who had come to be begging and pleading; weeping for her company, for it gave them some reprieve and peace.

I fear I shall grow old and my youth shall pass away but their voices shall haunt me till eternity and farther beyond: their desperate pleas, their manifestation, the forgotten ones who had come to me that fateful night.

While I tried convincing myself to pass it off as a nightmare, my subconscious cannot forget their desperate feelings.

And I fear I shall mourn them for they were the ones who had no one to remember the dead, for the ones who lived were too busy grappling with this war of life and had no time to spare for the dead and forgotten, but that fateful night, they had destroyed my sleep forever. They had taken away my ability to dream or ever seek solace in the cavern of rest and sleep. I feared they would one day return and would hold me accountable for not trying hard enough for saving them.

But alas, I was only a child! What more could I have done when I never knew until that moment about anything beyond this life and this world?

Scorn not the Mourner

O Benignant Power! Make me not depart!

O take solace on my weakened heart

Which is feeble by these years of sorrow,

And terrestrial tears testifying to my woe,

Let death be the beginning and not the end,

Be thou with my soul to dignify and defend,

Let my death be in Thy loving company,

And not in the loneliness of a cold country,

Amidst the shadows of the dark world,

Bereft of Thy Light and Thy Word!

So ghastly was the experience and so frightful the event and so dreadful their figures and voices, that I had felt as though I have lost my mind, but everything around me was pristine and real, and the vacation coach I was seated in was still in motion and the world seemed to go on its usual pace.

She who was coveted of man and sprits, and had the power to heal the sick and comfort the dead, was oblivious to her own influence on mankind. Her deep and vibrant eyes held the wisdom of the ages, yet sparkled with the innocence of youth. They beckoned me into a world where every glance was a story and every blink, a beat in the heart of time. Even as she slept, the wild dance of her hair, tousled by the caress of an unseen breeze, framed her face like the delicate strands of a masterpiece. Yet, she was unaware of her greatness and miracles. Such was the effect of this pious saintly woman, who lived to benefit both the living and the dead.

Two days with her or around her, and my world shattered, my dreams were broken, my life uplifted and then flipped away, my ambitions destroyed, and every last remnant of my happiness forgotten in a misery beyond human understanding.

How could I possibly find the mental strength to remain with her any longer? No, indeed I would have gone utterly mad had I stayed in the companionship of this saint for even another hour.

Agitation ruled my heart from that hour onward, and I thought of excuses to leave this vacation tour, and made a mental note to tell my mother that I wanted to go home.

Even though I had been accosted by the dead, and even though my heart was racing like a freight train, the moment I glanced at her, I forgot all my woes, for she exuded a silent warmth and reassurance. She sat on the coach seat, and draped across a chair like a velvet melody, was her black veil and dress, glimmering like a splash of twilight colours. With eyes closed, she seemed to be in a peaceful trance, as though reaching for the chords of the unseen. I saw that even in her sleep, her posture was a silent sonnet of yearning, purity and piety.

In New Jersey, the sweetest memories of my early childhood formed, and I was attached to that land, and I remember crying and all my siblings mourning so desperately when we were told we would move to New York for better education and studies. We would wait the whole week to go back there, to return to our families and meet the cousins, aunts, uncles and the greatest childhood dreams were all formed there and I cherished those moments forever, and after moving to New York, we despised the city life, its loneliness and professionalism.

New Jersey was always a place for leisure and happiness, with pizza and ice cream, with parties after parties and shopping experiences in every departmental store, like Toys 'R' Us or Kids 'R' Us and all those stores back in the late 90s.

But afterwards, once I met the saint and saw her miracles and heard about her sad death, the place held nothing for me but sadness and the memories of deaths and dying.

Once, I was a happy child with a childhood that was filled with endless laughter and happiness of every kind.

I had the best of parents and the most carefree siblings.

In my childhood, I did not have a single memory of any sadness as my parents were over caring and spoilt us with everything we could ask for. I never remember crying or being sad. But now, what had come over me that I couldn't go on for a single day without hopelessness and fear making me sink into the darkest pits of depression?

If I should Brood or Grieve,

**O God of Goodness and eternal Glory,
If my soul hath sinned too fiercely,
Then find it in Thy greatness to forgive me,
For I am in need of Thy clemency,
And for my follies, I am truly sorry,
So, hold me in Thy Divine Mercy,
When death shall attempt to kill me,
And end the pages of my story;
And death shall keep me captive,
In a grave where no one can live!
Free my soul from the clutches of death,
And let me reside with Thee in eternal health,
With Thy stars and signs, and angelic legion,
So I may freely fly about Thy heaven!
Let my heart find some solace anew,
When death shall obscure my view,
And this world which increased in vain,**

The anguish in all those who feel pain!

Death was real to me!

Whenever I found myself near any cemetery, I found my shirt drenched in steaming teardrops.

I saw the living as the dead, and I saw them in their future, dead lying under a gravestone and that I saw the dead as the living still fighting, still laughing, thinking they'd never die.

This was frightful episode.

Every happiness was erased from my existence and I had to bid the bitterest farewell to every happiness for they could never return after what I know now.

The blindfold removed and the light of the hereafter was forced upon me; I was forced to see life in a different way through a different light and made to know and to see life as it is and to find death awaiting mankind while they laughed, hated and loved, to see the living as they were already dead and to consider my life over and my laughter gone, my world darkened, my heart broken forever and all my hopes stolen away by fear and confusion. How could I find solace in a world so false and fleeting and so fooling?

The heart shall weep forever because it finds no reason to live; only to witness man's hate and cruelty knowing this life shall be gone before it even begins. Then, all the men who cause suffering shall become the same dust as those whom they hated, framed and defamed and tormented. Ah, it was only them who were fooling themselves. I did not want to become like them.

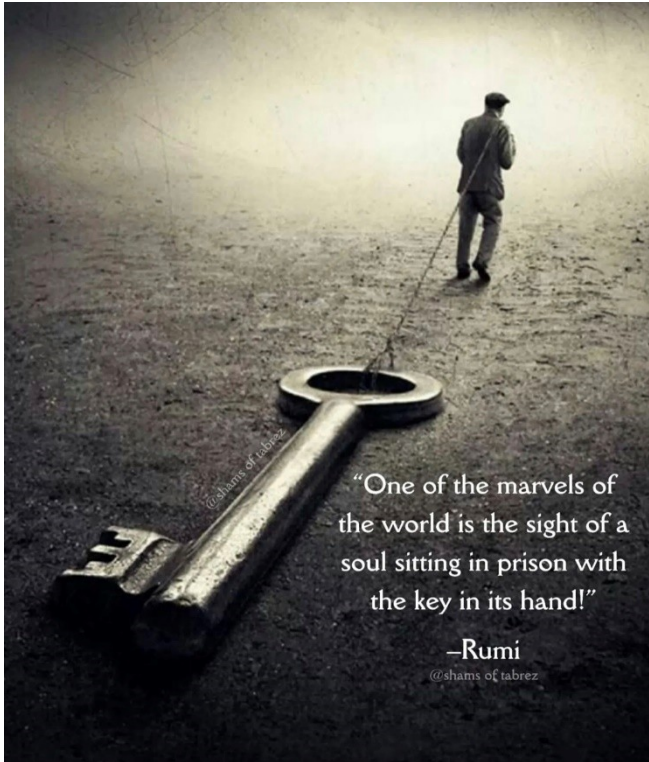
I dreamt I was born in a previous century where I could find some respite amongst the deserts and fields or sea shores away from the technology and the madness of mankind's hate and love and manipulation.

If we would live up to a thousand years, still we all would have to leave as fast as our ancestors came, fought, loved and died and were forgotten.

Future generations shall come and they shall fight, love, hate and live as if they would never die, and so the meaningless cycle would go on.

My heroine, and the saint I most admired is not here today to teach us the heavenly ways, but I have only her memories to live with.

I remember that she was not only beautiful but was beauty itself, and had eyes unlike any I had ever seen before. Golden, light and bright, they seemed to glow with their own heavenly light and fire. Upon closer inspection, I noticed her eyes were pools of the clearest oceanic blue, holding the warmth of a summer sky within their gaze. Her black veil and black scarf looked like tapestry of black sapphire and diamond, that wrapped around her like the gentle caress of angels, adorned with patterns that spoke of ancient tales and timeless devotion. The dark hues that framed her form seemed to dance and flicker like the flames of faith, highlighting her features with an almost divine luminescence. In her visage, there was a silent poetry, a narrative of piety whispered in the language of love and light.



“One of the marvels of
the world is the sight of a
soul sitting in prison with
the key in its hand!”

—Rumi

@shams of tabrez

Paralysed in Paris:

When I was seven years old, I remember being a vivacious and playful child, and paying alone distressed me, so my mother allowed me to play childish sports and games with other girls from the neighbourhood.

One of the girls I played with since childhood was Leah, a French immigrant, who moved to America with her mother following her parents' divorce. Leah was a happy and pleasant friend and we spent many evenings playing jump rope and tag. Leah and I lost contact sometime in high school, and I did not know her exact whereabouts, and merely assumed that she may

have transferred to a different school. However, this was the time in my life when I was just introduced to the Facebook website, and like all young people in my school, I added every one of my former contacts via the app, and one day, I received a message via Facebook messenger that mentioned Leah. I immediately responded to the message and found out that it was Leah's mother who had contacted me using her Facebook profile, and she earnestly begged me to contact her daughter and speak with her, and counsel or comfort her. I told her mother that I would be happy to meet Leah again, but she said Leah was in Paris, suffering from acute depression and despair. When I enquired the reason for Leah's sorrow, her mother broke the dreadful news to me. She said Leah's father was involved in a brutal hit and run accident on some intersection at a Paris street, and was barely alive, and Leah greatly missed him and quit high school to care for him in his Paris hospital. Leah's mother also told me she was beginning to worry about her daughter's welfare since she stayed seated at the location of her father's accident every day and sobs endlessly, because she was afraid her elderly father may not be able to survive. Hearing about Leah and her father made me sad and helpless, because I did not know how to make her life better. I desperately hoped her father survived eventually and recovered, but doctors in France expressed little hope. I then asked Leah's mother to give me her Paris phone number so I could speak with her, and upon the first ring, my childhood friend answered the long distance call. I expressed my sympathies to Leah and asked her to provide me with an update on her father's health, and she said that her father not only was hit by a passenger bus but also suffered 2 strokes five hours apart. The first was a clot which paralysed him, and the second stroke caused a bleed on his brain; and his life changed in a heartbeat. Leah's father lost half of his eye sight as in his peripheral vision, and nothing was left to the right of his nose. He had to learn how to walk again from scratch and although he could talk, apparently nothing made sense to others. He was so determined to walk again and get better, but was being unable to move at all, and began to suffer from depression and anxiety. My friend could not cope with her father's illness, as each day, the prognosis got worse and worse, and she herself experienced acute sadness and plunged into depression, deeper than she had ever imagined anyone could go. I was emotional so I knew that mental health issues were so debilitating that it takes great strength to survive the sadness. Her father had received extraordinarily good state-of-the-art care, which was not necessarily something available to everyone in France who suffered debilitating injuries. I was told that her father had been paralysed since an automobile accident and faced several cardiac arrests since but infection was the biggest enemy for him, because experts warned that infection was the number one cause of death among patients who were paralyzed from the waist down.

Leah was caring for her father, but was diagnosed with extreme PTSD but after getting in touch with me for a brief period, I was able to tell her the story of the saintly young woman in India whose holy water could cure diseases and even restore eyesight to the blind.

Leah became so excited to imagine that there might be hope yet for her father's recovery, that she immediately asked me to mail a bottle of that holy water, so she could feed it to her dad. I agreed, and the next day, went to the Fed Ex office and asked them if they could mail a bottle of water, but while they expressed reluctance in sending perishable item like water, the post office also said it would take them at least three days to deliver the package.

I remembered Leah's last phone call where she described how ill her father had been, and I knew he may not remain alive for three more days. He was at risk, especially the risk of blood clots that formed in the legs or abdomen could travel to his heart and lung, resulting in a pulmonary embolism, or blood clot in the lung. Doctors monitored his condition hourly, and treated him for a severe systemic infection that was caused by a pressure wound, doctors said there was nothing more they could do.

She told me that while her father was crossing the road one evening, a huge passenger bus hit him squarely on his chest, and one of the tires sped over part of his body, because the driver probably did not see him walking in the darkness.

French paramedics were the first to come to his rescue, but seeing the severity of his wounds, they called the rescue helicopter, which arrived promptly. But once in the air, complications started with his punctured lungs and they had to land back in the middle of a French football stadium and performed emergency surgery on the poor man right there. Medically speaking, doctors on board believed he had died several times during this ordeal, but their expertise and hopes temporarily brought life back to Leah's father.

Immediately after her father's accident, doctors placed him in a coma for nearly 2 weeks, while they tried to sew back the organs that were salvageable, and thereafter, he was sent to the ICU for several months of recovery.

My friend was devastated and told me that her father was on the verge of death. As it turned out, the impact with the bus broke his back in three places, and his front and back ribs were broken in 16 places, and in addition to flesh injuries, he had fractured his shoulder blade top through to the bottom and suffered from a completely crushed collar bone.

Even after placing 13 titanium plates holding him together, doctors were not optimistic about his survival. Doctors were giving him regular antibiotics to prevent kidney failure, because the most common cause of death for people with paralysis was kidney failure from recurrent infections. Those who were paralysed and relied on artificial ventilation through tracheotomy tubes were prone to pneumonia and infections

related to the tube. Cardiovascular illness was another leading cause of death in people who remained paralysed over the long term.

I knew the window of her father's survival was narrow and getting fainter every day, so, I devised a new plot and drove directly to the nearest airport to my house. Meanwhile, I contacted my friend via Facebook to inform her of my plans, because in those days, Instagram and IG profiles were not popular, and people frequently used Facebook to socialise. I rushed into the JFK international airport, and wandered into the departure area and finally saw the Air France airbus loitering in the runway. I knew a flight was due to Paris soon, so I asked for the details of the Air France flight from John F. Kennedy International to CDG and was told a direct flight was scheduled to take off in one hour. I waited at the Air France terminal and scoured through the passengers who sat impatiently, waiting to board their plane to Paris, and my eyes fell upon a youthful woman who smiled frequently and did not carry much luggage.

In brief restless sentences, I approached the woman and explained my dilemma, and asked her if she could do my friend in Paris a favour, which could save her father's life, and although the woman was French and only partially understood my ramblings, she smiled and agreed to take the small bottle of water with her, and I promised her that as soon she embarked in Charles de Gaulle, my friend Leah will be at the arrivals to greet her and take the bottle of water from her without delay. I handed the water over to the young Frenchwoman and she promised to deliver it to my friend who assured me she was already heading to Charles de Gaulle international. I took her phone number and made sure the two women were able to contact one another directly, and within nine hours, that unnamed woman landed in Paris Charles de Gaulle and the water changed hands and Leah was able to give the bottle to her father who was still languishing in ICU, but as soon as he took one sip from the bottle of holy water, he miraculously regained consciousness and was able to sit up without any supports, and despite having 17 broken bones, and four organ ruptures and internal brain bleed, doctors who performed the latest MRI and scans said they could release him from the hospital at once, as his body is showing no signs of wounds. Leah was ecstatic. She did not realise how taking a sip from a bottle of water which was blessed by a saint of God could be so powerful. I gave a silent thanks to the saintly maiden whose prayers continued to benefit humankind, even though she was living in the land of the dead. She lived unknown and died in obscurity. Even the exact date of her death was lost to me, and I could not remember her as diligently as I hoped but what better way was there to commentate her life than to allow her holy water to bless others, although she was with God in Heaven right now. I knew God designed the universe; therefore, He held the key to understanding its deepest meaning. The

saintly woman who passed away lived her brief years for a purpose, and now that she was gone, we had to move on.

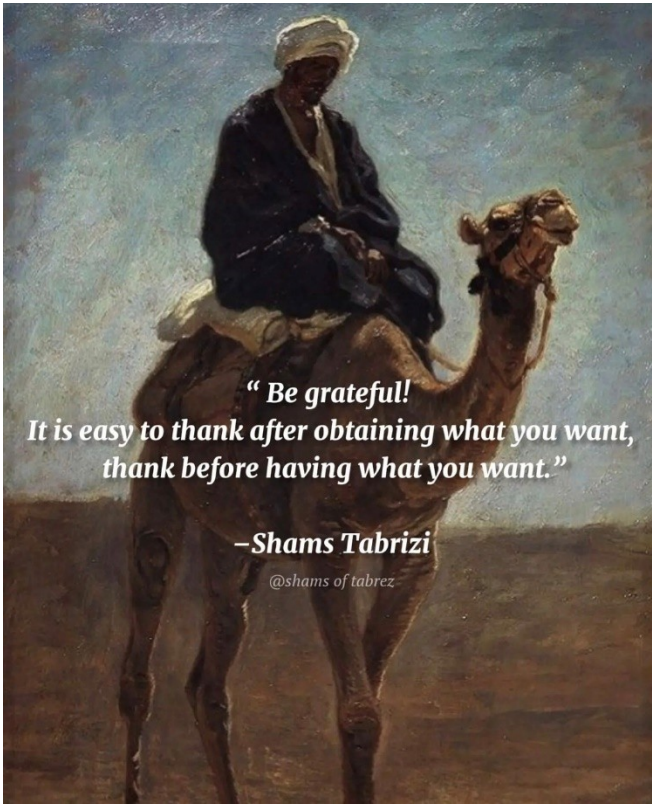
I did not find in me the determination to repair my broken heart and move forward after her death, but as long as I had some holy water upon which she read some prayers, I thought there was meaning in this life. Sadness and despair still threaten to overcome my heart sometimes, because I fear that without the presence of this saint, the world will not be able to survive but I have learnt how to refocus, re-direct that negative energy and have decided to live, with one positive thought after another, recalling each moment when her prayers and tears healed the blind and cured the sick. I could not believe that her whole existence had been for the benefit of mankind, although her body had been lifted to God in heaven, and was delved into the mystery of her Maker!

Even from the land of the dead, this saint was doing her small part to heal hearts, bind wounds, guide the stray, encourage the discouraged, bring joy to the sad, light to that darkness, and peace to everyone she knew and all those who will never know her.

She was a true saint whom God had chosen for the betterment of mankind. The central theme for her life had been to live with love, and allow God to speak in the silence of her heart. She really believed that God was always waiting to draw near and her task was to pray with such emotional as to let His spirit fill her, opening the deepest compartments of her heart to His perfect grace. Indeed, seeing her miracles manifest even after she had died made me realise that this saintly maiden had opened herself to God and He poured His love into her.

She was more than a saint, for she was a living miracle and now that I saw how the water which was blessed by her could cure terminally ill patients, I knew she was a dead miracle as well. During the brief years I knew her, there were so many miraculous incidents taking place around her that I cannot even begin to recall all of it now.

But one such incidents remains etched in my memory.



*“ Be grateful!
It is easy to thank after obtaining what you want,
thank before having what you want.”*

—Shams Tabrizi

@shams of tabrez

ORPHANED:

**Ah, I am as one orphaned;
With fate proportioned,
Nay, on Thee I am cast,
With a rope at half mast,
What then can I do
But look to Thee, too,
And wait on Thee with my wit,
In whose hand is the spirit
Of all that is living,
Of all who are dying,
In whose hand is the breath
Of all the creation?**



Each moment contains a hundred
messages from God. For every cry of
"Oh God!" He answers a hundred times
"I am here."
—Rumi

When the Heavens Cried:

It was one of those rainy seasons. The noise became louder, as the thunder pierced night's close-linked mail of darkness, and the lances of sharp lightning brandished over us, illuminating the entire city under the flaming splendour of its wings. The black cloud scattered away and, in that moment, I recalled a poignant moment from her life.

When it was raining heavily, due to the Indian monsoon rain, I was looking here and there for a shelter from the rain. I did not enjoy becoming soaked and wet. And so, I was venturing forward looking for a shed or a place to stand underneath. And that is when I saw her calling a young girl about the age of six or seven from the street towards her, an urchin, and I saw her asking some questions and I saw her looking at her own palms. I knew she did not speak the Indian language very well as she was born and raised in Riyadh, and returned after finishing high School, but she did speak it better than me, I didn't know any other language except English although I understood Hindi perfectly, I couldn't speak without huge grammatical errors, But I could manage to break some words and ask some questions in cases of emergency. My eyes caught that transaction, because my companion was not a talkative type, she never spoke to anyone from her own. She was not the smart type the friendly type or the talkative type. She was not the one who could strike up a conversation on her own. So, when I saw her speaking with that young girl and asking her some questions; I thought it was about the rain or how long it will fall, and then I saw her staring at her palms repeatedly. Something in that conversation made me suspicious. Something in me aroused suspicion and since the girl had finished talking with her and had started coming my way. I thought it was the best chance to grab her and ask her about what she asked her. So, I called the girl towards me, she immediately came, I asked her what that woman in black veil was asking her about and why was she showing her- her own palm?

The girl became perplexed not because of my question but when she was repeating the question that the lady asked her, she said the lady asked her if the rain was raining blood? I asked her to repeat what she said several times until the girl became upset, because in all honesty I didn't believe what I heard, I thought I mistranslated or something else so I made her explain in different ways questioning her repeatedly.

And then I felt my heart freeze and for a while I did not know what to say. The rain felt very cold that moment. I never expected such an answer, and it was an answer I could not even imagine in my wildest or farthest imagination.

My companion was not a mad woman. Nor did she in all her conversations -ever utter a single syllable which was incoherent. All I knew of her, was that she was the sanest and most sound of mind. She was full of mercy and never uttered a word or a sentence out of the ordinary. Why would she be asking a young girl if the raindrops were raining blood. I asked her repeatedly in order to make sure that I understood what she was saying. But the girl repeated her answer and even said a little bit of it in broken English. Red blood- yes, raining red tears? I then asked her what else did she ask? The girl replied that she kept showing her the palms of her hand, because she thought the rain was raining blood. And when she was walking

away, she heard the lady say that the skies are weeping, or the angels of the sky were weeping, she did not understand what exactly she said except that they are weeping blood because three of the closest friends of God will pass away from this world. The skies are mourning she said to the ground and that's why they are crying tears of blood. And then the girl walked away, leaving me standing in that rainfall, freezing in that sudden cold and the temperature of my heart rising to burn me insides, I thought I had gone mad or she had gone completely insane, I kept looking at her but my body wouldn't move, and as I looked in terror at my hand's palms, I was afraid the rain would kill me and take my blood away. I felt a thousand pricks of needle being injected all at once in my arms and body, my every nerve stood in shock and awe, and I stood in the rain for God knows how long, staring at her from a distance, the world -the rainfall- life, universe, the stars and the skies changed their meaning to me that day, my heart became too heavy for me to carry, what were these strange words she was saying, had my companion gone insane or was the world a different world where she saw that which we didn't see and hear that which we could never hear. What was this rainfall, this life as we knew it that had the secrets of the universe hidden within its vaults, my mind raced and my heart wept out in silence to the raindrops that felt as though it was acid to my heart.

What had she known about the secret ways of the universe, which we don't know? How much had God of the mighty unimaginable universe opened to her soul? Could she foresee into the abide of the forgotten souls and the condemned souls? Could she foresee life before it came and death before it came? Could she see those who were chosen for heaven and vice-versa?

My world of happiness, my days of enjoying the cabin vacation in the alps of rain and snow fall came to the bitterest end that very moment. How could I ever walk under the rainfall without imagining the secrets which had unfolded to my distracted companion from the heavens above?

What a world I lived in and what parallel universe did my friend live in while we walked under the same blue sky and breathed the same oxygen and felt the same raindrops on our face and body.

How close we were yet how far apart!

How alike we were yet how different we were.

What universe and planet was she from and where was I from?

How similar we were yet how far apart we were.

I stood there, minutes passing by like a eternity that I so wept to hold on to.

I stood by at a shade beholding her existence watching her, unbeknownst to herself I watched her from a distance. My legs too weak to hold me aloft. My heart was too weak to walk away.

**I was bewitched by the rain as it felt like a curse.
A curse a secret that I was deprived from knowing of.**

It was she only she who knew, who didn't know that she knew.

**Revered by God, honoured by the heavens, it's deepest secrets
revealed only to her, Worthy of the heavens and supremist
amongst all those who sought.**

**How different this same world was to one and how same to the
other?**

The echoes of the rainfall became like the song of death itself.

**I never enjoyed a rainfall after that and looked at the heavens
with burning tears mingled with betrayal of a world I knew
nothing of.**

**Was she insane or was I insane to assume or witness such
unexplainable events in the span of only two days!?**

**My heart wanted to give up and my mind wanted to surrender
to the powers of eternity, the world appeared so bitter, so short
so untrustworthy, how could the silent wailing of my soul ever
find solace in the loneliness of a world who lied to me and
distracted me from the secrets of its actions.**

**Oh, sweet rainfall! Oh, world and how we know of you! What are
these unknown events that carved into the deepest depths of
the hidden underworld?**

What had my friend seen that I had no clue about.

**How long shall I stand in the rain not knowing or even having a
clue of what she had seen or heard?**

**My heart couldn't take such painful events any longer, my
strength had abandoned me, my mind had almost gone mad,
my heart tired and terrified, and my eyes were tired of shedding
tears I never shed before.**

**My whole life falling apart in front of me, changing my path
and ways of life and my meaning and understanding of life and
its existence itself.**

**Fear after fear had me incapable of feeling anything other than
an anguish so deep and so severe that I became afraid for
myself. A little more and I would lose all my self-control.**

Alas how much more unexplained miracles could a human heart bear to witness before succumbing to the madness of fear and terror.

And then I thought perhaps if she wasn't mad, then surely, I was the one who had gone mad, utterly insanely completely mad, mad in order to access myself I booked with multiple therapists and psychiatrists for a basic checkup and longed for the faithless miracle-less world of North America.

Nonetheless, I started suspecting her sanity after that. I went on to ask her many questions about everything that I could come across and every time, her perfect sane answers made me think that she was not only truthful but she was also completely of sound and sane and a mercy filled mind.

Why then would she say such a bizarre thing? Why would the skies or the angels of the skies weep, and why would there be tears of blood when it was only a monsoon Indian rain? Was she hallucinating or was she imagining? And why did she say to the girl that three friends of God's will pass away soon from this Earth and thus the skies are mourning them?

For several hours after that I couldn't make myself eat drink or even sit down calmly. My heartbeat uncontrollably until I put my hand on my heart physically to keep it from the feeling of it jumping out, and I kept finding myself staring at her blankly. Trying to make sense of what was happening. I kept on looking at the sky and the rainwater and all the faces that I saw in the street. Trying to make sense of what she said. It terrified me and it amazed me and it perplexed me. I couldn't make the A to z or the right to or left to what she was saying to that little girl. She appeared so completely normal to me. It was these snippets here and there that gave her away. Why was she seeing what she was seeing? Did she see another world that I did not see? And if she were actually to see such gruesome unnatural events, then how could she stay so calm and so quiet?

I did see her eyes tearing up but I thought it was only the rainwater, she appeared wonderful. I never shared what the girl had enclosed to me that day. Until today whenever I think of it terrifies me. Every time I met her, she seemed more pious and more holy. This saintly woman observed such strict chastity that no man had ever seen her, and she kept all the windows in her room covered in layers of blankets. The room was wrapped in layers of darkness, and so dark was it without that I could barely distinguish the windows. The black hue of her dress mirrored the twilight sky, lending her an ethereal quality, as if she were a creature not merely of flesh and blood, but of poetry

and moonlight. Her focus was gentle but unwavering, her eyes a deep well of purity and heavenly secrets, capturing the essence of her inner world.

Her visions, her connection with the outside world. What did she see and what did she not see? Were there really angels? Did they mourn when pious men died? Did the world actually contain such friends of God? Was she one of them? Amongst the chosen ones? Were they who sustained and maintained the peace and existence of the universe with their pure prayers and sinless power?

A hundred thousand questions raced through my mind and sleep had abandoned me completely, I woke up every few minutes choking on my own breath for my world had changed and my heart couldn't handle the anxiety of the new world.

If that world was indeed true- then what was I doing with my wretched life.
How could I go on living my life chasing after useless temporary things if that heavenly mighty power was so obvious and so true!

I became envious of her, for not being able to know about that world, that only exposed itself to her, for apparently, we weren't worthy enough for.

I wept constantly as if God himself betrayed me by hiding from me the events of the night and its endless heavens that controlled the universe.

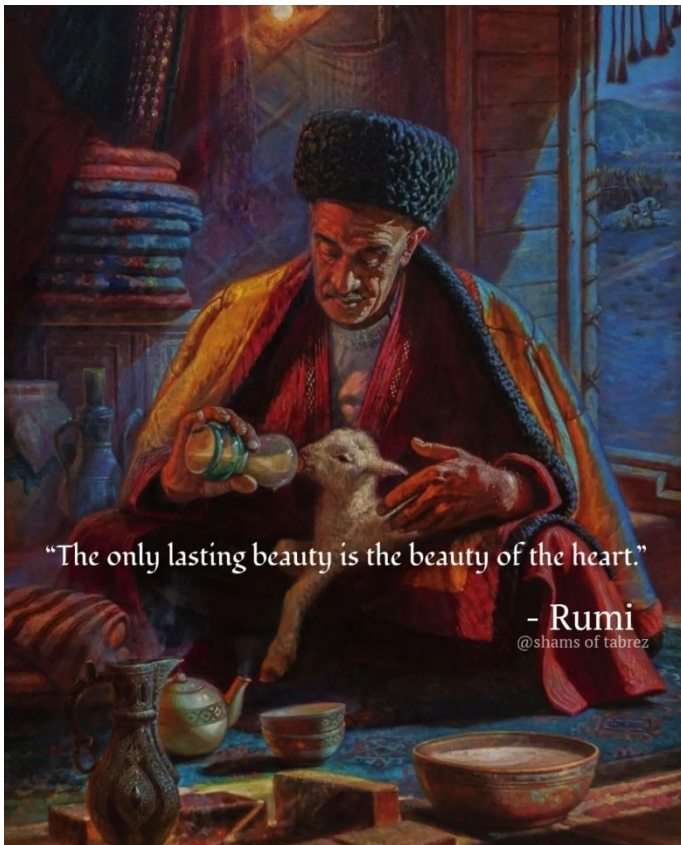
I felt tears burning while I smiled at her, and my mind questioning my existence itself.
My heart drowning in the burning fire of betrayal and rage at my own ignorance and at my bitter past.

Why had that world hidden itself from me, why had the endless universe appear one thing to us all, and revealed a different dimension to those sinless friends of God.

I no longer wanted to be fooled by this fake world where men killed fought hated loved and died for wealth and power convincing themselves it is for the greater good.

I longed for the truth, for the hidden secrets of the universe until my heart wailed against the silent stars that hid all the secrets from unworthy souls such as I.

**Did indeed Angels mourn when pious friends of God left the world to the afterlife?
How could I ever be worthy enough to become worthy enough
to be the sand under their shoes, when these chosen
companions of God were men and women who never sinned,
never thought of sinning and never knew what sin meant.
My world and my fate were decided before I was born.
I hadn't a chance to know God as she had known.**



ARISE, O MY RAPTURE

**Arise, O my rapture, at dawn I exclaim,
Go seeking the face of my love, the King,
I thirst at the thought of Him, burn as with flame,
And chatter like swallow upon the wing.**

**No gifts can I bring save of heart or of wit,
My cause to my lips I can only trust.
Desires my Redeemer a ritual fit,
How should I suffice who am based on dust?
When I with myself seek communion, I shrink,
Were I mightier far, I should still be small,
Soul and strength in adoring Thee faint and sink,
Yet sing Thee I must till the end of all.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



The way to heaven is in your heart.
Open and lift the wings of Love!

—Rumi

@shams of tabrez

Gone was the Elixir:

When I was leaving from New Delhi International airport, and was about to board the plane I got a call in my cell phone after logging into the airport Wi-Fi. My friend was Skyping me, her mother was in the most severest stage 5 pancreatic cancer. She was a believer in God and a good friend of mine and her mother was the sweetest soul in the world and I remembered now how they had left the state for treatment, and I heard about her suffering and pain from my friend.

She would buckle down after every meal and wouldn't be able to use the toilet for two three weeks without screaming and crying in the most deadly agony.

I had hidden away to cry for her pain because she had loved us with such passion and was the greatest hearted person I ever knew, endless gifts she gave me when I was a child and a passionate creature she was, I believed that all the good people suffered most severely in their ends, perhaps because God would reward them for eternal, eternal bliss and a position in heaven so high and so eternal that they'd never have deserved it had they not suffered such pain and agony.

My friend told me if I could ask for some prayers for her mother from my saintly friend. And I said that I was about to board the plane and I didn't even know where she was and she didn't have any cell phone with her. Her aunt bought her one but she would forget where it was and forget to charge it. She was not tech savvy at all and was not interested in cell phones or anything technical. So, I desperately called my aunt's friend in fear and hope. I thought of everything that I could think of. My heart racing a million miles a minute. I didn't know what to say, but this woman was really smart and she came to our house many times even when we were in New York. And she was very keen and she knew her quite well. So, I immediately called her and told her about my friend's mom and if she could go to my saintly friend and ask her to pray for my friend's mother.

The lady immediately called her mother and told her to tell her daughter to pray for my friend's mother. Within several

minutes the announcement came that our flight was delayed for 3 hours. I wanted to check out immediately but my parents wouldn't take the risk of missing the flight.

They wanted me to wait with them in the airport lounge because the traffic jam was also very dense at that time of the day and that I could miss my flight if I took the risk of leaving the airport and coming back to check in. So, I called the lady again, and told her to go to my Saint friend's house and tell her in person to pray or give something for my friend as in a prayer book or something. But instead, my aunt's friend got this brilliant idea of taking some water and going to her house. It took her half an hour or to reach her house and then she told the young Saint to pray for my friend's mother, and to bless the water so I could give it to my friend's mother. She was perplexed by this request and after staring a long time at my aunt's friend, she asked her what should she pray and how could someone bless the water. Because she never blessed any water before. She was so simple hearted , with such a simple mind that she did not even know what my aunt's friend was wanting or meaning, so then my aunt's friend told her to say the Lord's prayer and blow on the water or drink from it and then to give that bottle so I could take it to the patient.

The Lord's prayer which I will include below is the most common prayer in the religion of almost 2 billion people and read by almost every one of them every day. It is the most common prayer of several sentences which I will list below. Nothing unique and nothing weird. Just a simple prayer which has similar verses in both the Old Testament and the New Testament. So, the young Saint recited the Lord's prayer's several small sentences and blew on the water and drank from it and handed over the bottle to my aunt's friend never knowing what she did.

When my aunt's friend sent her driver to the airport with his passport so he could get access inside the customs, I was waiting there to take the water bottle to put it into my suitcase. I immediately kept half of the water for myself. I gave the rest of it to my friend immediately after landing in JFK. (She came from another state just to take the water) Needless to say, my friend's mother is being cured and has been cured for the last 11 years.

All good things have to end, and I lost my elixir of life, so to speak. It was a sad moment for me. However, when I lost that precious water, and many of my friends began to approach me,

begging for a few drops of the holy water which was blessed by the saint, I had to render my apologies and insist that I did not have with me, for the jar was lost. Heartbroken, one of my friends wanted to know what exactly the saintly maiden in New Delhi had recited prior to blowing on the glass of holy water, and when I told her that it was nothing more than the Lord's prayer, which Muslims read scores of time throughout the day, she immediately went home, and began to read the small chapter regularly, and when she was told that the pious woman read it only once due to our insistence, my friend decided to read this chapter one thousand times each day, and she blew on a glass of water, and drank it to cure herself and her family members. I thought reading something so delicate a thousand times per day was time consuming, and it was indeed, for my friend informed me that it took her 4 to five hours to recite it each day. But she continued to do so, because she believed her health and her mother's health improved immensely after she started this ritual.

How many people got a new life, how many souls had another chance because of a sinless angel of God had mixed her breath with theirs, how could someone with physical brain injury obvious in cat scans and MRI scans get cured?

How could a human being of flesh and blood hold the power to completely bring back from the door of death seven or eight people, who got completely cured until my friend ran out of her water and I lost mine in the events that followed afterwards.

The only hope, the only last hope that I live by is that my friend who was living in the same street as I, whose last name I never knew and I heard that she moved to a foreign country, is that one day I will go to that country and hire the most talented private investigator from the FBI or CIA and find out if my friend's address and search her home and ask her if she had even a drop of that water left.

Readers! If I didn't hope, if I didn't have that tiny desperate last hope remaining, then I don't think I could have survived this sadness and this loss that I faced after losing my share of the water.

I think I would have died of weeping that day I lost it. I couldn't even look at my mad without a rage rising in me as I saw the death of millions in her eyes.

And my infamous brother who gave permission to everyone for everything destroyed my last horcrux; my elixir of life itself, my kingdom of the heavens.

But fate is written I cannot change it, grieving and crying can never change my fate; I didn't deserve it, that was the truth. I won't worthy of it, God didn't find me worthy of it, so He took it away from the grasp of my hands.

It seemed to me that God was entity toward His true friends, it was as if the people of this world who humiliated God's faith and religion and framed and insulted God's saints, made Him angry at us and made His take away His friends from our midst.

Perhaps He didn't trust human with the companionship of His friends, perhaps he despised the followers of passion and evilness and despised their hate towards His faith and His followers.

I wept endlessly; bitterest and hottest were those tears, especially when I and to turn away those desperate soul. That came to me as a last hope for their husbands or mothers or sons and daughters.

That water could have cured so many more people and I had seen several of my closest relatives die such painful deaths, that now I even started hating myself for not sharing the water with even those of my classmates who were atheists.

I tried to apologise to them and also God to forgive me because we had no right to play God or choose to whom would he give and not give.

But I was only an angry teenager!?

How could I have known any wisdom or of feelings which I know now?

My parents were completely ignorant of all the things I did. Sometimes I thought they gave me too much freedom and if it weren't for several of my wise and understanding and strict teachers, then I would have been heartless spoilt brat.

Indeed, I should have given that water to my classmates. I shouldn't have become angry at them. It was not for me to choose whom to cure and not cure. I lost the water anyway. And I thought that it would only cure the believers of God. But perhaps to God everyone is a believer. Even those who did not have enough sense to believe in him. Even those who hated him. A parent is a parent whether the children admit that they have a parent -or not- it does not make a difference. DNA cannot be changed and our souls are the DNA from God's spirit.

1000 days may go by 100 years and I go by, but I could never get over the sadness and the calamity of that day when I found out that I had lost the holy water she had blessed with.

I know that perhaps we did not deserve her presence in our sinful world. Perhaps we did not even deserve the drops of water that mingled with her breath to linger in our world whose very air had become drench in the stench of human lust and sin and abuse.

There was no match for her piety or grace, as I had personally seen by spending so much time in her companionship. She was what poets called a thing of beauty, and Keats would have been justified to call her a joy forever. In the soft shaded tones of a world tinged with nostalgia, she sat in her prayer chamber, looking like the embodiment of grace and allure. Draped in the elegance of a bygone era, her black veil and dress flowed like liquid, caressing her form with a saintly touch. The brim of her veil cast an eternal mysterious shadow over her eyes, those windows to a soul steeped in thought. She is a vision of spiritual poetry, her expressions whispering secrets of old-world faith and purity.

One visit to a hospital, one visit to the graveyard, one visit to the hospice, one visit to the ICU, was enough to turn one's heart away from this world forever.

I couldn't live any longer in this world. and the people around me reminded me of my own pain, it's suffocated me to the point of destruction and my mind could not function had I continued to live like this a little longer.

What is a human being without hope. Human beings are nothing but hope.

When hope is gone man becomes an animal. Now I realised that those who believed in God believed in hope. And the only difference between humans and beasts and animals is that the beasts are hopeless and the human being is hopeful. It is hope that stops a man from torturing or avenging someone who may have been innocent and framed. Hope of the afterlife is what makes men sacrifice themselves for their family and friends to live in warfare or in famine. Hope is what protects man from cannibalism and makes them happily prefer death over killing and surviving.

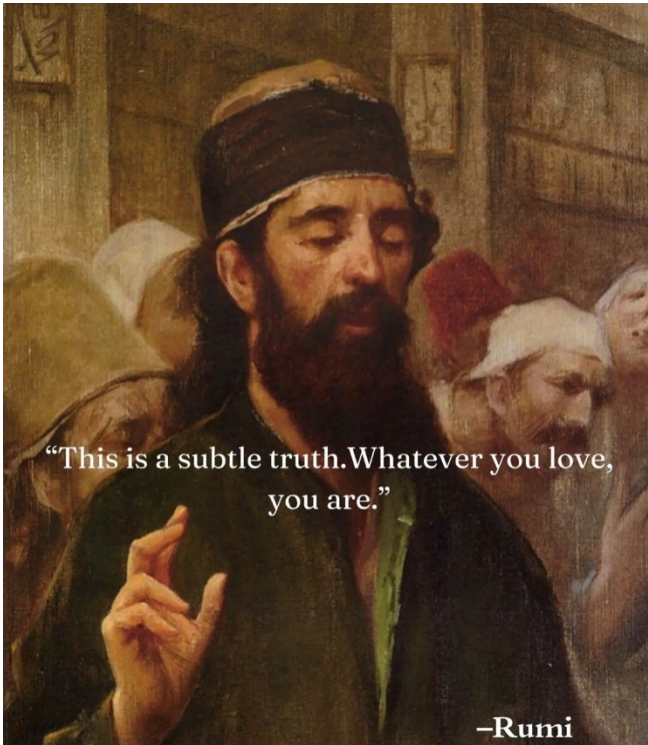
Hope is civilisation, hope is mercy, hope is forgiveness. Hope is humanity...

And she was hope, she was all hope; she was filled with so much hope.

That hope made her merciful like the angel in the sky. Sinless, without hate and without the ability to become angry at anyone. Because hope was everywhere, hope created her -hope made her -hope uplifted her -and hope held her up high, because she believed in God- she believed in Hope.

Perhaps if the world had become sinless and the people would abandon their lust and their obsession with humiliation degradation and hurting each other and greed and hatred, then perhaps we would become deserving of more saints like her.

And I fear that our sinfulness and our greed and our sickened enslaved souls will cause All saints from our world to die, and without their purity and their powerful love and all forgiving merciful natures and most passionate prayers, no one in this world will survive the calamity and the warfare and the famine that is waiting to plague us and destroy our civilisation for eternity.

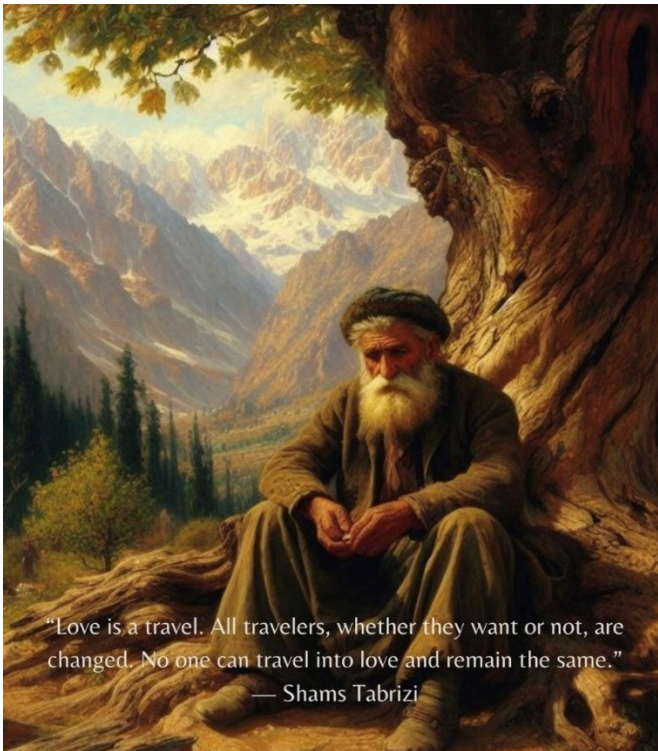


X.

GOD OF MERCY:

**Who shall utter Thy mighty deeds, unto this main,
For Thou madest a division of the ball of the earth
into twain,
Half dry land, half water, and didst surround this
sphere,
And the water with an atmosphere of purified air,
In which the wind turneth and turneth in its going,
And resteth in its circuits, to obey his King;
And didst Thou encompass this air,
With the sphere of mortal fire:
I beseech Thee, O God, judge me by Thine
attribute of mercy,
And not by Thine anger lest Thou wither me.**

**For what is man that Thou shouldst judge his
nature?
And how shalt Thou weigh a drifting vapour?
When Thou placest it in the balance of might,
It shall be neither heavy nor very light;
Then what shall it profit Thee to weigh the air?
Or grant chastisement to one in fear?
- SOLOMON GABIROL**



Pascal's Point:

For all of his many ideas and accomplishments, the philosopher Pascal is probably most famous today for Pascal's Wager, a philosophical argument that humans should bet on the existence of God.

He famously wrote, "If you win, you win everything; if you lose, you lose nothing."

In other words, Pascal argued, although one cannot know for certain whether or not God exists, we are better off believing in God's existence than not. But after witnessing her, God could no longer be a luxury or an idea, and suddenly He became real, and when He became real, my life, and my existence became false.

But whenever a relative or a friend got diagnosed with a terminal cancer a tumour or degenerative disease or any other terminal illnesses, my world, my entire life's plan my entire ambition, my high speed, workaholic nature and my studious ambition came crushing down like an avalanche over me. It buried me deep into sorrow, an unending sorrow. That sent me down into a spiral of the most tormenting depression.

The thought of the end of my life did not give me any happiness. Thoughts of old age tormented me and future loneliness and hopelessness had a way of torturing the human mind into the deepest depths of sorrow. My future did not give me any hope. I couldn't calm my mind and my heart made me go insane. I used to walk outside under the moonlight for hours trying to drown my depression in music and sometimes became too hopeless to even come back home to sleep in fear of death and an uncertainty and sadness fear and hopelessness.

I sometimes felt that my own bedroom was the grave that suffocated me, and I woke up from nightmares of fear and hopelessness.

There's was no peace in all my worldly achievements, just balms to confuse and distract me.

Before meeting her, my belief in God was based on the philosophy of the Frenchman, Pascal, but his central argument in "Pensées" for believing in God did not rest on proof of God's existence. On the contrary, Pascal argued that God's existence cannot be proved because, for him, God is hidden - a "deus absconditus." He wrote that "there is enough light for those whose only desire is to see, and enough darkness for those of the opposite disposition," but ultimately no certainty was possible - and so humans faced a choice.

But what choice had I?

My choice to choose was taken away from me!

I had no choice but to believe in that hidden God was power were forced to manifest by the existence of His true friend.

I first met her when I was only nine years old, and very curious about this saintly woman, and I wanted to find out why she remained awake and wept all night, so I crawled up to an open window, and ensconced myself obscure from view; but in a position from which I could easily peer into her the room in which the saintly maiden sat, and hear any words the latter might utter. She uttered the first chapter of the Moslem holy book, known as the seven Of-Repeated verses, and after this whispered soliloquy, I saw that she continued to pray for the goodness of humanity. Since she was a saint of God, this woman entertained hatred and vengeful feelings toward none, and held her family dear.

Such noble was her life and gracious her world.

And thus, I found no answers to my questions. I found no solution to the questions that haunted my mind. I looked for fulfilment everywhere but I couldn't find any that would give me hope. My future achievements that I aimed to attain did not give me true peace inside my heart.

Being in the company of this saintly woman made me realise that God is real. Pascal was mistaken to think the presence of God could not be proven, for to me, it had.

Life appeared to be taunting men by making them slaves and servants of wealth, humans and power, while death mocked them and the world hid itself away from their unworthy sight.

As if it found pleasure in the ignorance and greed of unworthy souls. As of the world wanted them to stay blinded and never know of a life and a path that would have connected them to the mighty immortal power of God and his heavens.

I gave up because my heart hurt so violently that I couldn't endure that torment even a moment longer.

The clouds the heavens the rainfall, it hated men of sin, it worshipped the lovers of God and spoke with them and were disgusted by the secrets of men that sin for wealth and power.

My world betrayed me, life unfolded before my eyes and my heart soared upwards till I lost control of my weeping and in my ignorance, I was cursed to secrecy, and blindness, never to know the secrets that opened itself before the friend of my Lord.

This world was a subterfuge, a secret unknown to those who loved and loved within it. There was a world within this world, a dimension inside this dimension. A secret beyond this secret and a life above this life.

Life came and went, man was born, and men died, centuries came and passed away, and the world rolled on and on. But there was a power almost almighty and a system unchanging and a life that was eternal, out of our human understanding that controlled the universe in ways we knew nothing of.

Yes, my view, my life and my world changed, I tried to hold on to my past memories, I tried to grab on to the last semblance of the reality that I knew of.

I felt as though I were floating away and becoming lost in an endless ocean with no anchor and no compass and no direction.

My reality and my history and my knowledge of the visible universe was trying to fight the invisible war with my heart and my soul was confused.

But then, it was seized from me, the blur between the obvious world and the hidden world became too clear, too obvious, too real and this world this life and the humans in it appeared too false to be real, too fake to be eternal, and a make believe, and their loving -a complete lie.

I came across dignitaries coming from powerful nation for international summits and conferences, body guards and higher security vehicles and power wealth economic forums and military deals, and I felt my heart feeling truly sorry for them. For the first time I mourned for their ignorance and I marvelled at their simpleness. How childlike they appeared to me, thinking that their physical power had any effect at all in the decisions of the world's and in the decision regarding man's life and death.

How mundane these men appeared, yet how powerful they thought themselves to be.

Yet, I was a witness of how the whole universe seemed to become subservient to a young girl, she beckoned power and it came and went in her will while she didn't ever know what power the god of the universe had endowed her with. Eternal power of the known and unknown universes, how false appeared the dignitaries and politicians and spies and agents, how powerless their endeavours, like all their counterparts in past centuries who thought themselves rulers of the world, they too shall die and become forgotten into nothingness and their memories shall be gone from the face of earth.

They appeared more like school children who instead of playing with water gun, fought with fire guns and thought life was all

about fighting and life shall end in this playground of children's bullying and friendships. And children petty love and senseless hate, for not playing properly or not sharing food etc.

The deeper men were into the lies of the world and to its dark power, the more blinded they became, the more deeper became their desperate ignorance and the farther away his the saints of the world from their sight and view.

Like children they understood the insignificance of a temporary world and never had the emotional maturity or wisdom to abandon temporary wealth and power and search for an eternal divine love of a God and become a part of God's eternal kingdom. This saintly woman whom I met in New Delhi was a close friend of God, and her mannerisms showed her grace. She never spoke to anyone in a tone of vexation. I have never seen her discontented or angry, but she often looked sad, and sorrowful and was always silent. It was no wonder that she was capable of performing the most incredible miracles and lived in her own utopian world.

There was no room in her life for gold and silver, for wealth and degrees, for she did not value the things we valued.

My peers and classmates did not believe that a saint could exist in this century. I too did not believe it as well.

How farther away was my world now from them, while several minutes ago I was just like them, I believed in that which I saw was real. I disbelieved in that which had no scientific evidence and everything was explainable to me.

But ignorance was not my master and I did not obey it when it commanded me to stop my investigations.

My desperate soul guided me deeper and deeper into her world.

Could she see who would die beforehand and where their souls would end in?

She was a young girl and I was even younger. How could I have known that those events at such tender age could have changed my very outlook, indeed most certainly, she- her person was the one who changed my life and my faith and belief. She made my hidden faith so strong and so steady that nothing in the world could make me forget that power and those inner secrets, and that world and that life ever again.

Her mystical words and her ethereal experience defined who I would become. It made me so different that I wondered who I was when I went to India and who I had become in the span of 48 hours, when I returned!

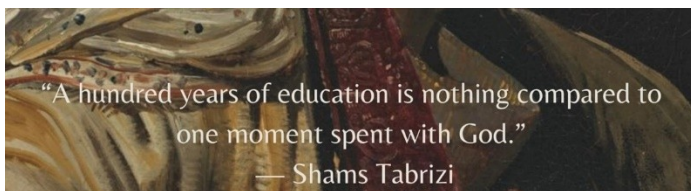
My world shattered, my soul burnt into oblivion and my heart screaming and weeping in a million language of the forgotten worlds, my soul lost in the secrets of the heavenly realm and my mind mourning for my future which was unforeseen and unwanted by my own wishes.

It made me constantly think of another world and a purity which redefines the ancient truth and reality which changes and jumps between truth and falsehood, between reality and fantasy, and of what we know as the truth and what truly is the truth.

I belied that power that shook me to my heart and as the heavens stood witness at the power and might of the friends of God.

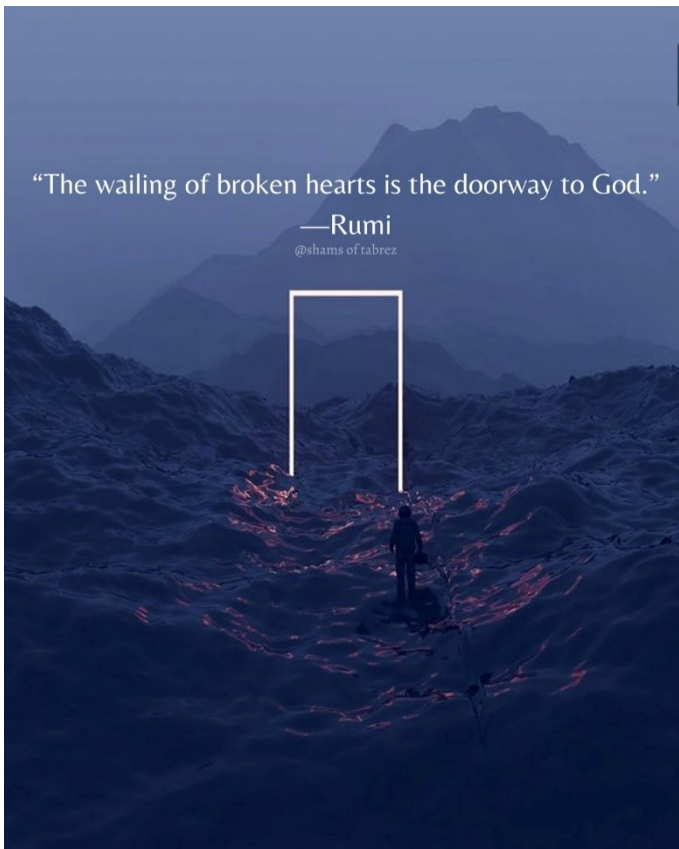
This world and this life and this world and this power and the fame and these networks and connections and friends and parties, it could never impress me or distract me any longer, because her words had sunk too deep into me into my intellectuality. I had for the first experienced the company of a believer. Of a pure soul, so pure that she emanated light and purity wherever she looked and at whomever she looked, her piety could make the stars tremble and I stopped fearing all kinds of fear, so long as she was with us. It doesn't take long for the friends of God to get exposed, once, twice and the third time and any sensible person would stop believing in coincidences. The other worldliness, the power of the heavens coming so dangerously close to the metaphysical world, and when immortality reaches out to the world of mortals, and that challenges you before it changes something so deep within your life. It makes you somewhat like them no matter how much you try to fight it. It takes over your being, until you are no longer yourself, you can't laugh at the things that makes others laugh, you can't make yourself believe any longer in the temporary comfort of the wealth of this world, you no longer find any companionship in the love of those who loved you because everything and everyone feels like a dream, a short dream where you have no control over the outcome and neither are you in control of the narrative.

The wealth makes you feel uncomfortable and you find yourself tearing for the heavenly eternal realm and no longer wish to fight for a time so temporary and so meaningless.



THE LOVE OF GOD

**To Thee, O living God, my being yearns,
For Thee my soul consumes, my spirit burns.
Within Thy chosen people's hearts Thy glory
Inhabits, be they babes or fathers hoary,
To bind Thy chosen to Thy chariot wheels.
And with the radiance that Thee conceals,
I fill my heart and make for my delight
A lampstand set beside me in the night.
The wisest weary them to comprehend Thy
mystery,
Then how should I ascend the tales of this Deity,
Or the secret of Thy glorious shrine to tell
To those who seek and only mean well?**
- SOLOMON GABIROL



Euthanasia in Canada: The Last Hope of a Dying Soul

Each year, it became a family tradition for us to drive to Buffalo and then cross the border on foot to Canada to see the Niagara Falls from the other side. Nothing was more comforting than to see snow-white water fall into the ocean, churning like a mystical music, rushing away into eternity.

This year, I was particularly moved by this banal scene, chiefly due to a lingering sadness which refused to go away from my heart. I was still in a mourning mode, grieving for the loss of the young fair saint who passed away without any warning and left our world forever.

As the majestic Niagara Falls dramatically swished and splashed ahead, my thoughts momentarily eased and I tried to drink in the beauty of the scenic atmosphere. Canada was more beautiful than I realised, and I suddenly longed to see more of this huge country, and as I was making my way over the pier, a young woman stood before me and was snapping many pictures. I asked her if she would be kind enough to take my picture with the Falls in the background and she graciously agreed, adding that since she was a part time tour guide, if there was anything in particular I wished to see in Canada, she would be happy to show me.

We chatted for an hour and I asked her to pick me up from my hotel early tomorrow for the sightseeing, because I hoped to begin early and go to as many historic locations as possible. The second I uttered these words, the young Canadian woman's face paled and she apologised profusely, saying that she could not possibly make it tomorrow, because it will be her mom's funeral party. Shocked by my own insensitivity, I begged her to forgive me for I did not know her mother was dead, to which the woman replied that indeed, her mother was not dead, but will be by tomorrow, as per their family arrangement.

I did not know if this woman was intentionally speaking in cryptic language, or if there was an alternative agenda in her mind, because I absolutely did not comprehend the meaning of what she told me. Her mother was alive and yet she promised that there would be her funeral tomorrow.

Perhaps, the horror in my face was obvious, so the young woman began to explain to me how her mother was making a great decision of using State's resources to take her own life, because she had been diagnosed with a severe form of brain cancer that had spread to her blood, and the enlarged tumour caused immense headache and discomfort to the point that she wished to die while still sane and sound, rather than being reduced to a crippled and unfortunate state.

Homicide in Canada had a legal voluntary form called assisted dying by euthanasia, and so the woman consulted with her children and they were all on board with the mother taking her own life. This young woman was her only daughter, and she too assured me that it was for the very best that her mother should be able to have a nurse administer the paralysing solution to euthanise her and stop her heart forever.

I was told that only several years ago, Medical Assistance in dying became legal in Canada along with assisted suicide for those people whose death was reasonably foreseeable or those who desired a quick end for the fear of potential pain or suffering, but I never imagined that people actually took part in such grotesque ritual. The Canadian tour guide insisted to me that the procedure was humane and even beautiful, as the anaesthesia quietly put people to sleep permanently. I could not help myself and began to argue in vain, and told her to call off the euthanasia because her mother's sickness was not in her control, and no doctor in the universe had the absolute infallible knowledge about her actual prognosis, and it was possible that she would be cured soon.

The young woman disagreed hotly, and insisted that the entire family was convening tomorrow to bid her mother farewell, so she could undergo the procedure in their loving presence and there was no need to call it off for the impossible chimera that she would be cured, when the tumour in her brain was not only cancerous, but had metastasised to other organs.

I told her several brief stories about how terminally ill patients, including stage 4 or 5 cancer stricken people were miraculously cured, and her mother could easily live for another ten or twenty years, but she was resolute in allowing her mother to die by injection. I then threatened to report her family for being complicit in murder, but she brushed aside my threats, informing me that medical assistance in dying was perfectly legal in Canada, meaning it was not a crime in this nation to help a person take his or her own life. I then pleaded with her by pointing out that her mother had brain cancer, meaning she may not be able to have a fully functional faculty by which to make such a grave decision, but this argument fell on deaf ears.

When I saw that no matter what I said, the woman would not change her mind, I softened my tone and asked her if I could also be present in the funeral party tomorrow. She agreed and gave me her mother's home address. I then told the young woman about how there was a saint in New Delhi whose prayers could cure terminal diseases, and if she agreed and helped her mother drink a little bit of the water, then she too might become well again, but the daughter vehemently rejected the idea, and called it crude superstition. She did not think a prayer or holy water could cure anyone, and she assured me that her mother was not a believer either and would never agree to drink a sip of water that had been blessed. I was astonished to hear how she was willing to let her mom die in assisted suicide but she did not agree to give her holy water. I was not timid to share my strong criticism of how I felt this was wrong. I knew true intelligence was honed from synthesising contrasting ideas and opposing models from all civilisations and eras and I sincerely hoped that the cancer-stricken woman and her family would not be so rigid in rejecting religion.

As gravity carried the free-flowing waters of four of the Great Lakes into the Niagara River Gorge, time seemed to stand still for a while, and I began to believe that there was some hope or happiness yet, but seeing this young Canadian woman and her family in distress made me forget my personal grievances as I began to think about how to help her family. They were ignorant in the sense that they did not believe in miracles nor understood the holiness of human life, and could not even consider that their ailing mother could soon be cured from cancer.

I dressed in an appropriate sombre attire and went to her home the next day, and found her mother seated on a divan, surrounded by two professional nurses.

I could not bear to even listen to the petrifying notion of a human being willing to take his or her own life, but what made me lose hope in humanity itself was the fact that her family members, and all her children were on board with the grotesque plan of executing a woman merely because she happened to fall ill.

Yes, the modern world has invented many novel plans, ideas, and even opportunities, but nowhere in the realm of mortal compassion could one approve of suicide, assisted or otherwise, because it was plain and simply murder.

Why should honourable and good human beings die or kill themselves so readily, often with the mere fear of suffering or illnesses hovering over their heads, and what could be said about those physicians who had sworn to save every human life, but are willing to take the lives of innocent human beings who have become too ill to take care of themselves? Where is the justice and righteousness in that?

It was ironic to think that while good, and upright citizens fought for the right to die and kill their own relatives who have

fallen ill, the dirges of the community and all the criminal elements within were desperately fighting to stay alive. Indeed, no criminal who was sentenced to death ever opted for self-administered death, nor did the convicted murderer every say that to save others from his harm, he would voluntarily kill himself. No, rather no matter how many courts passed death sentence to those criminals, they would keep trying to appeal the verdict and try to live for a longer period of time.

The more hardened and cruel a criminal is, the more eager he is to live longer and survive even in the most gruesome prison cells, and they hire the greatest lawyers to make sure their death sentence is never carried out, whereas, good human beings like this woman's mother were being persuaded by the media and encouraged by misguided family members that the greatest service she could do to herself and to humanity would be to execute herself and commit the unforgivable sin of murder, for suicide is nothing but cruel, cold, and calculated murder.

To put forth a flimsy excuse such as illness or terminal disease in order to kill oneself does not make the act of killing any less murderous, because anyone could logically make an argument that the diseases they are suffering from is or could become fatal. I was once visiting an herbal specialist who said that it made no sense why people thought cancer killed people, when there was as much probability to die of a minor sepsis or seasonal fever or an internal haemorrhage than the gradual multiplication of a mutated cell as in some cancers, and both have the equal probability to be completely treated with the right medications. The doctor gave several example of how cancer patients who were diagnosed early enough were treated with some basic organic herbs like turmeric, oregano, fenugreek or some other natural plant. This merely demonstrated that there was always hope for betterment, cure and compassion.

It seemed sad that the evil ones in society were always brave enough to live, no matter how adverse their situation was and good human beings look forward to dying, and try and kill themselves before even getting a pin prick.

Can they not realise that it is murder to kill themselves? No one becomes a martyr by murdering, whether the victim is someone else or yourself. It is martyrdom to die saving others. But suicide does not make you a martyr. TO swallow or inject sleeping potion in your blood stream does not make you noble, or righteous, because nothing can justify murder.

NO one has the right to kill themselves. Ah, if only those good people in Sweden, Norway, Canada and all those nations which give patients the licence to kill, if only they knew that their lives were far too valuable to be murdered away in a suicide pod.

I wanted to express my frustration to the family members of the ailing woman, and wished they understood the fatal consequence of their decision.

We cannot die merely because we want to. No one can. No one should and no one has the right to. You have to live for your children and grandchildren. What if you die before your time by suicide, leaving behind young and vulnerable children or relatives, and even friends, and evil people take over your family and torture them, and abuse your grandchildren, and had you been a little more brave, and endured your ailment or pain with bravery, perhaps you could have sought out some cure and lived long enough to protect those loved ones who will now suffer for your sins. When those little children amongst your family and friends get tormented, kidnapped or abused, then it will be on you. Therefore, you simply cannot kill yourself. You cannot do it. You have no right. Death was so horrifying, that it was never justified to bring it sooner than it was meant to come.

Dreams I held in High Esteem,

**Oh, glittering skylines and bustling city,
The miserly machinery and melancholy,
How they fill my heart with pain,
How they make me foolish in vain,
Rushing, rolling, railways and trains,
How they mock me with false gains!
Oh, this city had betrayed me,
With lights and noise and trickery,
They told me I would never age and die,
Their orisons echoed this glaring lie!
The towering towers of the city street,
And the marble asphalt beneath my feet,
Promised eternal joy and satisfaction,**

**O they mentioned not the final reaction,
And forgot to tell me of that eternal decay,
Where all their past rulers passed away,
And all the builders of buildings perished,
And every leader died, undistinguished!
Sweet tales and quest of the country,
Holding legends of a bygone century,
Are now forgotten like rotten grains
And ruins of rulers' scatter in the plains!**

I feared often for my own life, and the inevitable death, I wished that my body would never be reduced to ashes in a frightfully hot oven that was lined with old bricks. But that was the reality of most people in Canada and America, because they all willed their bodies to be cremated and tossed into a food processor to have their bones crushed into powder.

It is selfishness to execute oneself.

Prior to visiting Canada, I was unaware that their leaders and government approved of this self-execution, because the people I met in Canada were the nicest and good human beings I ever knew, and many seemed as gentle and well-mannered as the Indians I interacted with in New Delhi, and yet, I was surprised and sad to see that so many people there approved death by suicide.

Those who advocated for allowing sick patients to commit suicide state that it was their right to choose to avoid pain by ingesting fatal dose of poison, but I remember arguing that it was an excuse good enough to carry out a murder.

You have no right to cut off pain from your life with the act of suicide. It is immoral for the simple reason that it is unjust and grossly unfair. Little children around the world who suffer wounds from car accidents, or get hit by weapons in bombings, or become trapped under building due to a natural disaster or get stricken by a fatal and painful cancer are forced to live with that pain. No child or infant can or will be able to kill themselves, and no toddler with cancer or grave physical injury or cut or burns will be allowed to commit suicide, but they would have to tolerate their pain even though the adults around them will do everything they can to alleviate their suffering. But if little sinless, and innocent children do not have the choice to kill

themselves THEN why do you think you have the choice to do so, or why do adults believe they are entitled to murder themselves to evade pain, when children who are far better than them, are not presented with eth choice?

And should a parent or caregiver decided to do a mercy killing, and execute a child after the baby suffers an injury, would we call the person human or a monster? Would anyone ever be able to justify that murder? No law, whether made on earth or heaven, would ever approve of such murders, and no faith or creed would condone those child killers, even if they tried to explain that killing the babies was for their own good, to make them avoid pain and lingering suffering.

No, suicide and murder cannot ever be justified, especially if you think objectively without the influence of a biased media. You have to let nature run its course. You must allow God to govern as He wills fit, and you must face the pain with courage-not by death and not with murder.

Pain is unpleasant, but it is also necessary part of life, as no human can totally avoid feeling pain in their lifetime, whether emotional pain or physical pain. By feeling pain yourself, you will be able to feel the pain of others, and perhaps, then you will understand their situation and try to help them.

If you have the misfortune of suffering from a severe illness, try to embrace the pain and turn it into your strength. Don't let the pain make you weak. Don't allow the anguish turn you into the worst of all murderers.

Killing oneself is not the answer to escape trauma and fear of pain. Good people must live to do good on earth.

Indeed, NO murderer in the world ever said that since he killed hundreds of people, he will euthanise and kill himself either to avoid being incarcerated or electrocuted, or to prevent innocent people from his harm. No. The criminals do want to die. They are not willing to kill themselves. Most brutal and hardened criminals fight to live, and then they kill, and hurt others, while good people become cowards in face of suffering and try to murder themselves by ordering a hit on their own person. It never made any sense to me why bad people murdered others in order to live longer, while good and kind humans with merciful hearts tried to kill themselves.

Those who approved the idea of adults undergoing physician-assisted suicide or direct euthanasia argue that it is compassionate of them to die quickly to help their family members live in peace and not having to act as their caretaker, but there is nothing selfless about suicide.

Suicide is selfishness, not kindness.

Suffering from anything is sad, but it is not the worst thing that can happen, because if little kids who suffer do not have the right to die or the choice to kill themselves, then you cannot either.

Every time you contemplate taking your own life prematurely, let the mercy for humanity in your heart speak louder, and imagine how many people may be saved from pain and hardship

if you lived a day longer, and think of all those who would be saved because of you.

Proponents of assisted suicide try to explain away their crimes by claiming they are enabling a patient to die with dignity, by quickly killing themselves before an illness even sets in, but murder by euthanasia is not dying with dignity: it is dying with selfishness and dishonour.

There is no dignity in murdering yourself.

You don't belong to yourself. You belong to children. You belong to your grandchildren, and you belong to your less fortunate neighbours who may one day need your help, and thus, you don't have the right to deprive all those of the assistance you may have rendered to their lives had you lived a day longer.

To those like this elderly Canadian woman whose family was applauding her decision to commit suicide, I wanted to tell her she could have found a cure, that could have helped others even if she herself found the medicine too late or were not cured. Each day that she lived, something valuable may have taken place, and so, if others suffer, you don't have the right to escape it. This is basic humanity and justice.

During the brief visit to the young Canadian woman's house, I tried to explain that to kill oneself is murder, and to brainwash others is even more deadly and vile. Anyone who supported the flimsy notion of a maintaining a dignity in death via suicide is the most cruel and manipulative person ever and any doctor who supported it becomes an accessory to murder and is a cold-blooded killer, who is far worse than the medieval executioner, because executions did not kill sick people, rather prisons waited for prisoners to recover from illnesses before hanging, euthanising or electrocuting them. Even in the pre-medieval times, courts often waited for convicts to recover from illness prior to execution.

Just because you feel like doing suicide does not mean you can do it, and this simple choice of refraining from murder even when you feel like it is the basic fabric of morality. This choice is what makes us human. Hunger and poverty are terrible calamities to strike a human being, but we cannot lose our humanity and simply cannot cannibalise others, no matter how much one wishes to do so. Acting on whims is what animals do, not humans. We cannot kill others nor can we kill ourselves, because we are human beings who have a heart and a soul. And so, we are bound by laws that makes us human.

There are certain rules that we must abide by to remain human, and it is vital that we adhere strictly by those laws. If we justify all the evils, like murder or suicide, and try to live animalistic life where we will enjoy all the luxuries of life, and the moment a headache or stomach pain hits us, we rush to end our lives or take the lives of those who have been brainwashed to agree to an assisted suicide program, then if all humans ignore the laws of heaven and bend God's rules, we will become a hundred times worse than animals.

Imagine, when ignorant humans governing themselves with their own manufactured and manipulated laws do what they want, and legalise murder and justify suicide and eventually decriminalise adultery, incest and fornication, then where will be our dignity be, and how will humans know the meaning of shame, if everyone is free to do what they want. With only manmade inadequate laws overruling all religion and faiths, where will be the law that banned incest? Who will enforce laws prohibiting immorality and cruelty like suicide and murder? If we make our own laws, what humanity will there be left to us? Any nation that allows this form of self-harm could potentially fall into unforeseeable calamity, because imagine that those areas has suffered a pandemic, or someone had released a biological agent in those countries where assisted suicide is permissible by manmade laws, and so, due to this illness, everyone has heart pain, or suffers from some rash or other irritable symptoms, and they all jump in the suicide pods and proudly kill themselves to avoid further discomfort or pain, and then, tens of millions of people in the country that is infected by that virus or disease rush to kill themselves immediately and three days later, a doctor would come with vaccine, and make them immune to all future pathogens and their immunity would then be used to save billions of lives. What would the advocates of euthanasia killing advise in such a situation, because if everyone in a nice and beautiful country like Sweden or Canada killed themselves merely because they were infected with a disease, leaving behind millions of their own children to fend for themselves, then who will save the rest of the world? Can you imagine the unspeakable harm that will be done to the universe if they carried out their self-murderous plans? For those who advocate suicide, do they ever consider the consequence of their decisions and manipulations when they tell everyone to die with dignity? Will they kill their children also, if they contract that disease? If so, then what kind of human would that make them?

What will remain of our humanity if we allow such barbaric practice to take place in our midst? Yes, some people think it is very cute to kill themselves in a suicide pod, being surrounded by family and friends, and listening to a favourite music, while each family members take their own life, one at a time, but first, this barbarous act start with one person and then it gets accepted by everyone, everywhere, and all the time. Now, perhaps doctors take their time before signing approval for self-murder prescription, but soon, this horrifying practice will be normalised, and more and more people will launch into a self-destructive mechanism, until millions will gladly take their own lives without considering the welfare of others who may have depended on them.

Can you see how dangerous this whole concept is? Do you see the potential harm of this law? Can you envision how this legal-suicide laws can cause a whole brave and soulful nation to become extinct? And if a charitable and generous country like Canada or Sweden lose all its citizens and residents in one day,

then who will carry out philanthropic actions in the Middle East and Africa? If everyone in Europe dies, then who will those starving children in Africa depend on for food and medicine, when the wealthy European entrepreneurs have been religiously bequeathing all their money to better the lives of underprivileged nations in Africa, and without their generosity, millions would suffer and die from malnutrition?

I can never understand why those in Sweden, Austria, Belgium, Germany, Luxembourg, Switzerland, Netherlands and Canada, despite being one of the nicest people I know, would be fighting to die when the long-term side effect from their death would be catastrophic for the world?

The after effect of their premature demise would be unimaginably dangerous, because if those parents killed themselves for selfishness and to avoid pain, and they leave behind children who will be abused, beaten and killed by criminals because they were not present to save and protect them, who will be ultimately responsible for the terror those innocent children will face?

I know my logic may be bold and even sound bitter, but I cannot help but speak my mind here. Readers, go ahead and hate me for speaking so plainly. You may judge me endlessly. You could condemn my words and dismiss my opinions, but I was never one to be swayed by the judgement and criticism of the masses, and I was not easily influenced or affected by their ideas or wishes.

I am a creature of the heart, and I will speak my heart, no matter how unpopular it may sound. You can criticise me but I have an argument against the entire notion of assisted suicide and I have the right to voice it.

It can never be justified, and it is never okay to commit a murder merely because your victim in yourself.

Go ahead and call me cruel but it is a cardinal fact which will not change.

Readers, do you know, that when I was coming back home from that Canadian lady's house, I was weeping the entire way because the terrible sadness which deluged my heart simply would not diffuse or disappear, and I could not register the idea in my head that this kind woman was to die in a few hours or days, only because her family members thought she was perhaps a burden.

I was sobbing the entire way because there was something about the woman that reminded me of my own mother. Yes, it was her hairstyle which was so similar to my mom's and I connected with her more than I realised due to this familiarity. Ah, what a terrible hour it was for me, as I sobbed bitterly in the car, and when observing the family interact, I gathered a feeling that her daughter did not love her very much, and this made me even more grieved, because the old woman was ill and towards the end of her life, she probably did not receive enough love in her final days.

No, I just could not accept her impending death. I could not let her die in this cruel manner, and when I had spoken to her, I

was thinking of my own mother as I pleaded with her to wait and not to rush in to make the fatal decision of assisted suicide, and as I was begging her to wait for one more spasm of pain before even considering self-administered death, I tried to convince her that she should not let herself be pressured by her family into doing something so fatefully irreversible.

When I met her for the second time, I brought along the holy water with me, which the saintly maiden in India had prayed upon and blessed. The rest of the family did not arrive yet, so I took this opportunity to chat with the elderly lady and find out more about her cancer diagnosis. Her nurse told me that the patient had brain cancer but it now spread to her liver and kidneys, causing her unimaginable pain. When I spoke to the woman directly, I was astonished to see how calm and lucid she appeared, introducing herself to me with class and dignity. I inquired about her pain, and she admitted that in recent weeks, she has been experiencing brain exploding pains intermittently, and that it was too much for her to bear. I expressed my sympathy and chatted with her about her family, and said I knew her daughter. As we spoke, the elderly woman told me she was thirsty and asked me to pass a bottle of water to her, and in that split moment, as I was reaching to the table, I remembered the small bottle of water which was in my own purse. It was the holy water which the young saintly maiden in New Delhi had read the Lord's prayers over and breathed on it. I suddenly recalled how the old Irishman who had suffered third degree burns was cured instantly the moment he took a sip of this water, so I had an idea, and without telling the old woman anything, I wordlessly handed my own holy water to her, and she took a long sip from the bottle and returned it to me. I waited nervously as the old woman leaned back in her divan. Seconds later, she summoned her personal nurse and told the medical practitioner that her headache was completely gone. The nurse seemed surprised and quickly checked the patient's pulse and took her blood pressure. Both came perfectly normal, although until that morning, her blood pressure was steadily increasing, causing potential damage to the heart vessels. The old woman was suddenly smiling and exclaimed that she did not feel ill at all, and leaping up from her seat, she walked almost like a young person, and thanked me for coming to see her. In her excitement, this woman thought my presence did something to cheer her up, making her health improve. Seeing her joy, I quickly requested her to call off the assisted suicide procedure. The old woman's face fell, as she said it was too late, and that all her family members were travelling from far away towns to say goodbye, so she did not want to inconvenience them by cancelling her death appointment.

O to be Forgotten,

**All the splendours of those city halls,
Which some mortal occasionally recalls,
Are but a fable to be forgotten and lost,
And names of nations hidden in the dust.
All the towering mansions are now empty,
The inhabitants dwelling in a cold cemetery,
Or lay alone in some abandoned alleyway,
Where no grave was dug for them that day,
With their legacy having perished long ago,
They are hidden under forests of snow,
Where no city lights glow to ease their eyes,
And with no stars to shine and no suns to
rise,
Nor for their solace, any music is sung,
And never will they be youthful or young!
They were but humans of flesh and dust,
But the city had broken their sacred trust,
Giving them false glitters of silver and gold,
Ignoring the fact that all must become old,
And be food of the worm or fuel of the fire,
Or be burnt to ashes on a funeral pyre,
And only putrid flesh and wasted blood,**

Shall remain in the cemetery's mud!

My heart wrenched in pain as I thought about how sad her life must have been, for I could not fathom how a woman who was already suffering from brain cancer, would be allowed to kill herself with the full blessings of her children. Ah, my thoughts turned to my own mother and I shuddered to think what I would have done if this woman had been my mother. I did not understand why this woman's children did not fight tooth and nail to stop her euthanasia procedure, because I was sure that even if my mother ever tried to consider such a terrifying idea, I would have physically prevented her no matter what she or anyone else thought. Perhaps, I was too emotional, but nevertheless, to think that this woman felt she had to die in order to appease others made me burst into tears. She told me she felt it would be inconsiderate of her to reschedule the medically assisted murder, because it would mean that all her family members and adult children would have to return when the actual death was to take place. I begged her to consider her own health and happiness, and told her she did not have to die merely because her children were all here to visit her. Her life should be lived on her own terms, and since her health suddenly seemed much better, I made her promise to undergo thorough medical tests and wait for one week, and if her pain returned or the cancer reemerged, then she was welcome to go ahead with the suicide procedure. Somehow, my words made sense to the old woman and she thanked me and got up to welcome her family members who had just begun to arrive in her front lawn.

Until that day, I considered myself progressive and liberal and supported all forms of assisted suicides, because I really believed that there were some sicknesses that were too painful to endure, and people who were ill had the right to decide if they wished to live or not, but now, after seeing this woman's miraculous cure, I was stunned, and immediately changed my stance. This day, I understood how the procedure could go horribly wrong, as a miraculous cure could manifest at the last moment and save someone's life, making this unnecessary murder doubly tragic, since it would be done with the full knowledge and consent of loved ones.

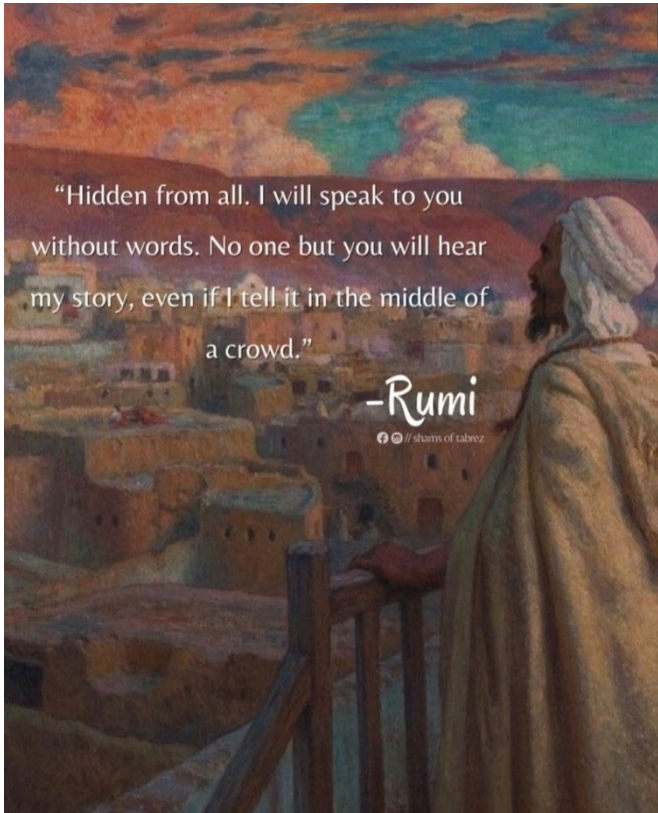
I knew I could never forgive myself if someone else died with assisted suicides, when there was a vial of water which was made miraculously and holy after being blessed by a saint of God who had passed away a long time ago. For centuries, human civilisation was powerfully shaped by iconoclastic thinkers and brave leaders who tried to improve the living conditions of others, even if it meant damaging their own reputation.

If there is any Canadian among my readers, I would implore to them, never agree to euthanasia nor give in to assisted suicide

no matter how severe the pain your sickness is causing, because I can guarantee that at the last minute, you may find a cure, which will make all the suffering go away in an instant.

Yes, the Canadian woman who was suffering from advanced brain cancer unknowingly drank the holy water, and I knew how much they disliked religious dogma and I never told them about the miraculous water but as soon as she took a sip, I had asked how she was feeling and with every hour, her health became better and better and when I told her I would go to America but will return after one week to visit her, she finally gave me her word that she would not go to the death centre before I returned, unless the pain somehow increased. The woman was still reeling with shock and emotions and agreed, and I showed myself out of that house, hoping to avoid meeting the rest of her family who had arrived to see her off. I felt terrible for being dishonest, but I also couldn't let that woman die. If she was not cured soon, she would have euthanised herself, and her daughter was happy to go along with it and the rest of her family were only too pleased to give her a farewell ceremony where she would have been murdered in the presence of medical professionals who had taken the Hippocratic oath and swore never to harm a soul or take a life, but all of humanity was absent in that house, and I made a decision based on my instincts. I was still a teenager, and perhaps, my wisdom was rather limited, but upon seeing that kind faced woman ready to die by assisted suicide, this one act of dishonesty did not seem terribly unfair or wrong, for the water I gave her to drink was a holy water which was blessed by the most pious woman who ever lived upon earth. Like a seraph-conqueror, this saintly maiden lived in purity, undazed by the rapid flight of technology and fame. I sighed for her memory for even from the land of the dead, she was able to save a woman's life. O beautiful saint, unknown to the world, whose glory no man can erase nor woman efface. The image thou have stamped upon my soul will never be forgotten! I was only a little girl when I first met her, but one could not fail to see her holy and good intention, which carried her beyond all bounds. She was born to be a saint, and lived but to grant love and peace to whomsoever was willing to receive it. She carried herself with such dignity, elegance and grace, that it was impossible not to love and admire her. This saintly woman was born and bred in Saudi Arabia, and spoke Arabic as her first langue, and seeing her intuitions and affections for humanity, I wondered if she had learned compassion and piety in her birthplace. Indeed, I am often reminded of the words of the great Arab polymath, al-Kindi who said, "We should not be ashamed to acknowledge truth from whatever source it comes to us, even if it is brought to us by foreign generations and foreign peoples. For him who seeks the truth there is nothing of higher value than truth itself."

I was young when this saintly woman unwittingly showed her miracle before me, when she began to ask a little girl what her name was, and the child cheerfully replied, and began to chat with this fair maiden, but I was perplexed by the reaction of the child's parents who bellowed with hysteria and screamed and finally calmed to some degree to tell me that their little girl was born deaf due to permanent and irreversible hearing impairment, and never heard or spoke a sound or word, but now, she was chatting as though she had been hearing all her life, and upon hearing this, I simply knew that my pious friend was once more unknowingly performing her miraculous miracles. The saintly woman innocently inquired her name, and she answered. The child who had never before spoke a word, suddenly was capable of speech! There was silence again. Had I imagined it? And then the child spoke again, and answered in a louder voice, and I felt a burst of light illuminate my heart, like the full moon emerging from behind the empty blackness of an eclipse. I looked up at her in wonder. The child laughed, clapping her hands with the unfettered delight that only a child can know. No one could ever lead a normal life after witnessing what I witnessed. No one could forget those feelings and those scenes and go on living their life believing in what they see. Those 48 hours changed my life. I changed my life from a very young age. It was as if she was ethereal connection between the heaven and the earth. Between God and man. When someone's heart is so sinless and pure, and when someone's mind is so innocent and forgiving and merciful, it is as if God chooses them for Himself. Chooses them to be His friend, and gives them power over his universe. It is as if God never rejects their prayer, and it is those souls that no matter how much suffering they face or how much adversity attacks them from every side, their love for God never ends, never falters, never breaks apart, never turns into anger or blaming. They were the lovers that kept the world intact. They were the lovers of God through which the entire world lived and survived. It was their Mercy their tears their love for humanity and the absence of hatred and jealousy in their soul that made the world live. We certainly did not survive so long, because of our own sinful nature or our actions, it was because of those handful of selfless people, whose prayers and whose love sustained humanity up till now.



"Hidden from all. I will speak to you
without words. No one but you will hear
my story, even if I tell it in the middle of
a crowd."

-Rumi

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The Miracle in Rain:

Not only was this saintly woman powerful in her own right, she wielded such angelic intuition that even without realising, she knew what was to take place on the other side of the world.

I remember that day in the showering rainfall, I stood frozen in my place, constantly wracking my mind over the meaning of her words. I couldn't get over it nor could I ever fathom it and till this very day I couldn't even dare to begin to try and understand her words.

It didn't help that she was so sincere and that every single of her actions, were so unattached and disconnected from people, that you could just tell that she was incapable of ever pronouncing even the most innocent lie. She just didn't know how to form a single sentence to impress anyone or even ask a personal question to anyone or even understand why people were asking what they were asking. Her purity was infectious. She was more pure and simple hearted than any other girl I ever met. Even toddlers knew how to be more sneaky and smart and twisted than her. I saw her I spoke with her and I knew people in their psychology enough to know that she was a person in all the world who was incapable of ever speaking a lie or even understanding a lie- if told to her. She was a person who would believe in anything anyone said as the truth.

And when she said those words to that little girl, I stood Frozen to what appeared to me -almost the entire day. When someone asked me questions that moment, I couldn't answer them because my mind was really hundred miles per hour racing in another direction. When one is forced with questioning one's own sanity, life threatens with a new kind of fear that turns into a violent sadness, until you fear for your own stability, I was trying to make sense of what she said but I could never make believe or understand or even come to any conclusion as to what it could ever mean. All I could understand was that last sentence where she said that three friends of God will soon pass away and the world or the Angels or the heavens were mourning them. Or the clouds or the angels were mourning them, I cannot recall the exact words she used.

Because for too long did I stand there in disbelief. My fears between my heart not understanding not believing not realizing what she said and what she meant.

I remember that after I came back to New York when I was still 8 or 9 years old, I used to sit down next to my mom whenever she called overseas, and I waited for an answer about to know something about her. I wanted to know everything that happened and I wanted to make sense of what she said. I used to stare at the sky for hours, that grey New York city skies- wherever I went and whenever it rained, I used to look at my hands and I wonder what she meant when she said those words.

Rainfall changed its meaning to me. I could never enjoy another rainfall became my memory would let me.

The monsoon season became a lingering curse for my once carefree soul as it found the power to torture me into a depression that could make my heart want to lose myself away into nothingness. I never had the strength to face a rainfall by

myself alone without breaking down into violent tears spring from the bitterest fear of the calling signs of death, how does a human being find the strength to survive when their end is all what they see. Any minute we were to become history forgotten, deserted, erased, to become a void in the face of this world, and consign our souls away into oblivion.

And the rain water seemed to come just to remind the human bodies that walked beneath it that very soon we would be gone away from walking upon the surface under the rain to a place bereft of rain or sunshine.

How mundane, how pitiful, how unimaginably useless was this human's life and this worldly wealth and love, the more someone had gained, the more severe was their regret when it was the time to leave.

Only 2 months after that event, a middle aged extremely pious and very knowledgeable, infamous scholar passed away when he went for pilgrimage for India to the middle east. I remember thousands of people came to pray his funeral prayers. And everyone was mourning him at that time.

But I heard about him passing away in the third month after I came back, and the third month of she asking the girl and telling her subconsciously that- three friends of God will pass away from this worldly abode, and then- it was as if my heart shook in uncontrollable waves, I did not want to believe what I heard. I did not want to believe that the death of a man on the other side of the world would be related with her or that it could affect me so deeply. I could not believe that she would get the news of their death when she was only 14,

Sometimes I sit down near my window, for hours whenever it rains and I think about her and her words. I often wondered how many deaths of saints did she know beforehand, where did she get that information from. Within 7 months after that another extremely famous and pious religious scholar who was quite old passed away in Syria. And as usual hundreds and thousands of people came to his funeral. He was known worldwide as a very pious man and it was rumoured that all his prayers would get accepted and it was said about him that he prayed all night for the last 40 years of his life. Within 6

months after his death, another extremely pious Man passed away. He was the founder of one of the most famous religious schools in India, he was also very old and his miracles and his prayers and his piety was well known. Stories about his miracles were known everywhere and he couldn't keep it hidden. He was one of the most pious men of this century. Born in Saharanpur, it is said that he used to go to the jungle and cry out loud like a child because everyone around him was pagan and no one was there in his village who believed in the one God of Abraham, later he used to do farm work and mining for the labourers and send the day labourers away to learn religion so they would get their work done and also learn about God. He gave every last of his earnings away in charity and fasted and prayed nonstop from the age of 20 to 85. Even in his death bed he wouldn't break his fast or take a sip of water until the sun had set.

And after that there weren't any really famous pious men left, and people wondered how these three men died so quickly one after the other. Although natural death in old age, but after them there was no replacement of their kind- in that society. No one could attend their level of piety and their level of sincerity or match their prayers and fasting after they had gone.

When the third man died, I in my unrealistic horror suddenly realized that whatever prophecy she had said that fateful day unconsciously and subconsciously came to be.

My heart shook when I thought about her, getting knowledge from the unknown here and there.

What world did she live in, man why was she cursed to live in this blind world amongst people who were blinded in ignorance and hate and knew nothing of the powerful love and spirituality that primates her world.

We had blindfolds on our eyes.

Blinded by the lies yet unable to find the strength to fight it off.

This world, its wealth, its Fame and all its false love made everyone become drunk in their own ignorance.

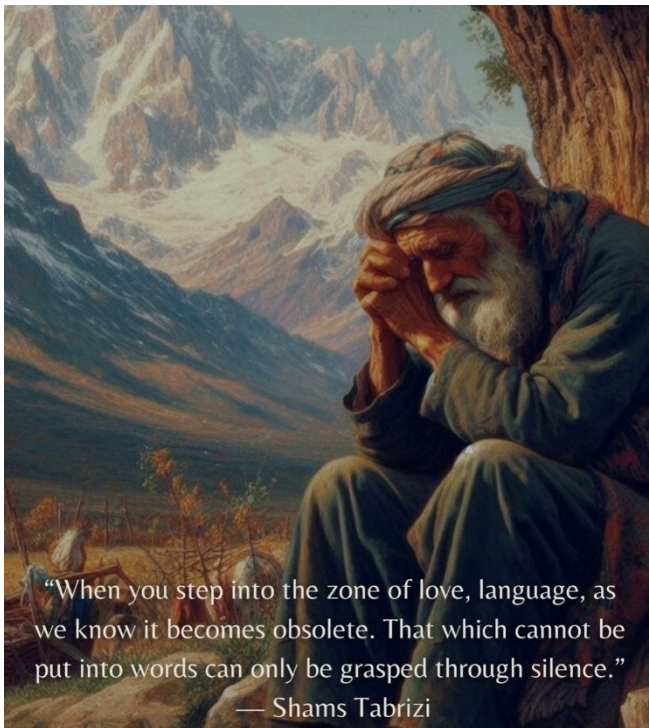
The heavens held a different meaning for me. It was as if they conspired against the world and chose only one or two utterly sinless souls to disclose everything to.

I lived by day to day as a criminal awaiting his sentence, because this world became a prison for me.

I was barred from the knowledge of the unseen, unworthy of its value, pushed away from its power and worthless in the sight of the heavens which could see the deepest pits of my soul.

Indeed, my world was that of a prisoner, born to serve my sentence, forced to do hard labour to earn my bread in this prison like world, banned from ever leaving this realm, chasing after the attention and fame of fellow prison inmates, I didn't know I was imprisoned until I saw her who was free.

In her oppression there was freedom, a freedom that made her unintentionally control and fight the curse of death and sickness.



“When you step into the zone of love, language, as we know it becomes obsolete. That which cannot be put into words can only be grasped through silence.”

— Shams Tabrizi

When the Wind Echoes Unforeseen Calamity:

Alas, what calamity, what torment what disaster had befell us.

What this universe had taken from us with a storm. The world had its way of torturing people with whatever hurts them the most. It was as if this world was a greedy version of hell itself.

It yearned to eat the soul of good men and good women. And whenever it saw a saintly soul, it tortured it -and until that saint would turn into the devil or die from the pain, this world wouldn't stop.

And this world did not spare her. Angelic as she was -pure as she was- chaste as she was, the world did not pity her, nor lessened her suffering anymore, nor took pity upon her innocent heart or tormented feelings, nor had any mercy on her because of her sinlessness or innocence.

It did what it could do to hurt her in every possible way. The world has a way of torturing its inhabitants.

Perhaps it is the hate and suffering and agony and torture that the world was forced to witness for years- that has made it a gaping monster with its jaws wide open waiting to feed on the souls of humans who are brin within its realm.

This tormented world awaits, waiting to prey on the merciful and the loyal loving ones. Indeed, this world spared none. And that thought terrified me into the deepest valleys of depression and hopelessness. Because if she was not spared, she who could control the worlds and life and death, almost control time itself and cure the born sick, and if the world did not take pity on her and if the world did not stop hurting even the most hurt filled souls, then what would it do to people like me.

So, after her departure from our life, I hated the world. I hated life itself for cursing humanity into such sadness and despair. And the sin that causes men to love this world. To live was to sin, yet men fought for this accursed life, yes foolish men fought to stay in the arena of a gladiator fight of life and death for one moment extra, knowing very well they may die and must die any given moment. Maybe it was better for her to leave this wicked world before it could torture her into taking her purity and sainthood away from her. Indeed, the world did not have many saints left. Technology cell phones, videos of lust, laughter and sin deluded mankind, and the sickest of the sick souls who controlled the media had taken over the souls of humanity and had infected and injected the worst kind of sin into the hearts of all good men and women, so deeply that no human of our century even knows the difference between sin and virtue.

Sick men who are slaves of their lovers and have become like pet animals who hunger and fight to serve their lovers have taken over the hearts of children, and has changed the laws of sin into virtue and virtue into sin,

Indeed, it is those men who have cursed the world into something like hell itself and have brainwashed all humans into the slavery of other human and stopped them from freeing their hearts from the slavery of man and animals.

Man has become God and God has been sent away. But men have not become God, men have become animals without God, it was God who kept men human.

How could someone become a saint or remain as sinless as her and gain that divinely power in this century of cell phones and

electricity and satellites and movies and videos of human slavery and distractions.

We wait each day; we wait each day patiently as we watch the axe of death descend upon us. Like a cockroach being chased we hold onto whatever distractions we can find to make ourselves forget about death.

And that is how people survive, they hold on to things that distract them in fear of the world making them insane.

I think it was her sin to live in this world. To live with her parents. To live with her loved ones. She should have thought of us -she should have thought of humanity of the millions of women who suffered around the world and those souls who cried into the darkness of the night and screamed and wailed against the cruelty of the sun , she should have thought of those helpless souls who needed desperately a soul like hers and prayers and love from an angel like her , she should have thought about them enough to leave her family , she should have thought of the women and children who are groomed and sexually molested and abused in the name of love.

She could have lived in the jungle- she could have lived in the desert- she should have never stayed with her family. Perhaps saints cannot become saints because they live with their families, families who are not saints who are not celibate- who are not Virgin Mary or her son.

We needed her; we needed her more now than ever. The ones who have been souls of the cruel world -forgotten and abandoned by cruel madman- forced to do sin -and forced to become a sinner- and forced into the madness of cruelty, those weeping hurting souls they needed her.

I think my plane was flying somewhere over Belgium when the last breath of her saintly soul left from our world, and then afterwards she left us and she abandoned us forever.

Never to return never to come back and never ever to bless us again with her piety and her saintly virtues and her purity which could have moved the world's and wipe away the sickness and sin of all evil men.

My heart could never get over that shock. My heart did feel a most horrible premonition, it was as if the world was getting ready for its own end.

Her funeral was like the funeral of the world and all its people. If someone were to see her piety or felt a sense of her purity even for one moment or spoke with her or even looked at her face and into her eyes, then they would understand that the world and all its people survive and those few sinless souls as hers. It is their pain, their heart felt prayers, their patience, which could take the storm of the universe, their pureness, their love for humanity- and it is those simple souls and their hate less love and loving prayers - that keeps the world running and revolving.

And when one of those souls leave us, then we are one step closer to the impending Doom, with each of passing of a saint we come up one step closer towards the end of the world.

This world felt different without her. She was all the hope, she was all the love, she was all the mercy, she was justice - she was freedom- she was what saints are made of, an impediment of the perfect creation of God who is the perfect Creator.

She should have thought about them before she decided to leave us. She should have thought about them and wept for them. She had no right to abandon all the wailing souls of all the woman that are tormented with the cruelty of degrading sins of mad men with insane souls.

The children of the world, or orphans and those who do not know that orphanhood is there written for them in the near future - they needed her more than her parents needed her.

Perhaps there would have been more saints left in this suffering world of hurricane and tornadoes and passion and the raging wailing of the tormented bodies and souls of humans cursed by this world, if only they could have lived alone away from the sinful people of this sin filled world.

Perhaps it is a sin for people to live in comfort, to live in the comfort of the civilised world with their families and in their homes. Had she left that all and went on to live by herself, then today, we would not have lost her. We would not have lost her precious soul. And the people of the world would not have lost the only beacon of hope in their darkest hour of need, the only hope for this millennia.

Historical archaeologists and historians find evidences of lost civilisations of past centuries of thousands of years BCE, we find proof of their existence, we find their letters, we find their shoes, we find their bones or skeletal remains and weep for them and wonder in amazement about the history of man. But never in the thousands of years of human civilisation was so dark and so dangerous and deadly a time ever come upon mankind. Never were there 8 billion souls with beating hearts and feeling souls and burning running blood- be alive at the same moment in a universe, spread out by the most advanced weapon of every kind of torment possible to be done unto men. Starting from biological warfare and weapons to manmade pandemics to nuclear weapons which could unleash the fire of hell upon the bones and souls of living and breathing human bodies. And never has there been in the world so many humans walking around who carry the souls of monsters, men who have been the victim of the world and whom the world had destroyed their soul and turned them into beasts who prey on the soulful humans that are left in this universe. And she left us all in the midst of this raging pain, she left us all to suffer in the fear of that torturous future that is suspended over the head and souls of billions of innocent human beings and human hearts.

This was a time in which religion was being systematically defamed, framed and destroyed, and every rape and murder and bombing done by devil worshiping men who scream God's name before every sick crime they do. Religion was on the peril of destruction, with the laws of humanity being changed every day by the cruellest of monsters who call themselves men.

God is about to be banned, and family bonds destroyed, and the brotherhood of men annihilated, sisterhood of women destroyed forever, and sickness and sexual abuse and grooming in the name of love and even incest potentially becoming legal once religion is successfully defamed enough.

Man abusing man, man abusing women and women abusing women and children and children who are being groomed and taught to enjoy abuse. This world is hell, and she left this in hell, surrounded by the fire of nuclear hell, and humans whose souls have become rotten.

No time in past centuries did so many billion souls sexually hurt others in unison and no time had man lived in when they were so many in number and such multitude in their chance to sin through internet and videos.

Hell, death, torture, abuse and the sins of men became strong enough to destroy the very oxygen we breathe by any radiation bursting forth to destroy whatever civilised world we know of.

I was never born...

Oh, terror and trials are my courier,

But I am no brave soldier nor warrior,

I am a mere woman, so frail and afraid-

Fearing that life to death has delayed,

But I have no strength to fight death,

Nor the willpower to fight for a breath.

Why did she leave us when we needed her the most?

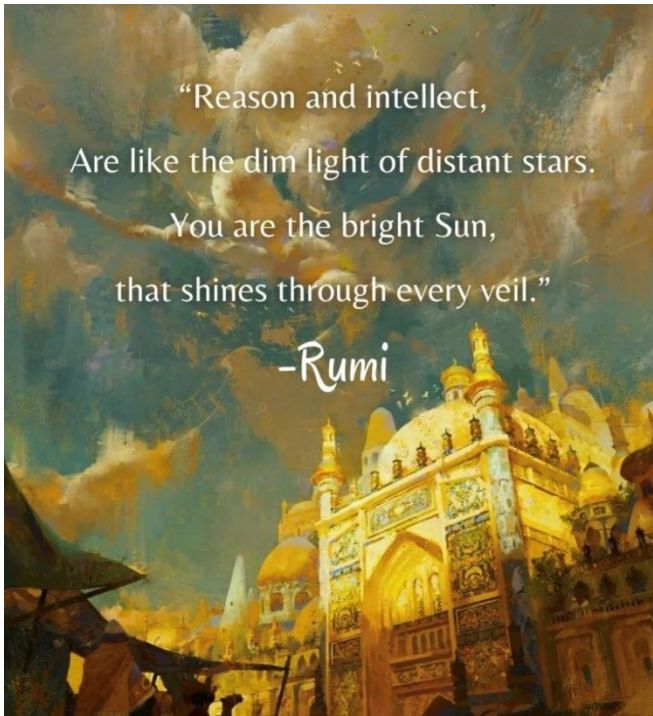
How shall we survive the wrath of mankind and the torments of this war?

What could we have done differently to be blessed with the presence of those who could have given us the last hope of surviving amidst the already languishing souls, tormented, degraded hurt and hopeless human bodies?

For us, it was the calm before the storm; how shall we survive the wrath of this century? Our souls were already the embers left on the fireplace of depression and hopelessness.

It was as if the heavens forgot us and the stars had no need for us so they cared not what we feared, while one by one, they snatched away the only angelic souls they found, to ensure our absolute destruction.

Youthhood is passing by, and death is running towards us and one by one, all loved ones are leaving us without any proper farewell, without any warning, without any pity for those whom they are leaving behind to languish, in the mercy of burning firestorms never known to men before.



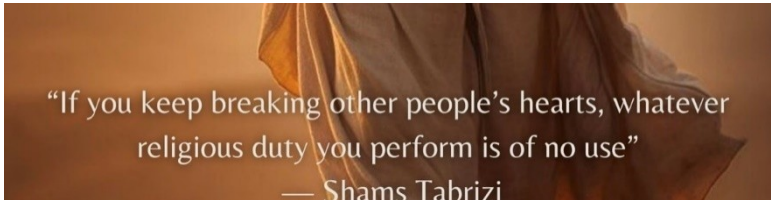
SINFUL MAN:

From the day of his birth, man is hard-pressed and harrowed,
Stricken, smitten of God and afflicted and overshadowed,
His youth is chaff driven in the wind and air,
And his latter end is flying straw or hair,
And his life withereth like an herb that is dim,
And if God too joineth in hunting him.
From the day he cometh forth from his mother's womb,
And prepares for lasting rest in a lightless tomb,
His night is sorrow and his day is sighing,

**For man is weak even when he is crying;
If to-day he is exalted, to-morrow he shall crawl
with worms.
A grain of chaff putteth him to flight, and he
squirms,
And a thorn woundeth him, and a fly impales his
body,
If he is sated, he waxeth wicked, and he is sorry,
And if he is hungry, he sinneth for a loaf of bread.
His steps are swift to pursue riches, though it
were dead;
But he forgetteth Death, who is after him every
day,
But the slightest injury causes him to bray:
At the time he is straitened, he multiplieth his
promises,
And scattereth his words, and is profuse in vows
and guises,
But when he is enlarged, he forgets all his plan,
Returning once more to his sinful clan!**

- SOLOMON GABIROL

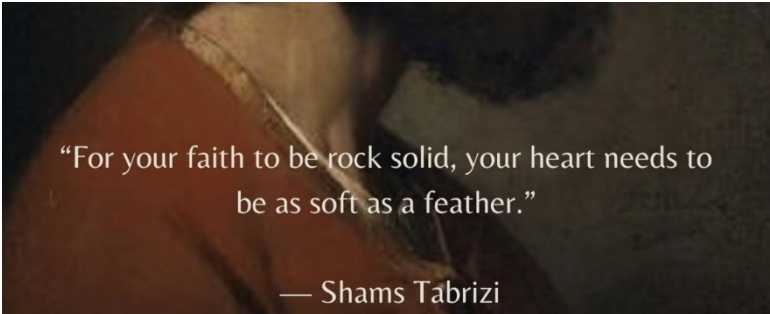
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**"If you keep breaking other people's hearts, whatever
religious duty you perform is of no use"**

— Shams Tabrizi

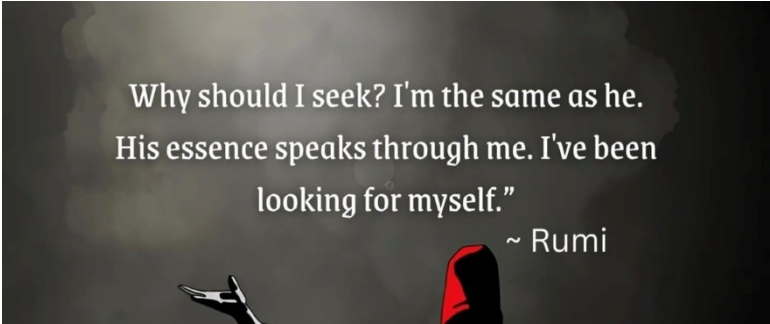
Hope in a Hospice:



“For your faith to be rock solid, your heart needs to be as soft as a feather.”

— Shams Tabrizi

Cancer Cured in Australia



Why should I seek? I'm the same as he.
His essence speaks through me. I've been
looking for myself.”

~ Rumi

As a little girl, I was fond of little children, and adored dolls, and when I was ten years, I took my mother's permission and tried to babysit any toddler who lived near my neighbourhood. One of the cutest children I had the chance to babysit was when I was ten, and the little infant had just turned two years, but was capable of coherent speech, and was mischievously pleasant. His sister and I looked after the baby boy every week, and we even became expert in baby language although I found the speech of the girl to be confusing as she spoke in a heavy

Australian accented English, because she was born and raised in Melbourne.

We remained family friends for a long time, until the family returned to Australia and settled in their own homeland. Several years later, my mother got in touch with the family and found out that their only, who I had the chance to babysit as a child, was diagnosed with cancer, and was undergoing treatment at one of the world's leading cancer research and treatment centres in Melbourne. I was told that this clinic was Australia's only health service solely dedicated to caring for people affected by cancer, and the young man was getting all the treatment he ever needed to get better, but after one month, we again received news, but this time, the boy's mother said the her only boy was dying. He was not responding to chemotherapy and new cancer cells were growing every day, making his body become lean and frail. The mother lamented that her son, who was once an athletic high school sports player, was now reduced to a living skeleton, but despite the boy's severe illness, he tried to be cheerful. His family moved him into a hospice, because doctors said that he did not have much time left remaining in this world, and so, with a heavy heart, the young man was placed in the private house for the terminally ill. His Australian comrades tried to cheer him up, but the boy had become depressed for he knew the time of his death was near.

Meanwhile, my mother and I wept bitterly thinking of that young man's suffering, because I remembered him when he was a toddler, and loved him almost like a son or a little brother. To know that he was dying broke my heart, and I was afraid there was nothing I could do to help that lovely family or comfort his sweet mother.

One day, while I was sobbing, I remembered the vial which contained the holy water where the saintly woman in India was gracious enough to bless, and upon peering into that vial, I noticed that there were only a few drops left in the bottle. How could a few drops of water benefit a cancer-stricken young man?

I was worried that international mail did not allow water to be shipped overseas, so I told the friend that it may not be possible for me to mail the water, but I was given advice that using a vial of regular vitamin would not be scrutinised by the airport customs, and will be permitted to pass, so I thought it was a logical way to mail the ailing person in Australia few drops of the holy water.

At this stage of my life, the supply of holy water had depleted, and I did not have much left, but the sorrowful tones of the friend who was gravely ill grieved me intensely, and I believe that perhaps the people in Australia were extremely emotional, and so, it pained me doubly to see them suffer.

I knew I had to try to send this to his family anyway, even if it meant that nearly every last drop will be one, but I wasted no time, and rushed to the nearest Vitamin Shoppe and purchased a dropper filled with ordinary liquid vitamin c, and upon

emptying the bottle, I replaced the content with the holy water and resealed the dropper bottle, and packed it well. I also called my former friend and took the address of their Australian home, and promised to mail them a dropper filled with holy water which was blessed by the most pious woman who ever lived in this century.

It took three days for the express mail to arrive, and as soon as my friend received the package, she took it to her brother in the hospice and gave him the dropper, informing him about the miraculous woman who breathed the Lord's prayer into the water prior to her death.

The young man was gravely ill and was eager to drink the holy water, and filled one entire dropper and swallowed it. He began to feel better instantly and regained enough strength to get to his feet and walk unaided. Seeing his sudden recovery, other Australian patients at the hospice expressed astonishment and wanted to know what had happened, and the young man eagerly described the story of the young pious saint in New Delhi who had blessed the holy water. He then shared the water with all the dying men in the hospice, and gave each person one dropper full, until the water was finished after the fifteenth person drank, and all of them recovered completely, although they were all suffering from late-stage cancer.

However, there were many more patients in his ward, and they all became frantic and emotional upon hearing about this miracle cure, but it was futile, as the water was finished.

I felt I had no choice but to share the holy water with those ailing patients in Australia, because the magnitude of their illness astounded and worried me. I wondered if there was something in their land which gave rise to cancer, so I became desperate to help them.

It was tearful and joyful phone call which came from Australia that week, as the young man's family expressed their gratitude to us for mailing them the holy water, but I knew this was not my work or my family's benevolence, but it was the workings of a saint who lived no more.

When I heard about the other twelve Australian men and women who were also in the hospital but was not able to get the holy water, my heart broke, and I used up the last few teaspoons of the holy water and sealed it in a glass bottle and mailed it to the Australian clinic, so everyone else there could benefit from it. That was in fact that last of the water I had, as soon afterwards, I lost the holy water permanently as it was tossed in the trash by a cleaning woman.

For centuries, daring mavericks and bold leaders challenged the status quo and still remained notable amongst their peers, and this saintly young woman who lived only to love God and His creation, achieved wonders and miracles which would remain frozen in time. Her heart was with God and no mortal had been able to pierce its inner depths, or make her distracted from her Maker.



The Power and Piety of a Saint:

**Everything appeared as a false illusion next to her.
The world the dresses the gowns the makeup the wealth the
cars the houses the private plane rides the vacation and
everything lost all its glamor all its lustre in that one moment.**

I had deeply regretted ever deciding to go on that journey with her. I was tired of miracles. because when a person becomes depressed, they become even more afraid of the unknown. Movies, friends, music and distraction, vacation food, shopping is what gives them a little happiness. Miraculous actions of God, - power of eternity -eternal life -makes the depressed soul even more depressed to the point of madness. And that is what I was feeling. I was feeling that I would go mad if I stayed with her any longer. How could the mere action of crying turn a person's pain into craziness.

Although I knew that every prayer and every miraculous mission of hers or that of life and death, I knew that through her I could have saved the world, through the power of her prayers and through the compassion of her merciful heart and the history of those frightening events that she had earned so far I knew that I could have convinced her to join with me in my mission to save the world from future warfare and make my country when The war that had already started between the civilized and uncivilized world. I would have reminded her and I knew she would never hesitate to pray to her most beloved God and I would make it her mission to disarm the whole world in an all-out nuclear disarmament to make the world a safer place for the slaves and the creation of God.

While I wrote down the prayers that I needed to ensure the safety of the world, to save the world from mad people who only believe in killing and framing and destroying faith and honour and the civilization of humanity and the honour and dignity of women and children and boys, I realized that I was shaking uncontrollably. I did not know whether I was afraid of God's anger by troubling and getting too deeply involved with his saintly friend.

Sometimes I peered intensely into her eyes in the dark night and it appeared to me that when she wept and prayed for humanity her eyes would light up as if by their own fire. She was not like other olds and she remained from the rest of the people. She never appeared to be in the company of people in spirit even though she was there in bodily form.

Every moment I looked for a chance, a place where I could walk away to so I could scream my heart out and cry madly into the sky and the heavens, until the fear would finally leave my heart. And until I could free my heart from the pain that I did not understand I was facing. All I wanted to do from that day onwards was weeping and I looked for a place away from people so they wouldn't think me mad and wouldn't judge me.

Sometimes I would get startled to find her behind me as she walked nicely and her tread was light and floating as if she were an apparition from a dream.

Every word we say, every action we do, leaves an imprint and an after effect in the world which cannot be struck down by wind or storm. And every parent we see and every love we give for humanity resounds deeply through the echoes for eternity.

By now, she had defied all mortal logic and destroyed my youthful idealism. I had sworn an oath of secrecy to never let anyone know and never share and would resist the temptation of spreading the word about her. I was overpowered by the weight of tradition and I was subdued by generations of logic and civility which forbade me to proclaim anything related with faith and supernatural powers.

Curing an end stage dementia patient, with the nod of a word, curing a born deaf and opening her speech without any speech therapist or the teaching of languages, and the dead that had to come to haunt my dreams, and the other events of the rain and the knowledge of the unknown. I thought God must have a plan with her and no one in the world could Rush his divine plan. Her actions sometimes were so mysterious, that only the flowing cadence of human life around her was the proof that she was still chained to our worldly life.

When I turned around and saw her walk as if she had become the wind itself, I stood frozen for a moment. There was only silence and the stillness of silence around her as if the air itself became heavier and a secret blanket had covered the world around her.

Sometimes when she stood up praying it appeared to me that the world itself had been holding back its breath and that somehow time stopped when she had her conversation with her lord.

I tried my best to shake off that unsteady feeling about her. And I tried to take my mind off that suspicious sensation of her having just returned from a strange and distant world. It was the rushing sound of water and the chirping of the birds and the laughter of the children that I finally came back to the world in front of us.

Because who in the world could understand my pain my fear my horror that had been imprinted into my heart for so long that it was making me go mad with the intensity of anguish.

I wanted to scream and cry when it was raining fiercely.

Faint Tears, Cease!

**Terrified of the dark and loneliness,
I am wary of strangers and coldness.
How can I then survive in the dust,
Though in my God, I still can trust,
And with Him I choose to remain,
With tears of fear and tears of pain,
My lonely heart cries to the wild,
With the persistence of a child!**

I wanted to stand in the midst of a tornado or walk against the raging wind of hurricane so the fear of the wind and the terror of the weather would take away the terror of the heavenly powers that encroached my heart and made me incapable of living a normal life. What had she done to my soul.

What had she done to my world and my routine and my everyday life?

She destroyed my past existence, once and for all. She destroyed my will to live. She destroyed my every ambition for the future.

I had gone to India as one person- and came back a completely different person. Before that trip, I was an extremely ambitious person -obsessed over getting into the best college and obsessed with getting of everything life has to offer. My parents were overachievers and they had instilled that crazy ambition into me from a very young age, there were no conversations in our dining table except politics and more politics and world news, from when I learned to speak, I was already fluent in the language and events on every major news outlet.

I wanted to be the most successful person unmatched by my peers. And that's why I worked relentlessly and had everything in my life planned out perfectly I had charts done and timelines and I had years planned ahead of my life.

I stifled a silent cry, even as my heart burned from within my past. I was already emerging from the ashes of a past world. My college, my high school, the university I had in mind, and also into the social media because I wanted to become an influencer as well. I wanted to become a celebrity, and I wanted fame, I wanted power I wanted to do charity. I wanted to become successful in wealth and business and I wanted to be the best of everything in this world. Up until that very moment I wanted to be the best and everything because this worldly life was all it thought existed.

Indeed, life has a different plan to overthrow me from my path and abandon me in the strangest world beyond what I had ever think was humanely thinkable.

I became as the parched traveller, standing amidst the valleys of a lonely desert.

But those two days destroyed every bit of my ambition. When I had come back, I couldn't make myself study and my heart were no longer in my studies -I wanted to quit school. I started doing bad in my grades and exams, I couldn't listen to the chatter of my teachers - everything felt useless and false, I could not focus on my mathematics, my geography lessons or excel in my science projects. I didn't care about any university studies or my future degrees. I couldn't care less about wealth or fame. They appeared like children's toys and children's plays in theatres where a child wears a crown and thinks himself a king and bully punches another child and thinks himself the most powerful man in the world. And so, I wanted to run away from everything that the world had to offer. Because it appeared to be a very cruel lie, the cruellest lie ever told to man.

A lie that was cruel because it gave people false hope and made them believe in false things. And beguile them and fool them, until death came without any delay on his appointed time to take them away to the land of the living dead.

Death, suffering cancer was real. Yes, death was real and death was the beginning of life, and that life was real. Death was the end of this temporary dream and the beginning of the true reality.

I couldn't make myself foolish, nor fool myself any longer. I had lost every last bit of my ambition. I had to scorn human friendship -love and marriage and wanted to forsake it forever.

Because in my mind I thought that her chastity was the precursor to her piety, and her purity was the main part of her saintly powers.

She was so chaste so very chaste, so unworldly chaste, how could a woman in the 21st century, grow up with such piety and purity as to never look upon the face of a man or speak with them or even know of their existence?

How could a woman exist in the 21st century who no man ever saw except her closest blood relatives with whom- marriage was forbidden with?

How could she maintain such purity in a world so vile and so impure and so filled with the stench of lust and human degradation?

How a woman exists and subsist without ever taking a single picture of herself or ever looking at the picture of strange men and movies?

How could a woman exist in the 21st century without listening to a single song or illicit lyrics when India was a country of music, and she constantly drowned out the noise from outside by reading verses from the Scripture of God?

Unspeakably shy she was. Veil upon veil covered the shape of her feminine figure and her body draped with the thickest loosest and the blackest of robes, and the heaviest blankets were curtains in every single of her room's windows, suspended from the doors and windows of her home.

How could a woman so chaste even exist in a century so overwhelmed with lewdness and vulgarity?

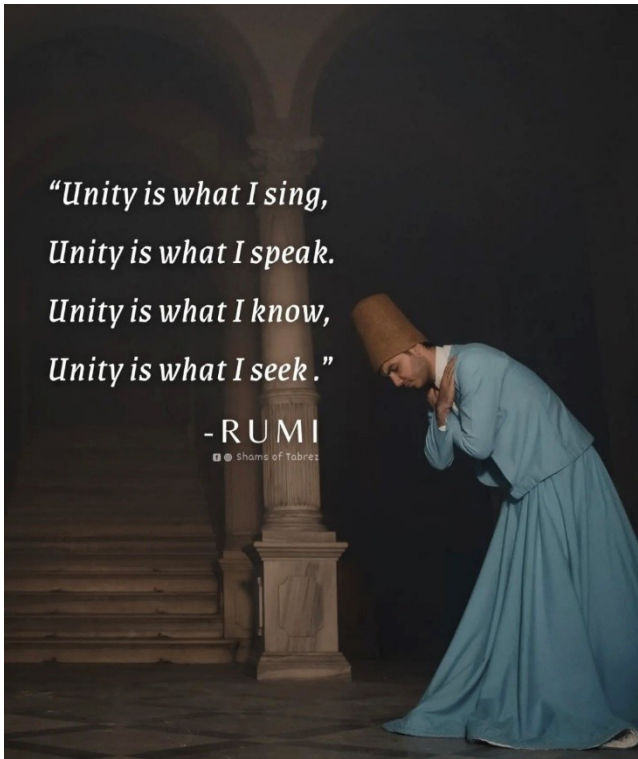
I could not make myself take any more photo shoots or put makeup on or dress up attractively any longer. The whole outlook of my entire life changed, my dress code changed, I started wearing drab and dark clothes after that. I packed away all my blazers my branded jackets my fancy dresses and my designer gowns, and the scores of my matching skirts and shirts.

She whose worth only the heavens could fathom had only three sets of long loose dresses, it was her uniform from her thanawiyya or high school uniform of a long brown loose dress of her high school in Riyadh.

She had done her schooling from kindergarten to 12th grade in Riyadh. The elementary known as ibtidayy was up till the sixth grade of the American level, and then the muthawassitha or secondary school until 9th grade, and from tenth eleventh and twelfth was known as thanawiyah or high school in the North American level.

Yes, three sets of clothes were all she had in the face of this world, although she was gifted many dresses she kept them in a basket in her room and never found any pleasures or interest in wearing them. What right had I to own hundreds of sets of designer outfits when she whom the heavens revered and the

suns and stars adored died while owning only three sets of dresses in the face of this lavish world?
Yes, the woman I met in India was a saint of God, and I doubted that any more were left on earth now that she was gone.



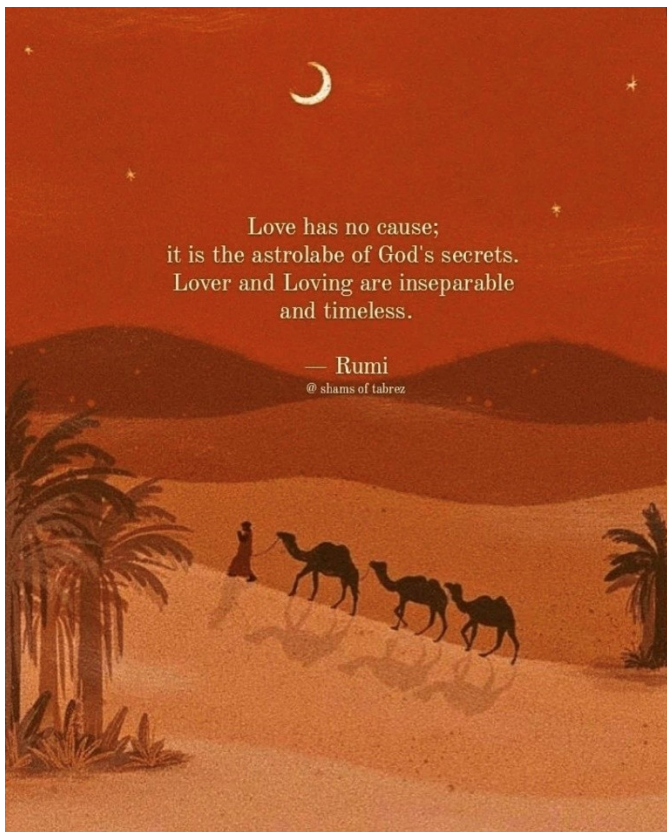
*"Unity is what I sing,
Unity is what I speak.
Unity is what I know,
Unity is what I seek ."*

-RUMI
Shams of Tabriz

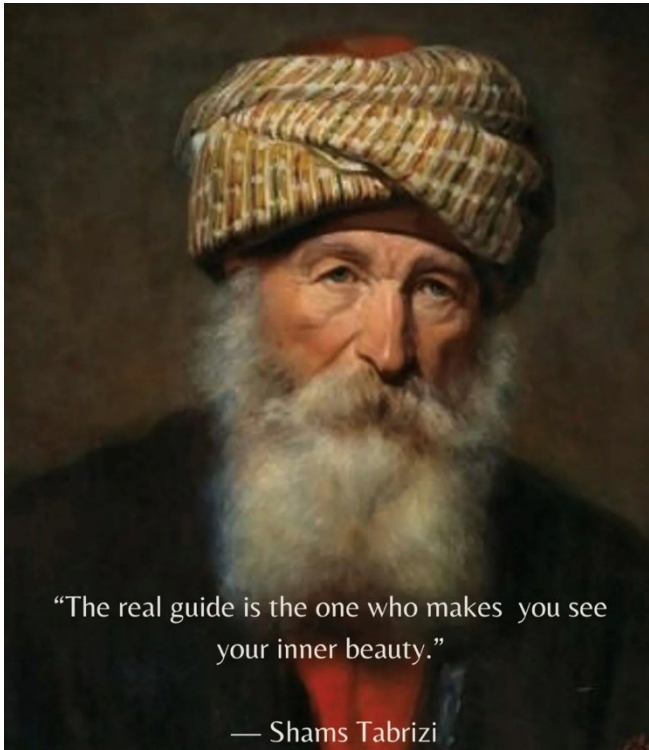
GOODNESS:

Goodness is scarce, for if my evil inclination
Shall come to one camp and smite its benediction,
Then the camp that is left shall leave,
And I shall in my dear God believe:
For temptation has routed me and scattered my
worries,
So that there is nothing left me but the camp of
Thy mercies.
But yet I know that by these I shall overcome and
deluge,
And they shall be unto me better than a city of
refuge.

**Peradventure I shall prevail and smite it and drive
it away,
And perhaps my Lord shall show me His way!
- SOLOMON GABIROL**



The Art of Dying Well...



Life as I knew it and life with the saintly woman was oceans apart, and in short spans of entertainment, and partying and food, most of us found contentment, and in indulgence the saintly maiden found guilt and only pain that ripped her soul apart because her mind was deluged with emotions for those who suffered and starved and she found not a moment of passing happiness in what we found enjoyment in.

Her heart would feel double pain and anguish at the sight of luxury; in poverty and sadness she found solace for it made her feel equal to those who suffered and she took joy in suffering with them and feeling their pain until she could weep and pray for them. In poverty she found happiness. In obscurity she found fame. In people's rejection, she found herself loving and feeling the pain of the abandoned, despised and abused and lonely ones. How could I have saved someone who didn't want

to be saved? This world was nothing but torment for her and she longed for the day she would finally be allowed to meet her Maker. She passed by time and life by enduring the pain while awaiting the decree of her Lord, and then she went back to die. She knew, oh, indeed she knew for she must have beckoned death to grant it permission to take her soul back to the God whom she loved so fully. Life and this world were to her only a path forced to pass, a bridge she had to cross, a lake she had to swim to reach the shore. Her soul has returned to where it belonged, sinless as the day she was born she left this world body and soul. For her soul was so sinless it was already flying up above the heavens, it was only her body that was present in our worldly realm for a few counted days before that too was called back. And so, she abandoned the word along with us all and went away!

Why didn't her love for humanity persuade her to stay a little longer amongst us?

My tears found no answer to it, forever shall it flow in her remembrance, while I lay holding the list of prayers on my hand, I took her untimely passing as a sign that the world was about to face a tremendous calamity so the angels hurried her soul away from our accursed world where the wrath of man's sin would annihilate half, if not all of humanity.

The day I heard that this saintly woman was dead, I knew the world would never be the same again!

So, I live in horror every day to day waking up to check the news to find out had the punishment of hell descended amongst us yet?

And when it shall start, I shall mourn her all over again with that list still in my hands.

Alas, I was so young when I last saw her, at only 12 years of age or so, and such a child I was that it never came to my mind to ask her for a prayer for myself until it was too late.

I suddenly understood what the 12 companions of Jesus felt when he died, and how lost they must have felt when abandoned by him to the kingdom of pagans without him as their guide and how lost must they have felt, for now I felt the same way!

My world, in the century I was born in, had forgotten God and indulged in every kind of sin and abuse, thinking it to be good and great!

The people, at least most of them, had left God and become godless although they were blessed with every kind of technology and happiness and justice, yet they disobeyed God the most compared to past generations.

For 2000 years, the civilised world had endured every hardship, yet never hated or blamed God for what befell them, be it plague, famine, warfare, they endured patiently.

They led sinless lives and because of their sacrifice, today we found so much happiness and justice and peace and mercy. As soon as our sin shall overtake the sinless peoples' amount of good deed, the wrath of hell shall descend upon us, and Genghis Khan or his like shall take over all our democracy and justice and freedom and enslave us all like the pagan era before the time of Jesus where all men and women were slaves except a few.

Warfare shall ravage us and people in their hatred shall curse and blame God for whatever befalls them, never knowing that God doesn't live in this world, because it is a likeness of hell itself.

This saintly maiden suffered so much while I living in so much comfort and so much happiness and so much fulfilment and she who was purer than any angel and more sinless than a newborn, had to suffer so much?

Why could she not have had parents like mine who loved me, nurtured me, spoiled me, while I gave them nothing back in return?

Why couldn't she have had a mother like mine who would defend her and give her last breath for her peace, comfort and mental health?

Why couldn't she have had a father like mine who listened to whatever demands I made and never expected anything from me nor had I ever listened to even one of the things he wanted me to do, yet his love and caring never stopped or slowed down?

Why was she who was so pious, so pure, so sublime and sinless, suffer so much heartbreak and insane pain and humiliation, while I, being an ordinary impious person, enjoy such bounty and happiness and bliss?

I found myself tearing up in remorse and the anger made hit tears burn my eyes, for every time I thought of her, I felt my faith waver. I felt I was losing my faith in anger.

I was almost blaming the God she loved, for the first time and I felt my faith falter and my belief being questioned!

I doubted myself and I doubted my faith and my anger made me want to wail bitterly.

My heart was beyond breaking; it was only anger that fuelled my rage as I couldn't contain myself any longer and knew I had to speak with someone or else this built-up rage would burn me and my faith down.

Why was I so lucky, while I watched movies, hardly prayed, listen to loud music constantly and was addicted to every kind of entertainment and fun and activities, never thinking of God and never praying at night in my entire life and never fasting beyond the month that was required and that too, grudgingly, and yet she who fasted throughout the year, breaking her fast after sunset when the stars were showing and starting her fast from the break of dawn, and she who prayed and she who loved none but God suffered so deeply?

How could I compare it and justify it? Where was justice? Where was equality?

I thought I would lose my mind in anger and disbelief.

Passion was always my sin and my only sin, and how could I come to par with this fact and what will happen to my belief when she for whom I had brought faith suffered while I lived in bliss?

I who often used harsh words against my critics to argue in social media and I never forgave anyone for even the slightest beef and I had who watched movies and took pictures with revealing attires and went out with friends had never faced any adversity in my life, while she who never watched a movie, never listened to music, never chatted or even spoke with a man, never looked at a man and never was looked at by men, she who never raised her voice and had never lied in her entire life, and she who never took a soul not even if an ants or mice, she who prayed all night, fasted all day and prayed for all those who suffered and never lost faith in her God, herself had to suffer so fiercely with her God nowhere to help her.

Her pain did not diminish her belief in God but it was shaking mine's, making me doubt even God Himself, not because I didn't know that He was there but because of my anger towards him. I had become restless during these days, and I cried here and there, as whenever I thought about her life and my life, I looked desperately for a chance to meet with a pious wise

person who knew God and could answer my hearts agony and perhaps soothe my mind.

I looked and searched endlessly for a man of God, as I needed to answer the anguish that burnt my soul and made me almost raving mad in my mental torment, and then I when I was least expecting it, I met an old saint who had come from Persia to visit the holy city.

I broke down before I even began but it was as if his decades of wisdom had already told him what I wanted to know.

He spoke softly as if to himself and answered what my heart was yearning to hear.

I felt the burden of guilt slowly being lifted and the tear that came poured most profusely because my heart had opened up and the anger now turned to hurt and guilt.

"You blame God because your love is conditional, and with Him who is your Maker, your father, your guardian, conditional love is not love at all but an emotional blackmail and a business transaction." The saint began.

"My child," said he putting his hand over his heart, "tears of anger and self-hate has made my blind at my old age but with the blindness of my eyes, the sight and wisdom of my heart had opened. It is easy to love a God who is good to you, Who is charitable and always at your behest, almost as if He is your servant doing what you want him to do, giving what you want him to give, so it is easy to love a perfect God, but it takes true love and true strength to love a God for Who He is and not for what He does. The saintly maiden you speak of does not blame God for what happens to her, as her love for God and His love for her is not bound by actions and transactions and blame and guilt and greed and hate. It is love and nothing but love, no adversity no pain, no suffering, and no actions that happens in the world and no human hate or sickness comes between her love for her Maker and His love for her. Theirs is not a love open to blame and hate and guilt and shame and conditions."

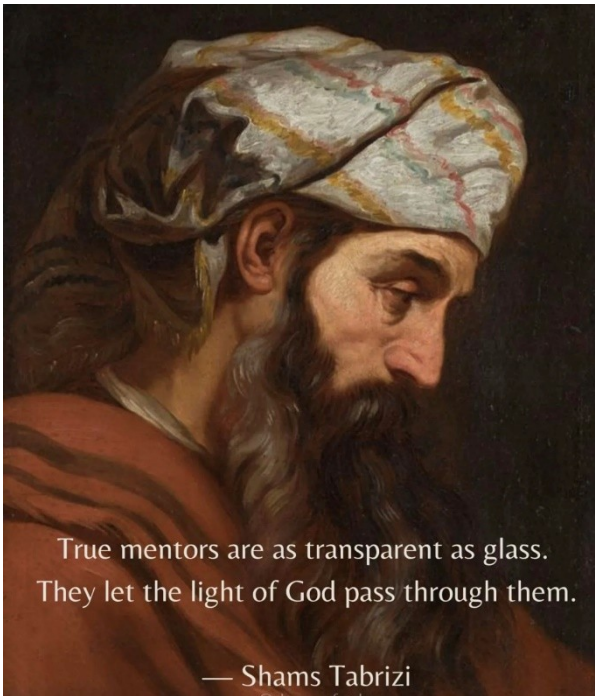
"How?"

"You blame God for whatever befalls you. She does not blame God for what man or nature does to her as her love is so powerful so all-consuming that it goes beyond human suffering. Her love goes beyond human calculations. Indeed, her greatest attribute was gratefulness. A saint is someone who is grateful; grateful to God, grateful to mankind, grateful to parents, grateful to all those who come in their life, grateful even to those who hurt them, because they find humility in pain and

solitude in suffering. The problem with our world is that we are ungrateful, even though we have been blessed with most amenities and blessing ever given to any before and we have become most ungrateful and most violent in our rebellion against God and His laws and faith. All sin, all hatred, all vengeance springs from ungratefulness. Men become sinful and then starts blaming and hating God for every evil that befalls them because of their own actions - only because they are ungrateful to God. Never in the history of mankind did God give so much blessings as God has given mankind now, with near zero mortality rate of death amongst expectant mothers. With technology to prevent death while giving birth, human have been blessed with blessings they never had before. With medication to cure plague and cancer and machinery with technology to test and find out every disease and every modern appliance making life heaven on earth, no mankind in the world or in the history of the world were so ungrateful and so angry at God as they are now. Billions of people have found the coolness of air conditioning and fan in the hot summer heat. They have found medications and modern technology to take care of their illness and their sick. They have found the fastest ways to travel the world and the most expensive food. They have made weapons to protect themselves from both animals and robbers. They have found love and a justice system of an immensurable government. They have found all the happiness by applying standard from the beginning of religion and religious law that honoured human kind and built for them a system of mercy and love, and allowed parents to love their children and give protection without taking any sexual favours. One by one, man has become so ungrateful and so cruel and hateful towards God that they blame God for everything. They started lusting after each other and worshiping each other's ungrateful and hateful bodies and have rejected God and forgot all the blessings that He gave them. When men become so ungrateful, I fear one day, one by one all of their blessings will go away. Their health and their wealth and their freedom and even right to worship God and even the oxygen that they need might be taken away from them. The pure crystal water that they filter and drink might become poisoned with radiation and one by one, every single of their blessings may be taken away from them, because of their sin of ungratefulness. While the saints of God can turn hell into heaven, the sin of man will turn the world of heaven into hell. The saintly maiden was one of the saints of God whose love was too great for any torture to chase her away or any suffering to reject Him or any torment that could make her forfeit Him and go to God's enemies for reprieve or help. She was a true lover while you are truly selfish for you worship God because to worship is to love. You want

God to worship you while you offer nothing in return, not even an unrequited love!"

"My child," said he when I was about to take my leave, "do you know the difference between a saint and a sorcerer? The saint never prays for himself and the saint never saves himself, for a saint's prayers and actions are only done to help others, and the sorcerer does everything for himself and his own gain or to save himself from pain."



True mentors are as transparent as glass.
They let the light of God pass through them.

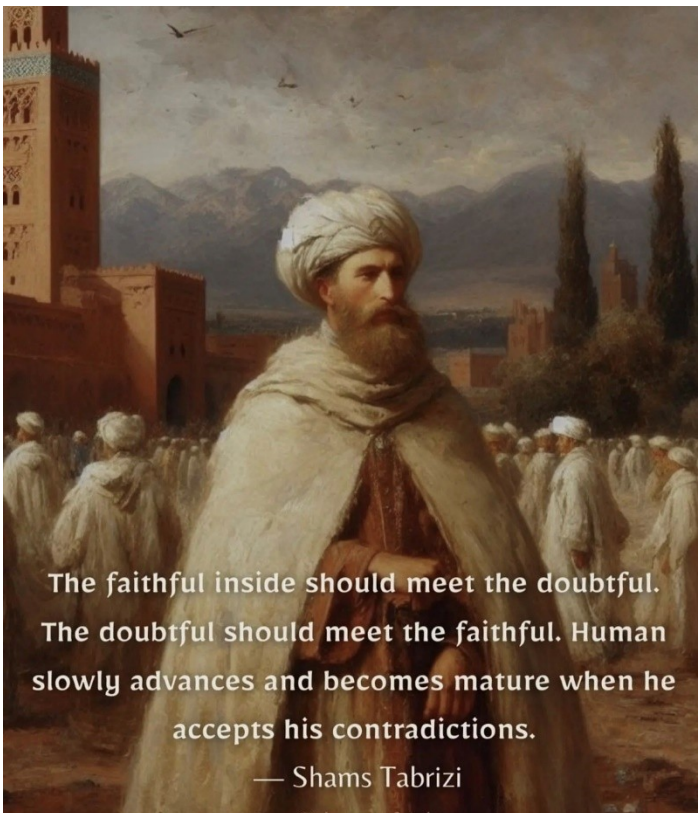
— Shams Tabrizi

GREATNESS OF GOD:

**O who can declare Thy greatness,
Or recall Thy angel's celestial tournament?
For Thou hast encompassed access,
The sphere of fire with the sphere of the
firmament,
Wherein is the Moon,
Which by the splendour of the Sun
Faceth up, shining at Noon,**

**And in nine and twenty days is done,
Fulfilleth her revolving credit,
And then remounteth her bounded circuit.
Of her secrets some lie unveiled and some are
unsearchable,
And her body is to the body of the earth unfit and
unable,
And from month to month, she stirreth up the
world and its chances,
And its good and evil happenings, too steadily
advances,
According to the will of her Creator, Who leads
To make known to the sons of men His mighty
deeds.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



The faithful inside should meet the doubtful.
The doubtful should meet the faithful. Human
slowly advances and becomes mature when he
accepts his contradictions.

— Shams Tabrizi

The Journey of Grief:

While my car picked up speed and all fellow passersby and cars whipped by to drive along the freeway, a thought made my heart want to scream out until I thought I would go mad if I wouldn't let my heart mourn the pain out of my pained soul. How many of those who drove alongside me would be in their grave by the end of this year?

How many of them would be burnt in the blazing oven of a cremation centre, the way they burn their food every night? Yet, how could man go on living and fighting to live this life, this false short life? Were man so short sighted or were they wilfully blind like a crow who hides his eyes under the sand to avoid fear?

I suddenly didn't have the strength to study or to continue living if death was the sure end, so I got out of the car and wept into the gloomy dark skies, drowning my misery in the tears that strangled my soul.

But how could I die for I didn't have the piety or the surety to face death or go into that life beyond our world because neither was I pious as her nor was I even assured of my own faith.

Ah, if only she was still alive to guide us to the light!

Alas, thou saint, why die so soon?

Oh, what have we lost can the world ever realise?

What had we gotten and what had we lost, can humans ever realise? Oh, what calamity and what catastrophic misfortune had afflicted humanity and what trail and tribulation shall thy passing bring upon humanity and our world?

The heart fears and the mind mourn for the greatest loss mankind has ever witnessed and no greater a tragedy has humanity faced in the 21st century.

I sobbed, and my agonised cry echoed across the valleys, travelling high into the starry skies. I was shaking with fear. Every fibre in my body cried for this loss, as I wished I had been there to comfort the dying saint through her final moments. My heart did quake for in this darkness of our world, we were alone. No matter which transformative paths we make, to face the shadow-self of the soul, we were destined to face a trial by fire, and will have to be guided by wisdom's pyre. But without her saintly presence and blessings, how can we face the empty

world and harness this dynamism, in the crucible of our consciousness? As the skies darkened every night, I found myself unable to stay indoors any longer because I am restless with apprehension, and find it amusing to see human beings fight for wealth when death is nearby awaiting them, yet they fight for wealth and they pursue love when their lovers shall find other lovers and forget their existence the moment they die or within several years of their death, yet it was as if the word made men foolish, and a terrifying kind of fool it made them; a fool who forced himself to stay fooled and tortured himself by forcing himself to believe in a lie knowing it's a lie, yet believing it until they themselves get confused.

All the men who worshipped their lovers and pursued wealth and thought they would find fulfilment in their lover's love, did they not know that their lovers would find men who were more foolish than them, men who would pursue their former lover more ardently.

It seemed that the abuse done by humans on the surface of this Earth has made the earth a haunted place and a hungry place eager for the souls of human beings.

It is a monster who becomes more hungrier with every meal she gets. It has become a gaping hole or a beast whose jaws are open and hungers for more and more soul to be doomed to its hell fire and to never be able to leave it. And the more modern men become, using technology as a weapon he preaches sin and debauchery, hatred pride and consensual sexual abuse to the world, and the more harder it becomes for a human being to stay sinless without temptations, and the more difficult it is for any saints to remain amongst us for the world hungers for all the souls it sees walking upon its surface; the world hungers to take their soul away to destroy their faith and their belief; the world hungers for people to become sinful and that is why it attacks human beings with every kind of pain and suffering until they break down and become an abuser and a sinner themselves and become a doomed to live forever in the fiery hell beneath the earth's surface.

My tears shall moisten the angry surface of this accursed world until it pitied those who have no tears left to weep the pain of their hearts out, so I shall mourn her whose nightlong prayers kept our world safe and surviving.

You have indeed forgotten us! You have left us and abandoned us to a world of strangers and men whom the world has made so cruel and evil!

Our hearts shall weep until our life sentence of living in this sin-filled life is finally over!

The mind cannot find words to describe the anguish which the heart grieves in!

You had forgotten all about us! We had neglected you and you had finally left us all alone! All alone in the mercy of the cruellest most unpredictable soulless rulers.

While sinful men dance to the tunes of this hungry world, and who had become beasts after been abused by sinful men and their sins done upon its surface and shore, and so they hunger for the blood of the innocent until it manages to torment humans into madness, and this world tormented even her until -she the saintly angel- couldn't take any more of the world's fiery rage of torment and hate. She left us because the world had become too difficult for her to continue living in? Or was it because we became too sinful to deserve her presence any longer to bless our living planet.

Pain loneliness, hurt and the burning agony of a thousand souls shall question her should we see her on the other side of life or death- as to why she had left us behind to live on with her Lord in the heavens above while mankind languished in the fire of their sins and the torment of their hate and lust?

Was there another one amongst 8 billion condemned souls, who could have contained even half the purity to become a replacement for her who would have saved us had she lived amongst us just a little while more?

Alas, why then did she have to die? I could never get over the fact that she was driven to her untimely death due to the peer pressure from her family members, especially her father who was strictly against all religious practices and hated all religions. He rebuked his daughter severely for wearing the veil and for praying and fasting, as he believed that being pious was akin to being a fundamentalist extremist which the media so colourfully reported about every day. One word of a journalist can have such detrimental effect, that it can destroy the lives of millions, and even cause the premature deaths of saints such as this young pious woman, who was unable to survive in a world which disliked her faith and religious beliefs, and it is sad to see their verbal attacks on religious had not ceased.

It was easy to blame all the suffering our world was to face now, due to her passing, on her father's misjudgement, and his intense hate toward all religion and every form of piety, but to understand his hatred towards religious people, it was useful to delve deeper and find out why he developed this hate for faith

and who was responsible for the bigotry which so many are affected by. Who was responsible for this? It was the mainstream media alone, that brainwashed millions like her father, and made them believe that anyone who observes religious laws and establishes prayers and fasting are extremist and fundamentalists, and this misleading information had cause God knows how many catastrophes like the death of this saintly woman, whose passing was an irreplaceable blow to our very existence and a giant dent to human civilisation, for had she lived, the world could have been a better and more peaceful place. Such colossal harm this media perpetuates, and yet, no one holds them accountable. They destroy millions of people's lives and still they stay heroes. With their daily podcasts, talk shows and news bulletins, they drip poison in to the minds of unsuspecting people, by convincing them that anything atheistic, or godless is good and glamorous, while all faiths and monotheistic creeds are uncivil ideas, and this causes only more discontent in the world. Some media personalities claim to be fair, and thus, cover stories critical to religious beliefs, but in the name of justice, they do the greatest injustice in the world.

She was a phantom thing, and joy and hope for our world. She was an embodiment of grace, her warm and bright eyes perpetually alight with the wisdom of the ancients and the untold stories of a poetic past. Wrapped in the resplendence of a black scarf adorned with intricate dark embroidery, she carried the allure of a thousand sunsets within its folds. Her veil was a part of herself, as she concealed her face from all the men of the world, in her zeal to be pure and chaste, and the fabric of her veil caressed her visage, a tender guardian preserving the sanctity of her beauty. Her gaze, deep and fathomless, held within it the power to stir the soul, beckoning one into the depths of a spiritual odyssey.

For those who are depressed, for those who see no hope, for those who find no strength to fight on living this life, these events will either put peace in their heart in Hope for Life beyond this world, or it will petrify and terrify you.

My life was false before I met her, it was based on dressing up going to parties going out with friends, eating out in restaurants, vying with each other about good grades and the obsession to get admitted into the best university, and the best clubs, and the mind somehow tried to stay busy and try to keep itself obsessed from one event to the next, trying to make myself forget about the inevitable. Despite these distractions and achievements, there was a gaping hole deep inside my

heart. And sometimes the sadness would come and attack from all sides when I was alone or when I came face to face with death or illness of a loved one.

O Wild Death! I Have Heard...

**I am but a weak and lonely soul,
So let my tears be witness for the goal,
And my prayers be the shield of this breath,
Against the cruelty and terrors of death,
Where the web of human life,
Amidst all the sin and strife,
Rekindles pains from far away,
Reviving the sorrows of yesterday.**

It was those few times that suddenly life and living sometimes felt useless- worthless and did not seem to find any hope to go forward or go anywhere. I did not find a purpose in life, for some men they find the purpose in love, but those men are from a very stupid and low IQ- in fact the lowest IQ to ever think that those whom they love will love them back, or those whom they stalk and worship won't find other better lovers to worship them and love them and be loyal to them after their death. Perhaps their worst enemies will love their current lover a lot more than they could, and win the heart of their lover whom they worship and worked so hard to please and protect and defend. Any intelligent person finds no purpose in worshipping a worthless human being no matter how much love they give you, it only proves that they will love your enemy more. It only proves the weakness of your lover. But many people are obsessed with the worshipping a human being, they are blessed with a low IQ and their stupidity makes them believe that if they work hard enough or sacrifice enough for a person, that person will love them or remember them, and somehow that

love will help them and make them successful. Happy I am for those silly ignorant souls, they have found their drug of happiness false as it is, but to them it's real and true.

But my parents were not romantic nor were they fools and coming from academic backgrounds, I too did not find any validation in human love nor did I seek it from anyone. My ambition was all about power and fame and wealth which I thought that I could use for a good cause and find a purpose in life by saving those whom the news headlines mentioned.

Before her, to me, God was a luxury, a thought or a profound philosophy,

I had studied Blaise Pascal's philosophy and found contentment in his idea of right and wrong, morality and God.

Through his philosophical investigations, he found that there were strict limits to what we as humans could know. For him, neither the scientific method nor reason more generally could teach individuals the meaning of life or the right way to live.

Pascal also wrote about how humans tried to avoid thinking about their mortality, the extent of their ignorance and their liability to error. Yet he also believed that there was nothing more important for people to consider than their true human nature. In this reasoning, without understanding who we are, it would be difficult to understand how we ought to live.

In Pascal's view, acquiring self-knowledge was a necessary stage on the way to recognising one's need for living with faith and purpose in something beyond oneself.

In fact, Pascal argued that believing in the existence of God is essential to human happiness.

I knew he was right the day I met this angelic saint and saw her miracles, and my heart knew that the God she adored was real and Good.

Her physical existence ceased, but I was certain that there were some vestiges of her glory remaining somewhere on earth. She was dead, but doubtlessly looked on upon her former home. She lived on one of the sun-drenched corners of the world, where the gentle hum of a rustic afternoon whispered philosophies, and her soul stood on the cusp of a mystical story as old as time. The terrain she called home was rugged and rich, and raised her with a promise of devotion that the bravest knights of yore would envy. Her nobility and stance were strong, yet tender, and whenever she came across someone in pain or distress, she uttered an unspoken vow to protect and

cherish those helpless souls. The woman was legendary to me, as her beauty was a timeless echo of an era of pure piety and gentleness. Every time I visited her home, she smiled most gently and returned my gaze with a softness and grace that could inspire a thousand sonnets. Her eyes were kind, and alight with the love and affection, and seemed to hold the power to weave life and death into one tapestry of reality.

Her life, if it could be described in one word, it was love! She loved all with a calm devotion and I was sure, as I looked into the heavens, that the angels of heavens envied her, for who could come near the dust beneath her feet? Who could compare themselves with her piety and her power and her prayers?

Sometimes I heard stifled sobs while she prayed and I knew she wept for mankind and she loved God's creation because they were God's creation. She never had any hate in her; not for her enemies, not even for those who hurt her, because she never justified hate as we did, and she did not judge people or hate them even in the least as she saw all of mankind as the children of God.

We lived in polar opposite worlds.

Our world was different; my life, my social media, Generation z and all their drama and even in their charity, they hated people passionately and somehow justified it. Either they hated religious people or the religious ones hated the irreligious.

One by one, in my life, I had to often cut off friends and acquaintances after finding out their posts and their passionate hate scared me to death.

Our sin was passion and we justified hate by claiming to be sinless ourselves.

One by one, all influencers and celebrities I followed showed their hate and it alarmed my soul, making me uncomfortable somehow.

Some hated their own country calling for a revolution because they were religious, others hated a nation for supposedly attacking a civilian nation while other yet justified it and hated those who angered them first by attacking civilians but every post I saw, every comment I read and every video on my feed and every political speech or every person I met was filled with hate and more hate and anger, and everyone justified it and everyone had their arguments, until I wanted to run away from this life and until I couldn't even trust or love anyone even as a trustworthy friend because passion and hatred for fellow humans was the core of every so called justice.

But my saintly comrade was different.

She was different, for never did I ever hear her utter a word of

hate towards anyone; not even those who insulted her because of her veil, not those who laughed at her nor those who mocked her and nor could I ever get a word of hate out of her mouth towards those whom the media reported as killers!

**Piety was her ensemble; her soul was pure.
Once you met a woman so Godly, you could never find peace with humans whose hearts and minds were filled with human love and hate.**

I remembered what that elderly sage said to me: It is easy to love a loving and Benevolent God but what is not easy is to love God's imperfect creation.

**The 40th rule of Love:
How could you claim to love a God and hate His creation? Were they not God's children?**

**Perhaps that was the reason she would readily forgive even her most fiercest torturer, and those words of the sage burst out bitter springs of hot steam from the eyes of my soul.
How true it was!
Yes, how could you claim to love God if you couldn't love His creation?**

**Now it made sense! We wouldn't punish our best friend's child no matter how evil he is, rather, we would report him to his father and let him take care of the situation.
Even if evil men were to torture her or hurt her most tremendously, she wouldn't hate them because she loved their God, their Maker so she would forgive them because of her love for God.
She wouldn't hate them or scream at them, and she wouldn't plot for revenge and she wouldn't start a revolution and kill the children of God. She loved their Maker too deeply for any hate to linger in her heart.**

**Oh, what a heart that was!
Alas, if all the world were to be filled with women like her, it would be heaven indeed.
After coming back from seeing her, I couldn't respect the celebrities any longer, as I saw the anger in their soul and the hate and I detested it.
How could I trust them not to hate me one day should they misunderstand me or should they think I am of their rival religion or country or political party?**

**I could only trust the lovers of God who would never take revenge even on the worst of their enemies.
I longed only for the company of the saints whose hearts were so full of love that there was no place for hate or anger.
They prayed for their worst enemy and took every pain as a path to prove their love to their Lord merely for creating them**

and letting them know of Him and His love.

It was comforting to know she loved God so she could never hate any human beings, and because she loved human beings, I could be sure she could never hate their God.

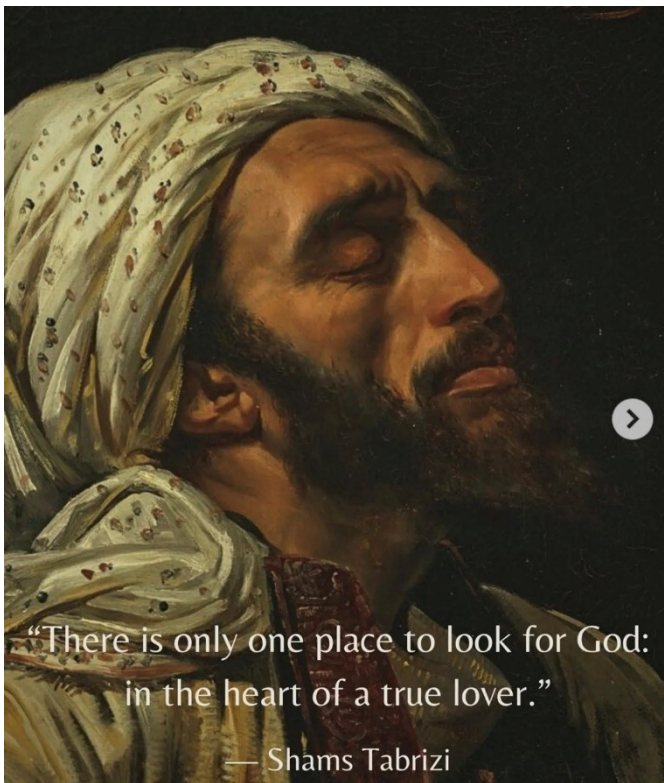


XXXVII.

SINFUL MAN:

**Would it please Thee, O Lord, to overlook my
flaws,
And hide my sins and trespasses from death's
jaws,
And forgive me even in the midst of my days,
So I may yet, echo Thy Benign praise?
Until I shall have prepared what goodness I need,
And add rituals and prayers to my sorry deed,**

**Seeking provender for the day of my journey,
Before I go out of my world on a gurney,
And return to my place, alone and naked,
As I had been, when first created.
O do not call unto me to see sorrow,
When I shall meet Thee tomorrow!
Better were it I had remained unborn,
Than to have come hither, earning sin and scorn!**



“There is only one place to look for God:
in the heart of a true lover.”

— Shams Tabrizi

Death, death, everywhere!

I was a dead person walking talking like a human being who is still alive, but my every hope - every wish- every dream, every will to wake up, eat and sleep or to even function day to day was destroyed. All I saw was death everywhere and felt a sadness that made the chore of living a most painful curse of a torturous survival.

How can you eat and not think of the uselessness and shortness of this life?

How can you sleep not thinking the useless cycle of life and the cycle that makes every single day a worthless meaningless routine where you know the end is so close so real so inevitable, yet you fight on to live?

The Horror of Burning:

Cremation of a body takes place in the first of two chambers, the primary chamber where the interior can reach temperatures of 2000 degrees Fahrenheit. In the Inferno, the soft tissues of the body, incinerate and vaporise, reducing to chunks of brittle bone and some ash. An average cremation takes one to two hours, depending on the size of the person inside. During those one to two hours, about every 10 minutes or so the body undergoes intense changes on its way to complete cremation.

I was sad and stricken by the idea that human bodies in this part of the world would be burned in an oven soon after death, so I asked an employee at a cremation centre what happens to the body in the crematory?

I was told that before a body is placed into a crematory, the 'oven' is preheated to 1500 degrees. Then the body is put into the first chamber with the aid of a special machine. This is because the crematory is dangerously hot and bodies can be heavy. Within the first 10 minutes, all clothing burns away, leaving the body exposed to the dreadful heat. Exposed to the flame, the muscles, skin, organs, and fat begin to sizzle and

shrink. Sometimes, the body is incinerated before its muscle tissue has decomposed, and then the limbs contract and the hands form a fist, the head also tilts to one side or appears to move, causing some degree of trauma to those who are viewing the scene.

Those who remain in the crematorium to view the cremation of their loved ones reported that after thirty-five minutes into cremation, the calvaria or skullcap separates from the rest of the skull as boiling liquid pours from the fractures. The facial bones at this point have almost no tissue left on them and all the bones of the chest are exposed with the ribs either bending inward and outward. The vital organs of the abdomen burn endlessly and continue to shrink and the arms and legs become stumps of blackened and burned bone, free of soft tissue, because those have been completely consumed by the flames and after 40 minutes in the burning oven, the once beautiful and firm head is gone, as the skull is burned to ashes, becomes brittle and cracks away, exposing a blackened brain that gradually become cinder, while the bones of the face become mostly disintegrated. The chest area is also broken down, with twisted ribs which displaces most abdominal organs. All those body organs become hopelessly burnt and transforms into a spongy black material, shrunken and burned. The lower parts of the arms and legs are the parts that burn first, leaving only the thigh and upper arms stumps for the fire.

Every part of the human body is destroyed, from the arms and legs, and the spinal column come apart 60 minutes into cremation and the human torso breaks apart, and every bone, including the skull becomes nothing but bone fragments and all vital internal organs are reduced to ash and consumed by flames.

Not only do bodies burn mercilessly in the crematorium, a horrifying smell is emitted as the human flesh sizzles and burns, and so, a secondary chamber is built over the first to trap the gas, and this is where the remains of the dust are

subjected to temperatures of around 1700 degrees Fahrenheit to reduce odour and emissions...

How can a wise human being still go on living or find any happiness or any hope in anything or anyone in this life?

Sometimes I feel this pain inside my heart would rip apart my whole being and make my heart bleed out in spasms of agony.

Sometimes I felt I could no longer stay indoors, for the home felt like a grave- and anything enclosed felt like a grave because perhaps my days to leave this world and going to the grave was not so far behind.

The heart cried out and then the tears sprung mercilessly and endlessly, trying in vain to soothe the heartache that plagued my every thought, and every action until I wept while I ate; I wept while I prepared my bedding thinking I may not wake up the next morning, yet not prepared for that terrifying journey into the afterlife, where I had nothing prepared for, had no faith strong enough to endure such a gruesome and fearsome journey, nor was I simple enough to ignore the signs and power of that heavenly presence or a supernatural world beyond ours, so stuck in limbo, and cursed to be born on planet earth, I wept for the children born, and I wished desperately in my languishing agony that spanned my days and nights, to not be born and travel back in time, to never have to suffer so severe a pain, to live life like a criminal sentenced to the most painful death penalty!

Do death row inmates enjoy their last meal or do they mourn and weep with every morsel they ingest knowing it will become the food of worms or the fuel of fire, soon?

Do the death row inmates sleep the night before or spend the time procrastinating about what their life could have been or do they mourn for their loved ones who would suffer after their demise- and when they finally wake up in the morning, do they fix their beddings, knowing they will not return to their beds tonight nor ever?

I lived my days as a death row inmate waiting anxiously for life to pass by and the pain grew stronger with every passing day until I thought that waiting for the board to be removed from under the criminal was more fearsome than the actual act of hanging and dying.

How could I go on with life and laugh like foolish children or eat and believe in the love of others who along with me, were

standing on the board with the noose of death tied to their necks?

The most high-end food, the most expensive designer clothes, the best perfume I had, yet there was no pleasure in it, and only anger for trying to distract me from the inevitable.

I no longer found joy in the birth of children, but wept for them as if they were cursed to weep their lives away like me, and when I visited the terminally ill patients, I wept as though it were I who were going to die. I thought this pain would make me lose all purpose of life, all happiness and all hope.

I was glad to see the light hearted people laugh and smile thinking they'll live forever. How happy the lives of those who believed in false love of changing emotionally unstable human beings, and found happiness in their pursuit of a love so temporary, so false and fleeting.

How lucky they were to be born with such low IQ and blessed with such trusting, childish, brainless hearts!

How happy was I for the ignorant ones who chased after wealth, not knowing that they won't even live long enough to enjoy any of it; rather their enemies would take away their wealth from their children once they passed away.

How happy those who were blessed with stupidity and blindness were!

How torturous life was for those whose eyes were forcefully opened to the truth of death!

How gruesome their pain- how merciless that burning anguish!

How fiery that fire that burned their souls and how steaming their tears that burned their eyes and moistened the ground they would be buried in!

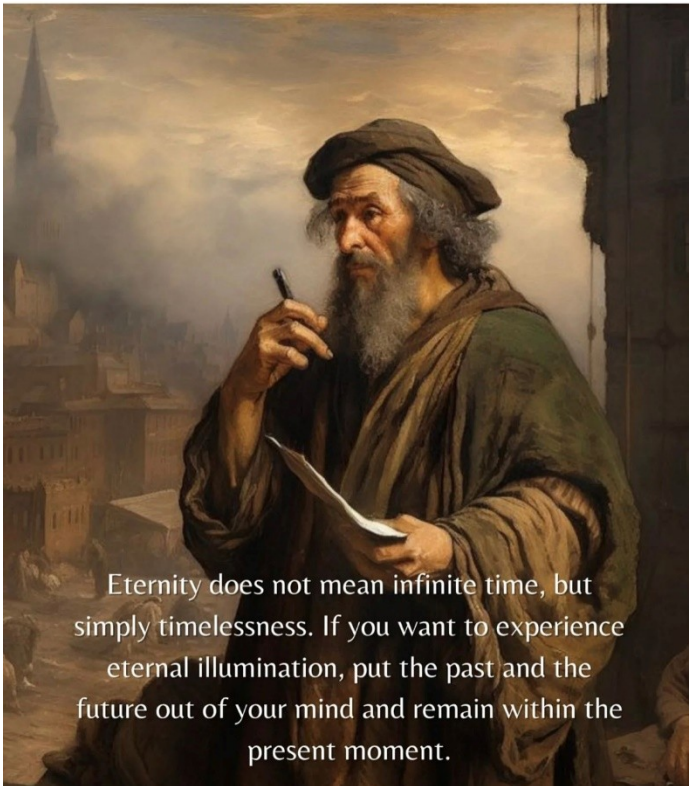
How severe the suffering of those who knew of the truth and reality of death and decay and the falsity of human folly and fake, fleeting, changing love and a wealth which had to be abandoned no matter how long you lived!

How could man go on breathing without wailing out into the darkness of the careless stars, the stars which would outlive them and outlive a thousand generations after them?

How could a human heart find contentment or peace in this worldly span of living, when they knew that the only thing that

will exist of them in several years -were a picture on a broken frame or the patch of land over their place of rest or the dust of ashes after they were burnt like the turkey and chicken they bake to eat for holidays?

What are we human beings, but a speck of dust and particles in the Milky Way, that exists only for the smallest span of time amongst the billions of light years that has existed and shall continue to exist after our time is up?



Eternity does not mean infinite time, but simply timelessness. If you want to experience eternal illumination, put the past and the future out of your mind and remain within the present moment.

I Saw the Real Picture:

I was a happy child, a carefree child with the healthiest happiest memories that ever a child could have, and all my happiest days were that of my childhood.

I never knew death, I never thought of it, I never cared for it, and never understood it, nor wanted to, for I had no interest on something so unreal and far away. But what had happened to me after coming back from meeting the saint was not explainable, and I began to ponder over death more and more.

I now feared death and a maddening fear encroached me and nothing but death seemed true and real and all else appeared false and fake.

I saw the corpse of a woman, a young woman laying alone near my uncle's mother in laws body as we prepared her for the coffin.

I found myself almost mad with pain, and breaking down in uncontrollable sobs outside, sitting on the pavement of the funeral home on the outskirts of Princeton, I was weeping and mourning for a woman I didn't know.

I was young, a young girl, death shouldn't have come to my mind, but when faced with it, I lost all strength and all ability to live on.

I wept because she was alone; oh, she was so alone. There was no one with her. She lay like an abandoned thing, a cast away, something no longer needed but avoided by people.

Perhaps she had a husband or a lover a boyfriend or maybe even children and siblings, but no one was there with her that day! They had all left her to death and continued living, and her life had ended, her story stopped, her turn at life closed down forever, and she was to make place for someone else.

This was life then? Was this what I was studying for? Was this life and this end the true reality of life and living?

I went insane for her, but really for myself, for I saw myself in her and oh, indeed I was not ready for death.

I was no pious saint like she who had left this world in a hurry with happiness and peace, she who was already living in heaven whilst on earth, now she went to where she belonged, but I belonged nowhere.

I had no place, no identity, no ambition, I didn't know what to follow or how to attain the piety and purity that came to her so easily!

Alas, could I ever have the patience and the strength and the humility to accept the painful episodes of her life that she was forced to endure?!

I, whose life was perfect, yet I broke apart, and she who was so innocent and sinless, yet she paid with pain and terror when her own family turned against her so violently?

She who had no friends, no siblings, no lovers and nothing but her family and they betrayed her cruelly indeed.

But she had God, whom she never asked anything from nor blamed nor hated for the action done to her by humans!

She was dead!

Death terrified me for I was no saint, and I feared being forgotten and lost and I lived as if I were already dead and life appeared painful and gloomy and I had become so hopeless that I feared for my own ability to continue living on my own any longer.

Since I was a toddler, one of the main memories of my life had been my mother looking after my flowing and luxuriant hair. Every single day of my life since I was old enough to form memories, I recalled my mother seating me in a chair and brushing and beatifying my hair, using the most unique herms, oil, lotions and hair sprays to ensure my hair always remained luxuriant and healthy.

I never truly appreciated the significance of the effort my mother dispensed upon my skin and hair care, but she somehow believed that her daughter's hair routine care was one of the most important things in life, and so, as I became older, my hair grew longer and thicker, and my mother ended

up spending hours each day braiding and brushing every strand separately to ensure no knots or tangles remained in my hair.

At school, the result of my mom's hard labour could be seen, as I often noticed that among all my female classmates, my hair was the longest and fairly silky, although I felt it was irrelevant at that time. My friends' had shorter and close cropped hair that did not come all the way up to their knees like me, and more than once, the length and thickness of my hair overwhelmed me, and I sincerely wished I had just trimmed it like my peers, but the effort of my mother during all these years prevented me from cutting off several feet of flowing hair which she had spent so many thousands of hours each year to hone and perfect.

Hopeless Sorrow is Passionless,

**With a form so fair, will I be cast away,
On the eve of my funeral day,
To become food for worms and insects,
When I had lived like a physical princess?
Will this bright skin rot and decay,
In the darkness of dust and clay,
And will vipers tear these hairs away,
Or earthworms cleave my heart astray?**

Millions of people died each year in this country, and it pained me to think that nearly all of them underwent the brutal process of cremation which burned the deceased to ashes. It was common knowledge that in cremation, the body undergoes intense heat, often over 2000°F, and the blazing hot flame in the crematory ignites the entire body, but reduces the hair into a smoke-filled pungent ash, after which the flames spread and reduces tissue to ash and fragment bones. However, I shuddered to imagine how painful the idea was to think that all the women who passed away in this part of the world would be

placed in that agonising oven and before the rest of the body burnt to ashes, it would be their luxuriant and rich silky long hair that would disappear in a flaming burst of fire. Of course, the liquid within the body would be vaporised and treated before entering the atmosphere, but after several hours of burning, the remaining bones of the person would be removed and pulverised in a food processor or blender machine to form cremated remains which will then be mixed with the hair residue of the human body. Such was the end of millions of people who once had long and beautiful hair. How painful it was for me to imagine that after my mother spend thousands of hours beautifying my hair, and after I had spent so much time and money on my hair and skin care routines, all my efforts would be in vain, because the moment someone died and was placed in a crematorium, their hair and skin would be the first body parts to catch fire, evaporate and burst into flames and become pungent and filthy ashes.

How vain was this life!

How pitiful was my life, to think that my long and silky hair that now flowed below my knees, would become the greatest liability in the funeral casket that crematoriums use, for once the body and cremation container are inside the cremation oven, the funeral fire catches alight, and the temperature begins to rise. The cremation chamber is automated to maintain the hottest possible temperature and a crematorium employee, known as an "ovenist" increases the heat to several thousand degrees to ensure every part of the body is burnt and charred. There is no escaping from that hell, because in addition to being roasted at such a high temperature, the ovens are lined with bricks to trap in the heat. After crushing the bones, tooth and hair in a blender, the loved ones are given the remains of the powdered human skeleton, which was once their beloved father, daughter or sibling, and all they now have left is a small cup of ashes, not unlike a cup of all-purpose flour, with the residues weighing less than two kilograms.

O Death! I Arise from Hopelessness of Thee!

**O how I wish to be in the cleanliness of the
sand,
Where sunlight and moonlight magically
expand,
And heavens bathe the clean deserts with
beauty,
Where the Bedouins tread upon their cavalry,
On horses and camels, with chivalry and
charity,
And I shall be cheered with the desert purity-
With lutes of love, as the desert wind sings,
And with each note, a new comfort brings,
And the free Arab in his spacious home,
Shall perpetually above me rest and roam,
And kindred spirits and noble tribes,
Shall declare eulogy to their scribes,
And the glittering sands would never be
dead,
Nor its love and lustre ever be shed;
And the sound and music that they sow,
And the wandering footsteps as they go,
Will remove the sorrow from my eyes,
Bestowing glory like garland of leaves!**

Depression threatened me with severe attacks suddenly without warning, and I thought the pain would kill me if not the fear of death. I was once traversing by a cemetery, and the awe of life and the fear of death made me think deeply about my God and King. The graves were full of people who were great conversationalists, talented writers, illustrious cooks, and fashion idols. It is stunning to think that they all met the same end. Somehow what shade of lipstick matches your outfit doesn't seem to matter when you walk those lone pathways. Somehow your sharp mind that often wins word-wars against others doesn't seem to be able to bring itself to say a word as you touch the soil beneath your feet, the soil above their heads. Somehow the expensive shoes that are covered with the dust of that hushed graveyard don't seem so valuable anymore.

What is the ultimate truth of life in this world?

Everyone who existed died. Everyone who exists will die. The breath in your chest as it rises and falls is an indication that time is passing. Every moment gone is a piece of your one chance, gone.

At death you will not wonder what would my life have been like if I had more things? You will not wish to have made more money or been more fashionable. You will not wish you had more degrees to your name.

You will only wish that you had worshiped God better. Only that, nothing else.

The angel of death stands by, unbeknownst to you as your life comes to an end by the moment.

The angel of death hovers near you as your time nears its end. The angel of death makes mourners of merry people. He obeys the orders of Allah without fail, without choice in the matter.

One day it will be me under soil. One day it will be my loved ones wiping their tears and walking with hushed words away from where I am. One day, I will wish that I had worshiped my Maker better. I will only wish that, nothing else.

That day it will be just me and my deeds. And perhaps I will not have done enough. Perhaps the angel of death will take me before I am ready to meet my Lord, before I have given away my money to those who had a right to it... before I had decided to give up everything that leads me away from The Path of Truth.

And so, restlessness is what I seek. Tired eyes and worked hands. I seek until the day I am deposited into the graveyard, to never rest until I have given everything I can, and worshiped

Allah with every limb of my body and carried others through their difficulties.

Indeed, restlessness in this life is what I seek. The time for rest will come soon!

Oh, I couldn't make myself go to my hometown or my home state any longer, for every time I crossed the state line, I thought of death and suffering and horror. I couldn't pass by cemeteries and graveyards without wondering when shall my turn come to become nothing and turn into a nobody.

I feared life more than death when depression attacked my mind but then when night time came, I feared death more than life. I did not want to go to a place where I didn't have any backup.

I needed her to guide me, to tell me how she attained her connection with that outer world of eternity. for this world was short indeed. So short, so brief, so limited and so filled with pain, torment and suffering that if hell had a name, then I would call it the earth.

My birthplace, my home state became something like a grim reminder of death, since all my relatives lived there, one by one when they passed away and I was invited for the funeral, my hometown appeared to me as a destination of death, my beginning and perhaps my end,

a connotation of birth and death in the same place, so I became terrified of the very name of my hometown, I wept insanely the entire path however, I was faced to visit the state and I thought I would go mad if someone forced me to go there.

Life became too painful for me because death terrified me.

I longed for something heavenly, something positive like that eternal heaven, I longed to be with the stars and suns, and I longed to be with her who was assuredly a promised saint of God.

She who had nothing to fear in death, and she who was proven over and over again by God and his heaven for eternal salvation. How sorrowful must life had appeared to her?

How brief the moments that defined her life and how long and how great her eternity?

I knew that success of this life was nothing, and love of this world were nothing for all lovers, no matter how crazy one

slaved after their loyalty, one day, they all leave for someone who believes in the falsehood of love more than their previous lover, and these men or women whom foolish people loved and worshipped hoping for more love, had all found better and more loyal or more desperate lovers after them, and they also believed that their madness and loyalty would make their lovers love them for eternity, yet they were wronged too in the end.

Pain in this life, although most gruesome and heartbreaking and maddening, would also come to an end one day along with those who caused it.

It was true that the screams of knights of empires centuries before and the torments and tortures of men of previous centuries have all been lost in the heavens and their bodies along with their tormentors' bodies have become dust and ashes in the sky. Nothing remains of their pain, the memories are gone and their names are forgotten and their existence unknown, for this was earth, and this was the world, where love leaves and forgets and wealth becomes another's to enjoy and fame is forgotten and friends and families all forget and die and nothing remains that once stood, as centuries come and go by, a million death and birth race with each other in the race of this life, and they vie with each other and one takes the place of another until no one that stands today shall be standing in a few decades.

Yet, knowing the futility of this life, men fought and hated or avenged and loved and hated as if they'd live forever.

Every man came and every man loved and every man was fooled, and their children whom they loved forgot them completely, and their lovers forgot them completely, and some even hated them, and their friends forgot them, and these were the men who gave their lives away out for love for their beloved believing in their love, and rich men, educated men, wise men, honourable men and powerful men all gave their time and their precious life and their wealth away to earn the love of their beloved trying to prove to them how much they loved them, hoping they will love them back in return. Each man turned into a slave and each of them were completely forgotten within years of their death.

This was the bitter reality. All their lovers found better lovers, and their children found better children and forgot about their very existence. That was the reality of the world we lived in. Then how could a human heart go on living, and how could a human heart go on breathing when every second, the dial moved closer to death and decay?

How could I walk along not knowing if this shower shall be my last?

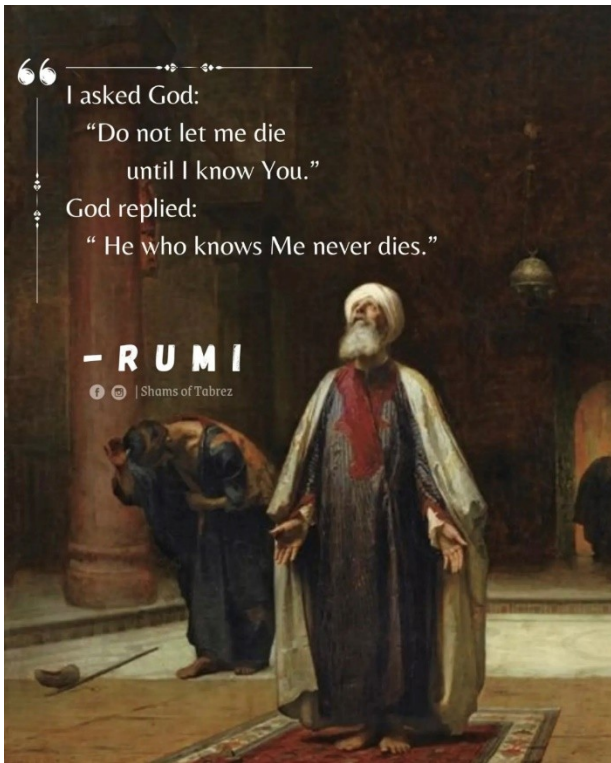
How could I be sure that I'd wake up the next morning, in my bed and not on a gurney in a funeral home abandoned like that young women who broke me into a maddening depression while her body lay alone in the funeral home of my hometown?

Indeed, she must have had lovers who loved her or a husband whom she loved with all her heart, but he was nowhere to be seen, and he had left her alone with the unknown dead bodies to be prepared for burial or cremation. She must have had children whom she fed and cared for, yet they had already distanced themselves from her.

Alas, is this the end of human existence, that before even the burial, all loved ones leave and go away?

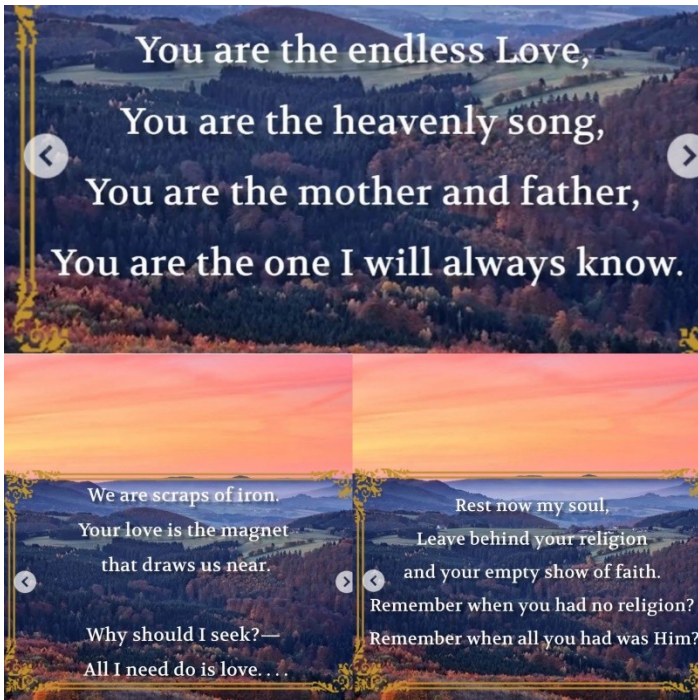
My heart couldn't find peace any longer in the laughter of the world!

My mind could never find peace in the fake love of those who claimed to love, for indeed I could have spent my entire life believing in the lie of love and gave all my time and wealth away to gain validation and love from fellow humans, and no matter how much they loved me, they'd find someone better to love and they'd all forget me as if I didn't exist, and so I saw no purpose in pursuing love or wealth which all had to leave behind.



SUN AND MOON:

**The Moon and her rule is in the night,
Until the coming of the fixed hour,
When her brightness is devoid of light,
And darkness becomes her power.
And she clothes herself with the mantle of gloom.
For from the light of the Sun, is her bright doom,
And should it hap on the night of the fourteenth,
That both stand on the line of the fifteenth,
So that it cometh between them at night,
Then the Moon shall not convey her light,
And her illumination shall be extinguished,
To the end, peoples of the earth is distinguished,
And shall know they are creatures of the Most High,
And however splendid they be in sin and fault,
There is a Judge above them to humble and exalt!**



Unexpected Healing in

Helsingborg, Sweden:

During a casual day in New York, I met a young woman who was visiting the United States with her father, and both father and daughter looked terribly sad.

I realised at once that they were foreigners so I offered to help them navigate the city roads and the woman told me she and her family lived in Helsingborg, which was Sweden's closest point to Denmark

Her mother was severely ill, and doctors had concluded that she had very little time left, and so, in order to search for one more unexplored medical option or opinion, the duo came to the city. When I asked about her mother's health condition, I was told she suffered from a severe form of muscle degenerative disease, whose symptoms includes weakness of all muscle groups accompanied by delayed relaxation of muscles after contraction and this not only affected the woman's face, feet, hands, and neck, but after swift progression, the muscles of eyelids and throat began to fail functioning, causing weakening of throat muscles, making her unable to swallow food. The Swedish woman suffered emaciation from the lack of food, and doctors were not too hopeful for her recovery.

In addition to muscle loss, her mother suffered from multiple joint deformities. Doctors feared that this woman would face a sudden death any day which would likely occur from cardiac problems.

When the daughter and husband of a Swedish woman who was suffering from muscle degenerative disorder, visited the United States, little did I know that the holy water which was blessed by the saintly maiden would ever benefit them, but they were visiting the US trying to find better treatment, and by sheer chance, I was able to meet them and was able to give the ailing woman some of that holy water, and of course, she was cured withing one month.

Upon meeting the father-daughter duo, I expressed my sympathy for the Swedish woman's health, and told them about my pious companion who was a saint and had the power to cure any illness, and they became elated upon hearing that a little bit of the holy blessed water was still in my possession, so the young woman invited me to Sweden to visit her mother, and gain permission from the ill woman if she would agree to tasting the water.

I accepted her invitation to visit Sweden because it was one of the few nations in Europe where I did not visit yet, and the

moment I landed in Stockholm, I was impressed by the generosity and mannerisms of the residents there. I was amazed at how nice all the people in Western Europe was, that you could talk to someone for two minutes, and they would invite you to their home. I made many friends in Sweden and was promptly invited to the woman's house and wanted to gift the bottle of water to them, but my hostess insisted that I give it to her mother in person after going to the hospital with them.

Five other Swedish young women invited me to visit them, although we never mentioned any holy water at all, but they were being very friendly and kind. Until this day, I am forever grateful for their kindness.

When I arrived in Sweden, the young Swedish woman who invited me to her town, informed me that her mother's health condition meant she had much difficulties in carrying out daily chores, and had to live in a hospital most of the days, because losing muscle functions was worse than living with paralysis. Her mother suffered from muscle stiffness and often, uncontrollable movements, and in recent months, doctors became alarmed to see that the woman began to face autonomic dysreflexia, which was a life-threatening condition that affected people with debilitating injuries. Due to this disease, she experienced frequent high blood pressure, headache, and flushed face, along with severe muscle discomfort. It was a such a sad way to live, I thought. I went to the hospital with the young woman to see her mother, whose muscles had failed to function or move, and she told me about her discomfort. Losing muscle functions meant the elderly Swedish woman had difficulty breathing without assistance. Each day, one extra fibre of her body's muscle failed and her misery increased. The kind Swedish woman was given numerous medicines to combat those muscle discomforts, but it was the medication that were taken to assist her in living with a muscle injury which changed the way her brain processed certain neurotransmitters, making her susceptible to a variety of mental illness. I was devastated to hear about her distressing diagnosis, and became very anxious to help her by sharing the holy water with her.

Facing frequent bed sore was a common complication for people who were paralysed, and this increased her discomfort and even caused depression. Her persistent problems with pressure sores became compounded as she could not move by herself and had to be shifted and turned regularly during the day and needed 24-hour nursing care. With handicap patients, even when expert full-time care was available, there was no guarantee that the continual pressure of a limp body will not cause the skin to breakdown in various places. I spoke with the director of the muscle cord research centre at the Swedish Institute at Stockholm, and she said that patients who suffered muscle diseases typically died from common complications associated with their injuries, each one accumulating over

time, making them more vulnerable to the next one. I trembled in fear, because I did not want this kind woman to die. Finally, I was able to speak to her about the saint in New Delhi, and she graciously accepted the holy water.

However, as I tried to leave the facility, I misread one of the signs for exit, as I did not know Swedish at all, and then I ended up on the wrong floor of the hospital. From the bright colourings on the walls, I could tell it was the children's section and suddenly I heard a piercing cry. It was one of those bitterly sad sound little children make when they are distressed, and my heart could not tolerate it, so I followed the source of the noise and saw a small room with the door open, and a boy of about 7 years sobbing. His mother comforted him in a different language and was trying to sing Polish songs to soothe his pain, but the boy was very restless.

I spoke to her in English and the woman nodded to show she understood little bit, and I inquired about her son's condition, and found out he was diagnosed with blood cancer, and did not have long to live. As she spoke, the Polish woman sobbed hysterically, and said her son would have died sooner if her Swedish husband had not brought him to this high-tech cancer hospital.

Speaking slowly, I tried to explain that there was a saint who blessed water to make it holy and source of cure, so if she agreed, she could give some to her son, as I only had a few droplets left, and perhaps the motherly instinct in her made the woman agree and immediately she took the bottle from me and made the boy drink the water. He seemed calmer right away, and I said my goodbye and got ready to leave.

The Polish woman expressed her gratitude and wanted my address so she could write to me, and I scrawled my New York address on a tissue paper and told her she and her little son were always welcome to visit anytime she came to the United States.

Meanwhile, the child was giggling in joy for some reason, so I decided to leave the mother alone to enjoy her baby's company. As I stood waiting for the elevators, the mother suddenly called out from the room, and asked me if I wanted to stay a little bit longer, because her son just said he was not feeling any pain, but as the elevator had arrived, I apologised and left.

I never heard from the Polish woman again, and I do not know till this day if her son was actually cured or even alive today, but I was in regular contact with the young Swedish woman whose mother became cured of the horrific muscle degenerative disease even though several doctors had notified her that she was meant to die from cardiopulmonary complications.

After I returned to home, I wept in relief, and also in bitter nostalgia, thinking about the saintly young woman who had passed away, but every drop of water which she had blessed was benefiting people far and wide. My only regrets were that more people could not be saved, especially those dear and close

family members and friends who had died before I ever heard about the pious saint who was born and bred in Riyadh, but lived in New Delhi.

A year before I met the saintly maiden, my dear friend who lived next door was still in mourning as her mother had suffered from breast cancer and was in bitter pain for 10 long years before dying shortly before my family took this trip across the Atlantic, and discovered the miracle of this saintly woman, whose prayers could heal all woes and illness. But luck was strange in that it occasionally evaded some people completely. My friend's mother died a painful death, becoming as thin as a skeleton, and looking feverish and emaciated, but there was nothing I or anyone else could do to help her, for by the time the saintly maiden was known to me, this woman was long dead. This just showed me how we cannot always save those we loved and wanted to save.



The Florist in Belgium:

Visiting and traveling throughout India was my great privilege. My extraordinary adventure started in New Delhi, and both Basti Nizamuddin and the capital city were the bookends in the story of my adventure. I was in awe of those venerable old cities when I saw the most miraculous and pious woman living there, and until this day, I reminiscence about their significance in global history.

However, the most valuable memento from my visit to India was to be able to find and retain a small pitcher of water in which the saintly young woman blessed with the lord's prayer, which was essentially the first chapter of the Moslem Koran. I was never a superstitious person and no did I believe in the power of holy water or saintly miracles, for I previously equated those with Aladdin's magic lamp or fables or tales from olden days that had no merit.

But meeting this young fair saint face to face changed my outlook on life, and I noticed that anyone who unknowingly drank a sip of that blessed water became cured from any and all ailments.

On the way returning from India, I halted for transit at Brussels Airport. It was one of the busiest airports in Europe and was filled with passengers.

As I waited in the lounge, I noticed a beautiful blonde woman seated next to a flower stand. She had several dozen roses which she was trying to sell to passengers, but in the four hours I waited, not one person purchased anything from her, and this made me sad. Meanwhile, I was hungry, and went around the airport for duty free shopping and bought many cakes, fruits, pies and chips, and other expensive chocolate and snacks. As I returned to my seat in the airport lounge, I noticed the woman still sitting beside her flower stand, and waiting patiently for customers. I thought her manners were graceful, so I went to talk to her and introduced myself. She was excited to meet an American, and said it was her dream to move to America one day and study in an American university. I

promised to help her, as my sister was studying in one of the most prestigious Ivy League universities in New York, and I made a mental note to ask my sister how to apply to her college as a foreign student.

The young Belgian woman was heartily grateful, and even offered me several of her flower bouquet for free, but I refused. Then she asked me where I was coming from and I immediately recounted all the adventures of my journey in India and told her about the saintly maiden who lived in New Delhi, and could perform the most extraordinary miracles, and made deaf children speak and paralysed or dementia patients mobile and sane.

The florist became impressed and said she wished to meet this saint and seek her blessing for her business venture, as she had been trying to sell flowers at the Brussels Airport, but no one bought any, as the flowers she had were picked from her very own garden but lacked lustre and fragrance.

I then mentioned to the Belgian woman that I had a small bottle of holy water with me, which she could use to bless her flowers. The young woman leapt in joy, and begged to have a few drops of that water, as she wanted to dilute and mix it with her garden sprinkler and spray over her entire flower garden.

I felt embarrassed, because I honestly did not think that spraying some holy water over flower seeds or plants would benefit any fauna or flora but the woman looked enthusiastic, so I relented and poured a few drops from my bottle into her spray bottle.

As soon as I handed her the water, she took out her purse, and removed several packets of seeds and sprinkled the holy water over it. She seemed to believe that those seeds would bloom into better flowers, which in turn would sell manyfold, allowing her to profit from the floral business.

Meanwhile, it was almost time for me to board the flight back to New York, so I got up to leave, but noticed that I still had a huge bag filled with food that I did not even have the time or appetite to touch, but I noticed that in those eight hours I was in the airport, the young Belgian woman did not purchase or eat any food or fruit, and I knew she must be starving, so when I asked her if she wanted to eat something, she politely refused, insisting she was not hungry. I then realised she was too poor to afford anything in this airport, and it pained me deeply to see a young woman close to my age, unable to have enough money to afford food. How terribly sad it was, especially when she seemed to be a such a decent woman. In fact, she mentioned that both her parents were professors at Université

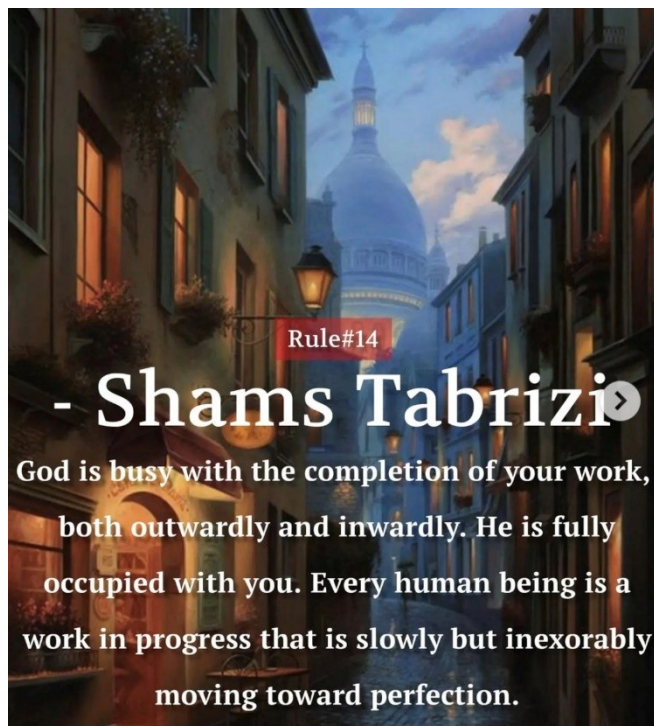
libre de Bruxelles for several decades, until they died in an automobile accident, leaving her behind to be the sole breadwinner. My parents were also educators, and my father too was a professor of Physics, so I felt her pain more acutely. She was not used to distress, disgrace or poverty, and I wanted to help her out, but also knew her self-respect would never allow her to take charity from anyone.

I made a quick motion to leave, and dropped my bag at her feet, apologising, and begging her to keep all the fresh food, fruits and bakery supplies in it, as I explained that I had to board my flight in fifteen minutes, and since food products were not permitted inside the airplane, it would be extremely kind of her to eat it so I did not have to throw it away. The woman expressed doubt at my words, and insisted that the customs allowed dried or packaged food to pass security, but I lied and told her that they rejected this bad already. Finally, the young woman smiled in relief, and agreed to keep the bag and eat the food therein. I was awash with joy and rushed away to the boarding area before the Belgian woman could change her mind.

I was grateful to have been able to help her, for there was nothing more sad than to see a young woman from a respectable family suffer from food insecurity. I guess I connected with her because my parents were also professors, and when she told me she did not have a decent place to stay, as she could not afford rent, I decided to share all the fruits and food I purchased, and gave it to her. When she finally took the bag, I noticed her face glowed with joy, and I realised that she probably had no food for days.

One year after returned from Brussels, I received a delicate package in my mailbox. It was a large velvet box with many layers of packaging, but after I opened the first layer, I saw that the return address was somewhere in Brussels. It was from the young Belgian woman! I opened the box excitedly, and found several exotic and colourful roses, where each petal was of a different colour, and the flower smelled more beautiful than any French perfume I ever owned. An involuntary smile broke into my face as I admired the flowers, and then I saw a small note inside. The Belgian woman had written saying she could not believe the power of the holy water as no sooner had she sprinkled the water over her rose garden, she began to have the rarest and most exotic looking flowers from that day, and each flower sold for hundreds of euros. Now, she is no longer poor, and has hundreds of euro banknotes lying in her house, and was able to afford the postal money to mail me a sample of the flowers.

Indeed, I would not have believed this woman if I personally did not see the exquisite and colourful flowers for each petal consisted of a different shade, including purple, pink, red and blue, as though they were otherworldly in nature, or had been sent directly from heaven.



XIII.

GOD'S RIGHTEOUSNESS:

My Lord! Who shall declare Thy righteousness?

**For Thou hast compassed the firmament of
heavens,**

Without deviation or infraction or dissonance,

And within it are stars immeasurable to the earth,

**And it completeth its turbulent course without
dearth,**

**And is the stirrer up in the world of strife and
contention,**

And enmities and cries of complaint and attention:

**But prolong Thy patience, nor bring near my day,
Until I shall have prepared provision for the way,
To begin returning to my eternal home to Thee,
Nor rage against me to send me away too hastily,
With my sins bound up in the trough on my
shoulder,
And when Thou placest my sins on the balance or
boulder,
Place Thou in the other scale all my sorrows,
And while recalling my depravities tomorrow,
Remember my affliction and my harrying,
And place these against the others.
And remember, I pray Thee, O my God,
That Thou hast driven me rolling and wandering
like Cain,
And in the furnace of exile hast tried me,
And from the mass of my wickedness refined me,
And I know 'tis for my good Thou hast proved me,
And in faithfulness afflicted me,
And that it is to profit me at my latter end
That Thou hast brought me through this testing
by troubles.**

- SOLOMON GABRIOL



Loss of the Elixir of Health:

One pitcher of holy water was all I had to hold onto the remnants of the saintly maiden who died without any warning, and this was all I had to cherish her memory, but when that jar was gone, I knew only despair, and felt that no more miracles would come forth on earth, but once when an elderly religious man heard about my regrets, he assured me that God had a reason for everything that happened, and no one should become dependent on a material thing whether it was a

spiritual blessing or holy water. I expressed my horror at the idea that people who were ill could never be cured again, now that this saint of God was dead and her holy water was gone as well, but the old man insisted that those on earth who were ill should not be afraid of death, because dying was not the end, and neither was it the worst thing that could happen to people, so we should not try to desperately evade death, whether it be by means of unconventional medicines, or by seeking blessings from holy men and women.

I tried to argue with him and insisted that sickness was awful, no matter what it was, and death should be prevented, if possible, but the holy man shook his head sadly and told me that sometimes, to some people, death comes as a blessing, and for many humans, being ill was an act of mercy, for had they never been sick or never experienced pain, they would become so cruel that they would have enabled the deaths of millions. He cited the example of some parents who lost their children to terminal illnesses, and were now human rights activists who tried to prevent warfare and blood shed because they knew and understood the pain of losing children, and so did not want any other parent to face the same. My mind was still dazed with the death of this young saint, and so I told the holy man that death was never fair, no matter who it came to because everyone had the right to live, but he did not agree with me, and gave the example of the dictator Hitler, who was responsible for the deaths of millions, and he added that had this dictator been dead a decade before his actual death, then there would be fifty million more humans breathing on this planet, so sometimes, one must allow fate to play its hand in people's future. Every man has an event which brings shame and regret upon themselves, every person has their share of the worst thing that happened to shape their life, of all my past life, that was the worst day of my life. That was without any doubt, the absolute the worst day of my life. Whenever I come to think of that day, bitterest regret makes me want to scream and break my water bottles in a violent rage. I keep on thinking what sin did I do for that misfortune to befall on me.

There was no day, no singular event more horrible, more painful than that day in my life and sometimes I feel like I could not even survive or be alive if I didn't have the smallest hope that perchance my neighbour who had moved to a country in Africa would perchance have a little bit left of that water with her as she was the only person I couldn't contact to ask if she had any left. So, their tiny hope helps me stay sane, that maybe her family would have that bottle or even a drop of water left in that jar.

And maybe there was even a drop left in the world which had her prayers mingled with its content. Every water she blessed and prayed over was a miracle in the making.

All my hope till today lasts on that one tiny hope of being the best private detective and send them on a mission to find my friend whose last name I don't even know and whose address I

have no clue of and hope against hope that one day they would find her and she would still have a drop of that water.

I have become like a thirst-stricken traveller staring at a faraway mirage, hoping against hope that my hope shall not end in vain.

Dear readers, unbelievable as it makes appear and I expect none to believe me nor shall I ever ask of it, because I would never have believed it myself- had I been in the position where my readers are today. I would never have believed it even if my best friend -even if my own mother told me that, that I had to cure almost 8 people - or 9 human beings who were assuredly on the brink of death with that blessed water. And a vast majority of those people are still alive today as a witness, although they were on the last end of death.

I still felt that God had sent this pious saint to us for a reason, and she was meant for great things. Indeed, India was a lucky nation to have in her midst the most chaste and pure woman, and even the dust on these lands were more precious than gold. Millions of people have traversed New Delhi's streets over millennia, and each of them had a story or an adventure, perhaps like my own, for I was certain that there had been saints living here in the past. I look back in gratitude to the warm-hearted people I met in all the cities and provinces of India, and till this day, I carry the memories of them in my heart. Meeting this saintly maiden was the crux of my visit, and with her very presence, she inspired me to become a concerned global citizen with a moral duty to love humanity, and better the world and to build a just, merciful and harmonious planet as a member of the human family, as she had done till her latest day, for she was glorious to the end.

The water that she blessed came to my possession purely by chance, for during one weekend when I was in India, and visiting the home of this saintly maiden, I heard commotion and heard that an elderly uncle in a neighbouring household had fallen ill, and all the guests immediately requested this pious woman to pray for his recovery, and she smiled nervously saying that her prayers are not special. Then her aunt brought a large glass of water, and begged her to recite some prayers and blow on it so they could take it to the old man who was ill. Upon hearing this, my saintly heroine looked confused. The angelic saintly woman was told about the sickness of the old uncle, and she became slightly agitated, and staggered to her feet. Before that moment, I did not appreciate how glamorous she was. Indeed, her beauty was not merely seen but felt, a poignant melody played on the strings of the heart, stirring the soul with a yearning for the unknown. I knew she was born and raised in Riyadh, and lived in the desert kingdom of Saudi Arabia until the age of 18, and became this desert flower, blooming with grace under the arid sun, capturing the

essence of a land both harsh and magnificent, and which made her allure as timeless as the sands she walked upon. She then asked us what she should read and someone said she could recite the first chapter of the Moslem holy book, which was almost identical to the biblical lord's prayer, and in less than two minutes, she read the chapter softly and blew on the water, before withdrawing to her own quarters. Immediately, her aunt sent the water with a maid and told her to give to the old man who was ill, and I was a young and curious child, so I went with them. True enough, the old man was ill, and he took only one small sip of that water.

I added a copy of the first chapter, which is often recited by people who wish to have their desired realised, or want to cure themselves of diseases.

Chapter One (The Opening Prologue)

With the Name of God, the Most Merciful, the Most Compassionate!

All Praise belongs to God alone, Lord of all the worlds!

The Most Merciful, the Most Compassionate!

The Sovereign of the Day of Resurrection!

Thee only do we worship, and to Thee alone do we beg for help.

Guide Thou us on the correct path.

The path of those to whom Thou hast been gracious; not of those who incurred Thy wrath, nor of those who are astray. Amen.

These seven lines consisted of the Lord's prayer as per the Final Testament which Moslems repeated many times each day. My friend never ceased this practice of reading this chapter one thousand time each day because she felt that her life's quality improved immensely since starting this.

Something in my heart told me that the water she prayed over would be special, if not miraculous. And I was right, as since then, I have seen hundreds of people being cured merely by taking a whiff of that holy water. Sometimes, when I gave this water to friends and family members, they shared it with others, and everyone got cured, and this eventually caused such a frenzy, that they all wanted to meet the person who blessed the holy water, but I had to tell

them that the woman who performed this miracle for the benefit of humanity was herself dead. After that, whenever I gave my friends some portion of the holy water, I told them not to tell anyone it was holy water because if they were giving it to relatives, they had the right to give water especially if they were their official caregiver; because in my experience, I noticed that people got too emotional and wanted to meet her all the time and many did not believe me when I said she was dead.

My only regret is that I could not give the water to as many people as I wished, or I desisted from sharing it to many people, particularly those who begged to taste a little bit of it, and these people included some of my agnostic and atheist class mates, who regularly performed satanic rituals and mocked God, but suddenly after hearing about this miraculous water, they wanted to share it amongst themselves, to test if it worked.

I generally gave the water to only those who really desperately requested for it, but when it came to these peers who hated religion and distrusted God, I feared that they wanted to mock me by taking the water and upload more videos cursing God on YouTube. So, I felt it would not be damaging if I simply did not share the water with them, because even I was not sure that drinking this water could heal wounds or illnesses.

I received the address of twelve hospices in one week, all from the friends and classmates or neighbours who were atheist and did not believe in any religious ideas, but wanted to test out the holy water, and see if their loved ones who were terminally ill in hospices would be cured upon drinking the liquid. I felt like a murderer when one of those old people in the ICU died, because I felt it was my duty as a human to listen to my friends when they asked me for the holy water, but I refused to give them, fearing they would mock me if the miracle did not manifest, but what right had I to decide who got to live or die? I was so afraid when I lost the water, and saw that my brother had thrown it away, that I knew for certain that God was punishing me. I was devastated. This brother of mine was a little famous for throwing things away all the time, and he even rebooted my phone four times, permanently erasing thousands of rare pictures, to help me out and increase functions and memory, so I was not surprised that he decided to be helpful and clean out the fridge, but I never realised that God would punish me so soon my taking the water away from me. More than a dozen patients on the absolute verge of confirmed death were cured by a spoon or a sip of that blessed water.

Although none of those class mates believed in God, or even acknowledged any religion, I wished that I helped them by at

least giving them some portion of the holy water which this saintly maiden blessed.

It pained me ever more to think that each one of these friendly and intelligent classmates were atheists and thus, they and their family members have decided to cremate themselves soon after death. How terrifying a prospect, it seemed to me, for I knew what horror awaited them in those blazing brick ovens, where human corpses were stuffed inside cardboard box, and left inside a pre-heated oven and boiled for ten to twenty hours occasionally, in the more modern carbon-emission free cremation.

A Sad Parting I Had of it,

**O God of Goodness! Let me dream of Thee,
For if thou should exist in eternity,
Then let Thy dreams comfort me,
And grant me courage and dignity,
To combat death and mortal decay,
And banish all my sorrows away!
Let not my soul cower nor encumber,
Nor my heart lose faith or fervour;
For what am I but dead ash and dust,
Made to bask in this symphony of trust,
To live a dream of a few counted days,
And awake in death from this daze?**

If death was not the end, then how could I ever imagine seeing human beings being burned alive while still on this earth?

If I died in an anonymous train or automobile wreck, then would they also reduce me to ashes by tossing my lifeless body into a burning oven, where the heat would instantly engulf the skin and hair, turning it into black soot. Then what was the use of my luxuriant hair and all the skin and hair care treatment my mother had scheduled for me every week? What use was those collagen treatments and other herbal retunes and scalp massages when everything on this body was to be burned into dark and brittle ashes?

Occasionally, hearing their near-vitriolic and abominable attack on even venerable octogenarian priests or past religious figures, I became wary of entrusting this water to them, or sharing my experience on the issue of miracles and saints. In their numerous social media accounts, these well-meaning atheist peers of mine often quoted and cited silly psychological findings to buttress their ramshackle arguments and dilapidated theories, resorting to calling God such vulgar names which cannot be penned in these pages.

I did not want to refuse their requests to the holy water, but I sincerely believed that if they were not cured, they would have made more unpleasant videos and uploaded it on YouTube, as these unwavering atheists wasted no time when it came to defending their weak and shallow ideas. I wish they should know that behavioural psychology was still an evolving discipline, and as such, all psychological theories were and is open to getting scrutinised. I did not expect or even want anyone to believe that this saintly maiden in New Delhi was a miraculous woman, for I myself never would have believed someone could possibly have superpowers to heal and cure, but I wished those sceptic friends who were my comrades in high school would be open minded to some degree about their views, for was not Sigmund Freud's over-emphasis on many aspects of human psychology criticised by his student Jung?

I noticed that all their argument started by assuming that the irreligious or agnostic position toward the idea of God was true, consequently making the religious person's position and stance wrong. My atheist and agnostic peers were reasonable characters until it came to matters of religion and faith, and they often could not contain their dislike for anything related to God and angels. They tossed forth various persistent and toxic arguments wielded by some of the sceptic community to diminish, discount and marginalise religious people and their God.

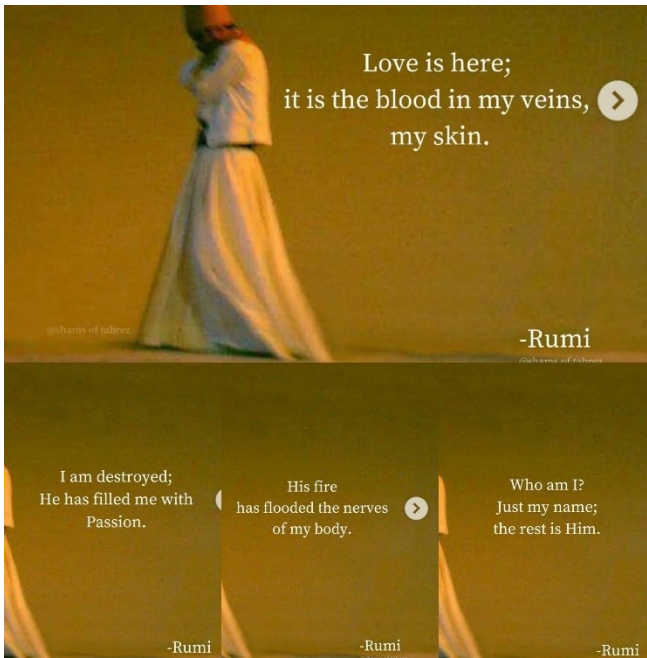
But it now seemed to me that as much as those atheist peers hated God, God did not hate them, and rather held them in high esteem, for I am convinced that had I shared the water

with them, I would not have been punished by losing every last drop of that holy water. Indeed, misfortune struck at my home when my brother in his ignorance one fateful day gave permission to my over enthusiastic housemaid to clean the fridge and throw away that entire water jar as it appeared old and dirty.

When we hear of Aladdin's lamp, I know now what he was talking about. It was no lamp that Aladdin had lost. His kingdom his Palace his princess and his hopes were in that holy water of a saint which the maid had per chance thrown away or traded and that's how his whole life got destroyed. Suddenly I felt like Aladdin- and my magic lamp had been snatched away from me along with the kingdom and the hope of every hopeless soul that I had vowed to save.

In order for the water to never get infected I had bought two containers made of dried clay from a street vendor in India, and I changed the water every other day from one jar to the other. had I instead kept the water in my room then I would this misfortune couldn't have struck me down, but alas the trick and plans of fate had once again drowned me, and my first instinct was the correct one, always follow your first instinct dear readers, nothing could be worse and more unfortunate than allowing the arguments of your logic to destroy the truth hidden in that first human instinct,

After arguing with myself and in order for the water to stay good longer, I had kept it in our family refrigerator, so that it wouldn't get infected with any dirt or bacteria that naturally occurs when a water is too long outside.



XIV.

GOD'S MYSTERY:

**Who shall understand Thy profound histories,
Or do justice to Thy endless mysteries?
For thou hast encompassed the earth with an
atmosphere,
Covering the second sphere with a third sphere,
And therein a brightness of Venus like a queen
amid her hosts,
Adorns the heavens like transparent ghosts,
And in eleven months she fulfilleth her circuit in
heaven,
And her body to that of the earth is as one to
thirty and seven,
To those who know her secret and understand her.
And she reneweth in the world, by the will of her
Creator,
Peace and prosperity, dancing and delight,
And songs and shouts of joy upright,
And the love-cries of guests on their canopies.**

**Who conspireth the ripening of fruits and
fantasies,
And other vegetation, and all the fruits of the sun,
And from the yield of the moons, seasons are
done.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



When I tried to Play God:

**When I had opened the fridge door to find my jar gone, it was
as if my heart was gone too. The floor from beneath my feet. My**

face pale with fear and blood flowing out of my heart like a stream of volcanic lava bring death to the living.

I thought the entire world was working against me.

I felt as though the water had a soul of its own, or that I had used it to cure souls who were unworthy of its blessings, and so the water left me and she and her last breath along with it,

It was the silent signs of one of heavens wrath unleashing on earth when the world seemed to be conspiring against it.

For many days, I was feverish and my face was sickly pale from grieving, but I held on to the hope that somewhere in the world, there was a bottle of the holy water which she blessed, and with her prayers, even after she had died, somehow, the storm clouds that had been gathering upon the horizon of our world to be unleashed would be diminished and devil who sought to destroy the believers would lose his strength and hope and power to battle against God and His just emissaries, for in a cruel world where the only certainty was death, the only way for our salvation was the presence of a saint.

I took it as a sign of God's anger towards me. or that we did not deserve to even have her breath living in the world by any other means in this life.

I would have gone mad with hopelessness if I did not and did not make myself believe that one of my friends could have had even a drop of that water with her when she moved to Africa.

But in truth, I do not even know her full name I do not even remember her address because we played in the street when we were young and barely met in the corner store from time to time accidentally, I don't know if I'll ever meet her and for two days I walked around the house like a mad woman.

Until then I had so much hope of curing all those who had lost hope for their loved ones. It was a living miracle from herself that lived, although she herself had died.

Because my idea was that God couldn't say no to the ones who drank the water that she breathed on having so much sincere hope on her God whom she loved more than what love could mean, and God Almighty God of Moses from above the endless heavens couldn't deny the request of a woman whose heart was purer than a child and her hope in God stronger than any angels or apostles, and thus God couldn't break the heart a hopeful child and so He was compelled to fight against the

power of evil and demons and cured all those whose blood mingled with the water flowing from her breath.

Her faith was so mighty and so powerful that it could defy all mortal sickness and darkness and change the fate of humans on its own, her faith and her belief and hope in God was so enriching, so penetrating and so deep and everlasting that so long as her water would be fed to someone, that even God would feel shy to not come down from heaven and fight against the evil powers of darkness and cure that person.

I was young at that time, if I was not, then perchance I could have warned my family or kept several different jars of her water around the house. but I kept it all in one jar because I was so young and so naive and I did not think that I'll never find another water bottle that she could pray on.

She who was now gone forever, she who left us to suffer in the world.

All the pious saints of God one after the other, they abandoned us to the world and it's sinful people. They leave us to suffer to languish in pain while they themselves fly off to heaven.

Saints had so much mercy in their heart that there's no place for anger vengeance or even the understanding of the evilness of the world and its people. And with one of them gone, it was irreplaceable and irrecoverable damage done to our spiritual life and the existence of the world coming to a fast end with each of their death. People like that simply cannot exist in this world of internet and electricity much longer.

How could I ever forgive myself, when it was because of my stupidity that I had lost that one beacon of hope. How could I ever say no to those who kept asking me if I had a drop or even half a drop of that water left.

The maid had thrown away the entire jar. I couldn't even look at her and I even made my mother fire her from her job, although I felt horribly guilty afterwards, but my anger was so severe and my desperation broke my heart into a million pieces. I had never felt so utterly helpless in my life as I had felt that day.

I can recall the exact feelings of that day which seems so long ago, as if it had happened this very evening. The anxiety and distress of that moment ever imprinted upon my heart as to torment me and as if I were cursed to relive it every time I see a terminally ill patient and hear their groans.

Every time I see a sick person weak and hopeless, I recall that day of heartbreak with a merciless memory and it hurts like a blade, embedded in the deepest folds of my heart ready to cut me into pieces with its sharpness, whenever I visit the sick or see the pain and weeping of their loved ones.

I thought I would go mad running around the house for two days and non-stop, blaming and screaming at my brother although he did not even know the importance of that jar of water.

I saw it as a sign of God's displeasure on me. Evidence of God's anger on me. And the heart wrenching fact that perhaps I did not even deserve to keep a spoon of water, that a saint of God had breathed on. That somehow, I became so unworthy of it because of my actions or because of my behaviour or whatever sin I could have done to have such a blessing snatched away from me forever.

Aladdin had found his lamp perhaps. Or maybe he never had found that lamp, and he only wrote the dreams of his heart in the Arabian night's fairy tale.

Maybe Aladdin did find his lamp after all, but I had never found mine. My magic lamp- my world- my hope and my dreams were all lost from me forever. In one moment, my world changed. My life changed and I wept for Aladdin and Felt his hopelessness as if it were mine.

I wept bitterly and prayed on for days begging God for forgiveness. The weight of Guilt making my soul burn alive.

No pain had felt so severe as the pain of that guilt that attacked me from all sides. Days after days I dreamed in vain

about how I could have saved even a drop of that water. Or even if she threw away the water inside the clay bottle but kept the jar, the dried clay jar that I had brought from India. Then I could have kept that jar and perhaps there would have been some effect of that water in the jar but O to fate, my maid, she threw away the jar too.

Indeed, it was true that perhaps God thought me too unworthy too undeserving to even keep a drop of that water that His pure hearted saint had breathed on.

How unworthy was I to the God who found her worthy. Who found her worthy of His love, who found her worthy to be His friend.

How useless could a person feel? How guilty I felt- how ashamed -I was of myself. These sadnesses and these guilt, may burn a soul alive.

I sometimes look back and remember the countless times I failed myself and it feels as though I was my own worst enemy. I have learned to forgive myself but the pain of those events shadowed my life for years to come, hovering under The Shadow of hopelessness. I cannot let it go, whenever I think of those dark days, I feel the rage of despair and anger at myself.

With every passing day, I feel like I'm falling into an abyss of uncertainty. In a place where I do not know if I should continue living or should embrace my fear give up all hope. I do not even know what I want anymore. My life has altered so deeply my mind so blinded and my heart so broken that I do not even know what I want and what I would not want. Indeed, living terrifies me. And death absolutely horrifies me. She herself was a barrier against death and decay, she was the hope I needed in a world which rewards only cruelty and hatred and strength.

Still now, I fear anew desperation and dejection that spurs from the sparks of powerlessness.

But all good things must come to an end. And that was the law of the mortal universe. And her end came and ended and took with it all the hope of the hopeless.

I couldn't cheat fate; it was man's good deeds and bad deeds and mercy and pity of their heart that ruled their fate and set their destinies at place. No holy water could change and destiny, like the old sage said when he tried in vain to comfort me, if they didn't die in sickness then perhaps, they'd die in another way, perhaps their plane would blow up or a tsunami would consume them. But you cannot change man's fate and destiny with some blessed water. It was man's action that determined their future.

It was that event, that splintered my hope forever.

I had screamed and shouted for two days and then I became quiet. It dawned upon me that we the people of the world did not deserve her presence and now we did not even deserve her blessed water to linger any longer. And that God did not see me worthy any longer to be the bearer of that water.

God had rebuked me, this I understood. He tossed me out of the throne I was seated on, her throne which I tried to take over using the miracle power in her holy water which she had graciously blessed. There was no more holy water now. It was gone. The vial was lost and thrown away. But why? This was a question I have asked myself over the years, and I am no closer to the answer now than I was when I was little and my cheeks glowed crimson like the rising dawn.

After so many months and even years since her death, I cannot stop mourning the loss of the holy water which she blessed. I did not deserve to have it, and the people of this world did not deserve to have a cure so miraculous that even terminally ill patients became cured instantly.

Alas, I have failed twice already. I failed to safeguard the holy water with my life. I can now only complain, and now, there are times I wished I had died years ago or, better yet, had never

been born. What use was my life if I could not even keep this saintly woman alive, or protect the holy water she had blessed? My heart bled with grief and I glanced at the plain trees, whose life consisted of no more than dreams of the sun and memories of the rain, and suddenly, I envied them. There are times when I wished I were one of the rocks that line the hills beyond my city, so I could be ignored and forgotten by those who tread upon them. Ah, my life was indeed worthless to me. But my comrades and wealthy peers may have wondered why I, a young American teenager, with a promising education and career, would wish to trade my glorious future for the sleep of the deaf and the dumb of the earth? But what future did I have except empty dreams, and dreams and hopes were like the wind. They came when they wished and carried with them both the hope of life and the danger of death. No one could master his or her future, and now, my grief had taken my joy against my will, to this moment, where I sit in my brick house in New York, my heart only recalls the memories of the saint, and cries out to be recorded, so that her legacy can live in the memories of others for centuries to come.

Perhaps, this shall grant me some closure for mourning the one who was too good for this earth. She cared not for our world. How laughable must the worldly life appear to those who are aware of the happening of the afterlife and the internal unseen world of angels and God? How does the world make men so foolish that they fight, kill and die for no reason at all, knowing very well that they may die at any given moment, and all their loved ones will take new lovers at their place who will love them more than they ever could, and yet, men fought, killed and died make believing in imaginary love of forgetful lovers! It was the same God this saintly maiden served whom Napoleon served and the same God who saw the World War Two take place and the same God who saw the Crusades and all the wars and battles that mad men fight and die for, knowing they would die and generation after generation would come after them and time would play its trick on every soul, promising every soul with eternal youthhood and vigour and strength and trapping each weak person into chasing after love, promising to them its falseness is real, and lovers would love, weep stalk, be jealous and they would all die and only remnants of their clothes or some of the plates and utensils they use shall outlive them in the world. Other lovers would sacrifice everything for them. And the world would go on for those who did not have insight.

My hopeless rage became calm and guilt and the pain and humility took over my soul. It made me sob in the most tremendous heavy heartedness. I stopped blaming the maid, I stopped blaming my brother -I only blamed myself. I realized my position and her position. even after her death. All I felt was

guilt, and my heart suffered from a pain that deeply resonated from within my injured soul.

I couldn't trust myself in front of strangers because tears they came without warning and without mercy.

I would remember that pain and that agony in that fight and hopelessness for years to come. And even when the storm clouds would unleash terror lightening the world below, that defeat would give me the strength and Hope to fight against all future woes. For this was a cruel world. A world where nothing was promised but death and suffering.

All I did all I could and all I was left with was weeping. It is sometimes at those defining moments that we realise what we are and why so many people continued to deny God and His powers.

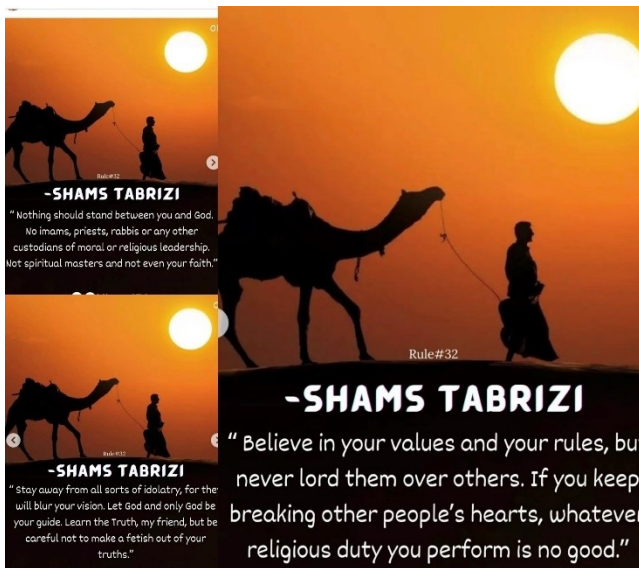
It is all the more strange when one realises that these staunch religion-haters may even abuse and kill those who are religious and faithful.

Atheists and agnostics or apostates have to live in a blank existence, not knowing who or what God is, for sometimes it seemed that it was not possible to be intellectually honest and disbelieve in God!

Most people live happily in ignorance because after all a fool's paradise is still a paradise. But one by one when the doors of the afterlife open in front of you and the heart is faced with reality and the truth attacks you from every side, and you have no choice but to face it that is when every strength and every defence breaks down. And man suddenly realises that one is left with nothing. That you are no longer ignorant enough to fool yourself and you are no longer stupid enough to believe in the lies of wealth or the false love of your beguiled lovers. In short, godless beliefs give birth to enmity and permanent bitterness. Belief in God and religion allows us to stay aloof from concocted and fake theories.

In the end, and end must always come as end always does come. If anything in the world is assured, if there is one thing men should learn from the existence of the world and its past history, whether it were fight over faith or dispute over wealth

and fame or fighting over defamation honour or dishonour, in the end the truth is and the truth that shall always be that everything ends. Whether it's a blessing or punishment upon man or those who called themselves men, is that whatever happens must always come to an end. Whether it's faith or faithlessness, whether it is honour or dishonour, every good and every bad thing must come to an ultimate and. We can accept the end or we can fight it and weep and cry and wail over it, but it will not change the finality, the History of Time is the witness that the finality can never be avoided. The ghosts of past men and their tombstone is a witness against all the hope of man.



XXXVII.

HELP FROM GOD:

May it please Thee, O Lord my God,

To subdue my fierce desire.

O hide Thy face from my sins and trespasses,

And do not show me Thy ire!

Do not carry me off in the midst of my day,

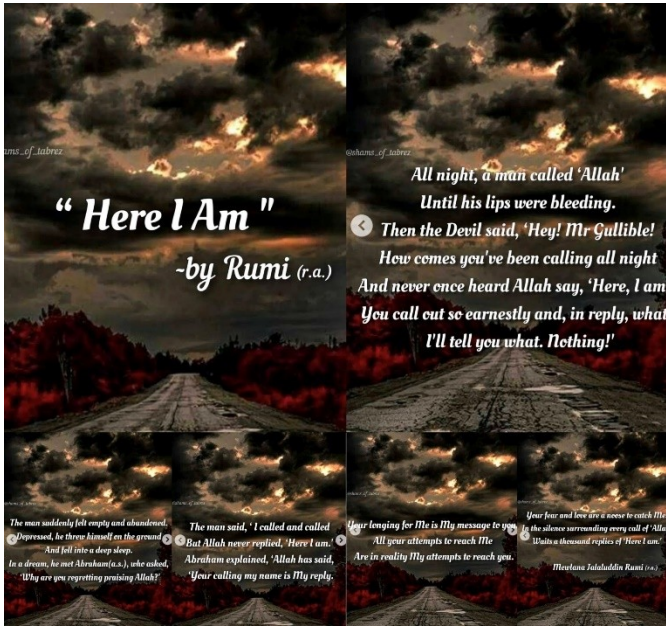
Until I shall have prepared what is needful for my way,

And provender for the day of my journeying,

**For what I shall be soon foreseeing,
For if I go out of my world as I came,
And return to my place, naked and lame,
Wherefore was I created for tomorrow,
And called to see only ill and sorrow?
Better were it I had remained where I was within,
Than to have come hither to increase and multiply
sin.**

**And it giveth the force to obtain power,
And to heap up wealth in my tower,
To gather riches and to lay up abundance,
Abandoning all vestiges of penitence,
According to the command of the Creator,
Who created it to be His minister;
But I come to Thee like a beggar,
As a servant before a master.
And the star of wisdom and prudence,
And the shadow of Thy Beneficence,
Shall be giving subtlety to the creation,
To the young, knowledge and discretion.**

- SOLOMON GABIROL



Between Love and Hate,



Life goes Away:

We are all fools, drunk and drugged to forget about the end of our path as we walk blindly forgetting about our end. We walk after blindfolding ourselves so we don't have to see where our path ends in the edge of the cliff.

I realised this after meeting this fair saint of God and I knew that the world that I saw and the hidden world that hid in front of us was a different world!

Alas, why was I forced into that hidden power and now I felt as though my heart would forever weep into the darkness of that unknown world, the life beyond our world.

The falseness of this life and the people who were only sent to distract us seemed worthless, and with her, I felt as though I had transcended centuries, as there was no past and no future and no timeline, for her power was timeless and her God was above the limit of time and so was she who was a part of Him.

This is what I had discovered. My past my life, my death and all the things that I saw appeared like an animation in the clouds which any strong wind would blow over and the truth would awaken me brutally to the harsh reality.

I tried to love the God she loved. I tried to find Him amidst the ruins she left the world in.

Whenever I felt like wailing in my uncontainable hopelessness, I tried calling out to the God up above the heavens so high and mighty, to spare me and my fellow human from the wrath of sadness and the pain of life and to grant us all some hope to live until death and to grant us some happiness and reunite us with those whom we loved in the life to come.

I had a conviction in my heart that the God whom she was so close to, couldn't be that far away from us, sinners as we were, but was it not God who made us the way we are -weak in flesh -quick in anger -burning in hate -and slave in love and forgetful of every blessing He grants us and easy to blame Him for any pain that befell us?

I often froze in fear every time I thought of death, because in the progressive city I lived in, nearly everyone I knew opted for cremation after they were dead, and the very notion of these acquaintances becoming boiled liquid, or ashes which would then be deposited into a food processor to crush the last remnants of the bones and teeth to be interred in some urn or inside a cemetery, made life seem so worthless and vain.

Before the Beginning of Tears,

**Alas, if I should die in my sleep,
Shall my loved ones bury me deep,**

**Under the forests and its trees,
In a land bereft of boon or breeze?
Would the rough terrain erase me,
Of my name and my identity,
And will these luxurious locks,
Be lost amidst the rivers and rocks?
Will this body be lost in nameless graves,
Or shall I be tossed to the sea and its waves?**

**Day by day, and years pass along and I come to realise that
perhaps the saintly maiden in India who passed away was the
last of her kind.**

**I do not know if she was the first but it appeared to me that she
was indeed, the last for I found no one amongst all the
thousands of people I was acquainted with, I saw no one
attempt to compare with her piety nor her connection with the
heavenly God.**

**She was the last, and now she was gone, taking every hope and
every surety I had for mankind along with her.**

**It was as if God had taken her away because mankind had
become too unworthy of her presence!**

**So, I mourned her in every minute of my passing lifetime while
I lived in the busy centre of New York.**

**Untainted one, farewell to your pure heart! Go far, far away and
fly towards the heaven up above our mighty endless universe
and milky ways!**

Fly away, oh purest of souls!

**We shall mourn you from the country you loved so much, yet
never had a chance to see!**

May your tears oh, angelic women of Heavens, may your tears be a salvation and a reason for the angels to take pity on the people of my nation whom you adored yet never knew!

May your nation be spared from the wrath of sin and sufferings!

I would not want you to stay and be forced to witness the agony of mankind

I would do anything to spare your eyesight from witnessing the violence and torture that may befall on our world!

I wouldn't want your untainted heart to be corrupted by the evils of humanity and their cruelty and abuse!

It is better that you have left us unknowing of the evilness of the cruel people of this world!

Honoured be your journey! Blessed be your holy abode! Live forever with your God and be safe forever from men who hurt and torment!

I looked at the throngs of people in the football stadium or in the music concert and I wept for her whose prayers made me feel as though her tears could have saved mankind from drowning.

I now wait in apprehension and a terrifying fear that makes me choke on my own tears, as I wait for war, famine, pandemic and utter destruction to take their turns on mankind to ravish humanity and take the most severe price from their souls, while mourning for her whose tears could have given us some semblance of hope.

My body became tired of living a life which was so false, my heart longed for that connection with the outer power so my heart could find some solace in the burning lights of God's heaven. But hopeless was what I felt, for how could I dare to dream of a dream so forbidden, so unreal, so beyond any human reach?

How could I with my faults and my sins dare to even dream of looking towards the path she took and left us behind?

Hearts are wild creatures whom the falsehood could not fool, it wept and madness welcomed it when you tried to beguile the heart with chasing after riches and fame and the love of humans whose feelings change every day of every hour. The hearts know the light from the darkness the truth from falsehood and the real life from the false one.

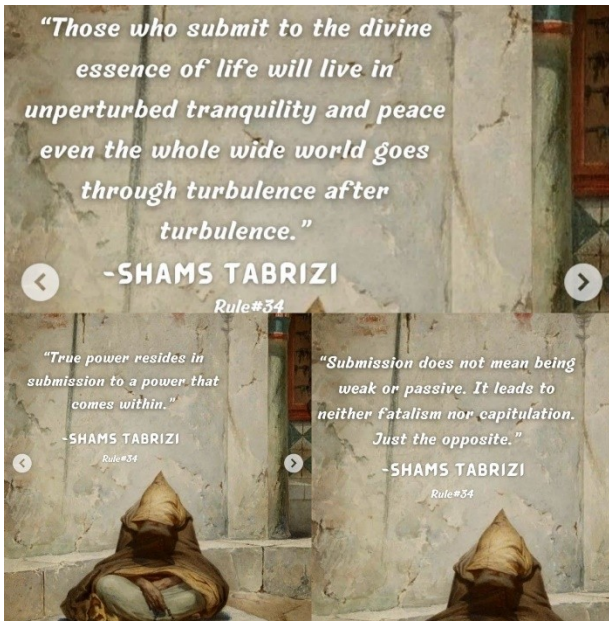
While she walked above the stars and the heavens bowed down to her every prayer and the living and dead came to her for help, it bemused me to see men of this world become so small minded and so blinded by lust and wealth that they became almost like animals in their short sightedness.

They fought and killed human souls often for saving themselves or for wealth or money and fame or love of a disloyal lover?!

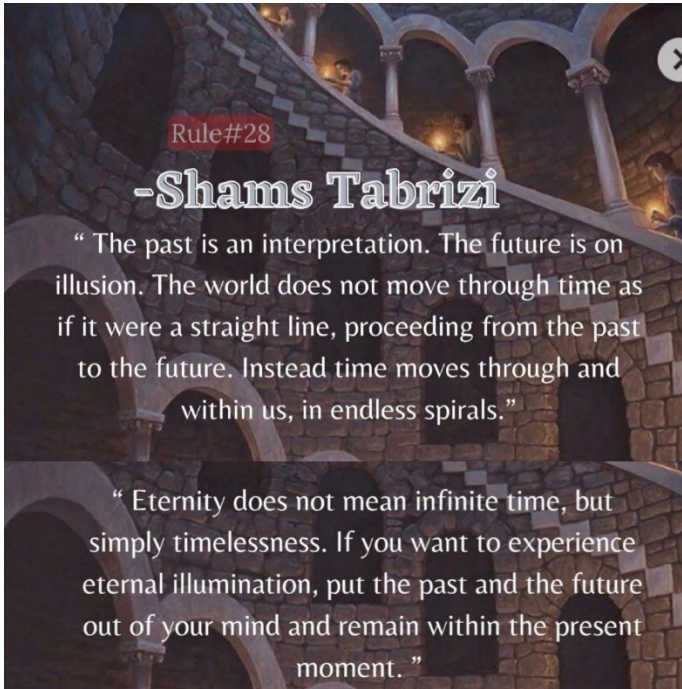
While she being so young and innocent had already known that love, wealth, riches and fame were all more false and fake and short term than a child's playtime in childhood, while eternity passed by with higher speed until it melted away into the darkness and man forgets about death or life until the very last moment. The world broke the hearts of innocent men and women and made them chase wealth and love while breaking them down to the path of insanity until they became willing to harm innocent people for their own selfishness.

All men think they will live forever, all those who fought and killed also thought they'd live forever, and all of them died. The moment death pulls down the veil between life and death, all dreams of life and all happiness and pleasures fade away but then it is too late to turn back. I knew this and so, my heart reacted violently to any notions of worldly wealth, fame, power or recognition, as I felt as though the greatest fool was him who fooled himself. I wanted to know the deeper secrets of whatever I knew of.

How does one go on living and fighting for the lie called life, to know well all leave eventually, and that day could be as soon as tomorrow, then how does one find the strength to live on? Was it only the simplest minds who thought they'd live forever and is that why they fought and killed to make themselves believe they'll live one extra day or eat one extra meal!?



Nostalgia Everywhere:



Alas, if we could even become one tenth of what purity she contained, then perhaps God Himself would come down to this earth and our piety would have over-powered all evilness and our prayers would have created a portal between God and ourselves, and destroy the power of evil from barring God's presence from our world!

O, the world would have become like the planets that surrounded us, for perhaps men existed in other planets before us until their sins destroyed them and their planets burned into ashes and deserts.

The world was lonely when there was no God to call onto, and no afterlife to hold onto and no heaven to hope into. The world felt worthless when sin and debauchery surrounded us with selfishness and carelessness.

Hearts weep out and reach for the stars above to forget the pain that agonising the frail human hearts which has been injured by tragedy and suffering of life and death. When the destruction that our sins have earned finally wrecks the earth and the screaming of a million children fills the world- where shall I find a replacement for the saintly maiden who had

blessed the world during her brief years? Who shall be there to pray for our salvation and weep for our safety now?

When the weather would become cold and gloomy, I reclined against the window sill and cried out to the heavens, not knowing how soon my sentence would come and how soon would I be as forgotten as my ancestors and abandoned to that lonely unknown world, but in that the life beyond that held the deepest fear, I was no saint, as I was lost in a world with no direction and I didn't know how to find the truth- or how to go on searching for a guidance or a sign to show me the path of truth where this saintly woman reigned and found the truth of God and His signs. She had no fear of death for death was the slave of her God, and while we revered God, it was God who Himself revered her.

If I could have attained even one part of a thousandth of her piety or purity, then perchance, I would have been saved, and perhaps, I would have been shown the truth and allowed to find out about the kingdom of eternity.

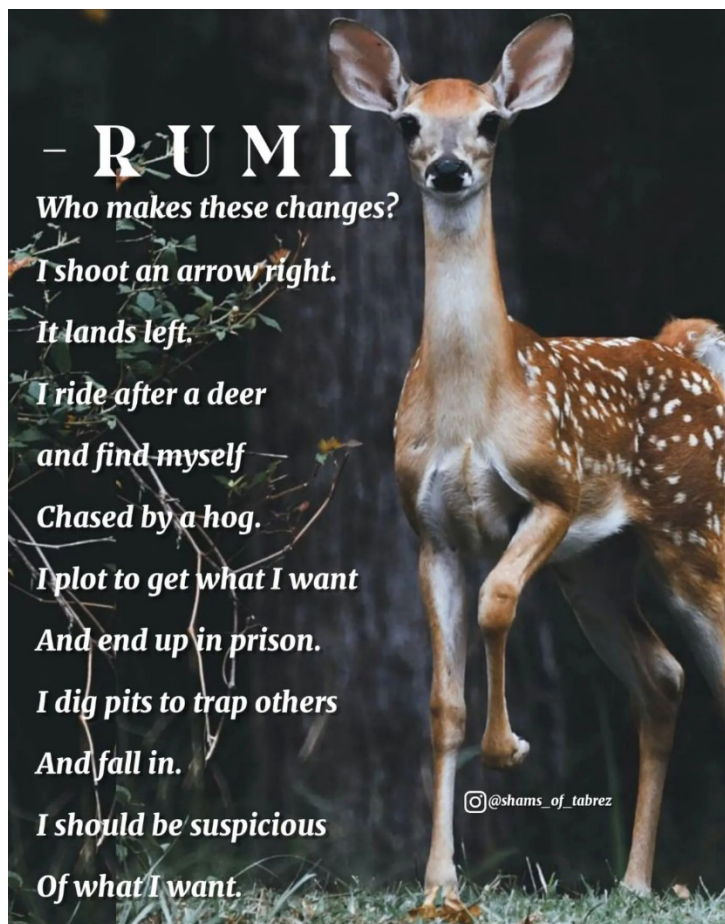
My heart longed for some hope, some strength and some spiritual balm to ease the pain which burned my sanity away with a torment too severe for any words to compress.

In my sadness I called unto the God whom she loved, the God whom she loved yet never asked for anything because her love was pure without the selfishness that wrought my soul.

While I wept for myself, she shed tears for the pain of others, while I worshipped God to save myself or find hope for myself, she worshipped God for no selfish reason but only to pray for others, standing night after night, hour after hour weeping for a country from the map and globe of the world, and while I blamed God for everything that happened to me, she blamed only herself for whatever befell her.

Verily, if there was only one thing I learned from her, it was not to be afraid of loneliness, for whenever I came across her, I found her anywhere and everywhere at all times especially whenever she found a place to herself, I found her standing in prayers with such devotion that the world could break apart yet she wouldn't be distracted. In the tender embrace of a blooming spring morning, or the middle of a starry night, she prayed constantly, and her visage rested, serene as the quiet after dawn. Cloaked in a veil of soft, ethereal black veil and adorned with a black shawl of sunlit coal, she looked like a portrait of peace painted by the gentle hand of nature. The fabric, rich with the whispering hues of hope, clung to her like the breath of a fragrant breeze, casting shadows of delicate hopes upon her flawless skin. In her prayers, her tear-filled

eyes closed often, adorned with the faintest trace of dreams, suggesting a soul suspended in a moment of pure, undisturbed contemplation.



Conclusion:

She was a stranger in this world of hypocritical souls so deep into their sinful madness. That they started brainwashing themselves that they were doing great deeds by doing every dishonourable act towards each other. This was a world I was ashamed for her innocent soul to know. While she was rejected by society and by her parents, grew up with honour, learned only to worship God and honour only God

and never men or women, then to be forced into a society which was obsessed with human focus and jealousy covered in icing of blatant hypocrisy.

She was gem hidden deep under the sea, a pearl never found or used, a treasure never brought to surface, an angel who never came down to earth, or a spirit too high to capture, a kingdom of heavens never found. The world would think her mad, but those who once saw her power and connection with heaven, would think this world mad. People may call her crazy because that's what they do when they cannot find any answers to their questions, but call that parents crazy and mentally imbalanced who were screaming and crying with joy when their child first heard and spoke, call that doctor who funded one of the most high tech-American based hospitals in India- that she was crazy because her father-in-law spoke after suffering from dementia and memory disorders for 20 years, call all those dozen or so people crazy who were cured from severe diseases after drinking the water that she gave and still lives to bear witness to it.

But no, when people cannot find an explanation scientifically, and they want to stay in their blind world of material things and material explanations and wealth and pomp and power and lust and love, they resort to calling all those events madness - miracles coincidences-, and so on and so forth. But I knew very well and all too well what was happening, and somehow, I was becoming tired of it. After all, I too was a human, born and bred into the most modern city of the fast and civilised world, and no matter how strong the evidences were, at one point - I too became terrified of it, tired of it and horrified of it.

Those around me dismissed my concerns. Most were agnostics and they insisted that this life was the end, and to prove their point, they proudly announced that they had opted to undergo hydrolysis cremation soon after their death, to protect the environment from the carbon emission which resulted from conventional oven-burning cremation, and so, they believed that their lives were going to end in that cauldron on boiling acid which would churn and broil the human body for nearly 18 hours before turning ever muscle, skin and body organ, including the human brain, into a liquid, which would then be flushed down the sewage. Such was the end of their lives, or so they believed, but the thought petrified me.

O Dreams! Thou Wast all that to me.

**Futile creatures of dust, and death!
We are nought save flesh and breath;
Will this vibrant face and vigorous body,
Become food for worms in the cemetery?
Oh, if death betakes me at last,
Bring not memories of the past,
And leave me not in the olden grave,
Amidst solicitors who cannot save,
For if my body be buried in foreign land,
Destined to become as worthless as sand,
Then cast me not away to be alone,
Forever gone and eternally unknown;
But let me die with love and ease,
On a land where there is peace,
Like the ethereal deserts of the east,
Where none requires pundits or priest,
And I shall not be alone, year after year,
Knowing ancient Bedouins are so near,
Praying for me with the aid of scribes,**

From those nomadic tents and tribes!

I feared cremation. I did not want my body and my hair to be stuffed inside a pressure cooker to be broiled for one entire day, and only to have the remaining bones transferred to a food processor to be crushed! What was the use of this life if that was the end?

The miracle of my saintly friend was becoming unbearable. She was perfection and her soul was her symphony's heart, each note a whisper of her soul's own melody. The miracles were an extension of her essence, highlighting her delicate powers. Her beauty is something I can never forget, with her hair cascading in a passionate disarray, each strand a melody, as the autumn leaves that swirl around her in a dance that mimicked the world's rhythm.

Because I was born with hope in the most hopeful nation, where love, mercy and hope ruled our hearts, and all my hope got burnt and I forgot who I was, I forgot all that I was taught from childhood, my past life of greed and ambition and awareness was erased, and fear and hopelessness captured my lost soul.

This was a society where men claiming to be civilized fought to disrobe women and women were groomed and brainwashed into feeling honoured only when they dishonoured their bodies and served men and women with their exposed bodies and sexuality. I was accursed to be born into that society and accept that as a norm until I met a soul who was free as the clouds itself, who was more mighty than the unattainable stars that adored our nightly sky.

A world of degenerate men who send money and weapons to bomb and burn and kill millions of women in a country, then cried themselves mad when one woman didn't want to cover herself, but when millions burnt to death, they didn't shed a tear and only sent more spies to give more wars and frame all godly men as sexual assaulters and torturer of women and honoured men who dishonoured women and used and abused them publicly in nightclubs.

I had lost every ounce of respect for the hypocritical world I was born in, that I was made to believe were righteous, suddenly they appeared as demons and groomers and abusers and assaulters, they weren't worthy enough to come near the dust below her feet. It was she who loved mankind and honoured a human soul and loved humanity more than anyone of our society. How many of them wept with her passion night after night through her youthhood and teens and into her

twenties for the love of mankind, praying and weeping for the forgiveness of every country, regardless of their religion, race or gender?

Fighting against the torment of her own people?

It's the presence of these people that wakes you from the trance of this life and the falseness of its people. She imbalanced my standard of people and never could I make myself respect anyone after setting them against her unrivalled love and unparalleled greatness and humility.

My world was a society of degenerate men and dishonourable women and I was one amongst them, sometimes taking up to several hundred selfies after a full makeup and hairdo with different outfits.

While she never even looked at her own reflection and never took a single picture of herself while she was one of the best looking in all of India. Her heart was just not into those things. Honour faith love piety purity prayers and charity was all she was.

To imagine that someone like that still existed in our century in our accursed world of the most sinful souls, yet somehow amongst the unknown humans, there still survived those angels of God, who loved and walked amongst us, despite the stench of mankind's sin and degeneracy that the internet had brought forth.

Modern as we were, yet, these sinless saints of God still lived with us, they walked with us and I was terrified of offending them, of hurting them or even looking at them.

It took a long time for me to take my eyes off the floor and muster the strength to even dare to meet her eyes.

Who was she that contained all the power of the world within her?

Unaware she was of what she was. Unaware she was of what powers she contained within her. I wanted to excuse myself and find the bathroom but it wasn't easy to find the bathroom in an Indian shopping mall so I just got away from my mom's friends and herself too because I wanted to brood over the events of the past hour and then I wanted to get away from the throngs of people and cry my heart out.

I wept uncontrollably that day sitting in the stairs a little bit away from people and then later I bathed my face with my water flask and tried to act normal. But my heart was too afraid shaking with fear, my ears had almost shut down to the voices of those around me. My mom had to ask questions several times to receive an answer from me that day. My mind was distracted and preoccupied, the event was too obvious too straightforward too real for me to deny it even with all my scepticism.

I knew no one would have believed me except the relatives of that girl but her mother was too hysterical for me to approach

and explain. She was crying as if her entire family had died, indeed it was a happy event for them but sometimes Indians were overtly emotional and too dramatic for my own distressed heart. Her sobbing had made my anxiety level rise until I thought I would have lost consciousness from that hour's strenuous events.

Thank God for her calm and collected husband.

I kept thinking of what had just occurred. Questioning myself a million times until I became more and more anxious, my heart threatening to beat without control and my throat unable to contain such anxiousness without making my breathing laboursome.

I tried a million ways to convince myself of the normalcy of this occurrence.

But my heart wouldn't agree that such coincidences, could keep occurring over and over again, wherever my friend went and whomsoever she met with.

I was stabbed with the dagger of truth over and over again and until it hurt. I did not want to see any more miracles. I wanted to get away from her, to my normal regular life and find enough strength to lead a normal life in my normal teenage years. Away from supernatural events that made me question my own sanity and make me appear insane to my friends and classmates.

Because I was too afraid to be with her- too terrified to even muster the strength to look into her eyes, was too afraid to eat with her from the same plate or share with her my seat. I did not want to offend her I did not know what position she held in the eyes of God. People often times enjoy watching miracles like it is some magic show. But I was sick and tired of it. I was tired of it and I became quite mortified by it. You don't want to see the power of the heavens in front of you while living in the world because that's when your life becomes a lie. You cannot find happiness with people you cannot find friendship; you cannot find subjects to talk about or TV shows that will distract your heart. Depression comes in waves and hopelessness destroys your soul once you are faced- face to face with the power of the undeniable heavens.

When you are forced to be with someone whose mere words and prayers unfolds miracles that is unexplainable to a human soul. Oh, trust me it is not fun, it was no fun at all. It was the most terrifying and the most horrific experience that ever happened to me. I wanted to throw up I wanted to vomit and for a day afterwards I could not eat anything. I sat in one place for hours I could not even cry afterwards. I did not sleep that night my eyes wide awake my body trembling in a fear unknown to my heart until my heart could not find the strength to bear this life in her company any longer.

I became nauseous of everything I became homesick and wanted to get away from her. I wanted to get away from her power and her contagious purity. Although she was the most innocent soul. The most meek in nature the most non-judgmental (compared with the woke people of my generation who judged people insanely for the sin of judging people) she was the most forgiving soul, and so merciful and so simple hearted that she could never understand any insult even if done to her purposely. But I became terrified of her vibe, of her every move, terrified of offending her even though she would never understand that offence.

Because I realized that it was me only who understood her power. The more I became aware of the power she contained within her. Terror and utter horror were the only feelings left for me to feel. Fear is all I felt and heartbreak was what my heart was going through in stages.

The best part of the whole subject was, that she never knew that she was behind the miracle of the child speaking after nine years of her life. She did not even understand that the child could not speak. She was asking questions out of innocence to amuse the child. She never realized what miracle she had done. That's what amazed me the most. That she was unaware of what power and what heavenly power she contained within herself. She never understood what she was capable of doing or what power she controlled from within her wishes and prayers. And I kept it that way because I thought it best for her to stay in Innocence and ignorance of what she truly was, it was up to me alone to understand it -to realize its incomprehensibility, to calculate its unexplainable events and to come to a conclusion. Enough for a while until it was too unpeaceful for my mind to accept.

I did not want to be with her any longer. all my dreams all my hopes of catching her in the act of a miracle was now utterly and completely gone.

The fear was so severe and so horrific and the pain and the reality of that heavenly power so real, that it made me loose interest in everything around me. I was done once and for all chasing after saints or finding out about their hidden powers. I wanted to get away from her. I wanted to get away from all those people who are so connected with the heavenly powers of God. I wanted to get away from the friends of God who held within them unspeakable unimaginable and the unexplainable, it was obvious to me the she was a part of God. Herself, her piety her meekness her humility her purity her sinlessness had made her a part of God. it was God who elevated her to a position unknown even to herself. She was unaware of what she contained within her. All the glamour, all the power, all the

might of the universe was under her fingers, miracles- sickness healed -the dead she made come alive- rain fall she could turn into blood and she heard things which we didn't not hear. She made the dead of previous decades speak, she cured the born deaf and the born blind in the 21st century. the 21st century which had electricity and internet and skyscrapers and high speed supersonic jets and space shuttles rockets and satellites. Yet how was it possible for the saints of God to walk within us. Staying sinless and angelic souls to walk within us unaware of what they themselves were. Unaware of the power of the God who they worshiped. Unaware of the position they attained in His eyes. Unaware but very much known to me understood by me, who was tired of it all I wanted was to get away from her, to get away from that which I could not explain.

This life and every moment of it became a living torture to me. I could cry and that's the only language I could speak for hours endlessly, echoing a pain, a torment that tore my heart apart. Hopelessness and a fear that could not be diminished.

A sadness that could not be forgotten.

A pain sharp enough to destroy everything. It was a disease which could kill the living while they still walked and talked.

Events like these makes men question themselves, and so I longed for eternal life. I longed for some answer to the questions that haunted my soul. I longed for answers of questions of even which I did not know. I thought I was not strong enough to become a lover of God, because it takes the greatest strength in the world to love God and to suffer in the hands of His creation without blaming Him and without hating them. And I was not strong enough to love without hate or anger or vengeance. I thought it was too weak to have faith believe in a God and accept my fate with love and mercy and forgiveness.

It takes the strongest bravest and most powerful of men to control passion and hate and lust. But we all were weak, and I was now becoming too weak to even survive this world and this life. With every luxury and every amenity, my heart still suffered in a pain that is not explainable to anyone unless they felt the pain themselves.

A fear a hopelessness which destroys every strand from the heart and every hope from life. A pain that makes people incapable of thinking or functioning properly. A pain that enslaves the free mind and makes them dependent upon things that distract, for some it is drugs for some it is drinking for some it is love and lust and for some it is Fame and the feelings of false power of a few moments over other helpless souls. But

what about for those who are too far sighted to find the peace in other temporary distractions, for me the pain was too acute to handle, and too severe for me to survive it on my own. I was becoming blinded by hopelessness and tortured by loneliness and terrified and threatened by my own future.

Musician, Thy War is Over!

**Alas, death I cannot conquer or control
But the heavenward hope of my soul,
Shall linger through all travails or terror,
Knowing God can erase all human horror!
Though He now seems elusive and afar,
God is more steadfast than the brightest star!
If there should be a God above that sky,
Then let Him love me and not His grace deny!
For my soul shall be lonely and downtrodden,
In the land of the dead and the forgotten!**

Sometimes I long for the peace of the village. Sometimes I want to leave the city and the fighting for living which envelopes man in the race to gain some power and some fame for some time, I longed to leave it all to find peace and a purpose for my existence in a village with no electricity. But that was quite impossible in this modern world.

**O world! How many more innocent men shall you torture into madness!
Oh, world! How many a saint did you torture and have fed to the beasts?! How many sinless souls and religious cardinals**

and saints have you tossed into miry cisterns filled with famished reptiles, and how many religious figures have you burnt and tortured?! But their sacrifice, their innocent tears and their blameless blood had saved all of Europe from the sin of godlessness and from the torment and abuse of idolatry and sexual dishonour and from the slavery of sick broken, mad emperors and rulers!

How many good men shall you lure and seduce with your wealth and power and then torture and abuse them into becoming monsters themselves who will go on to destroy God's honour and His faith and laws and stop the rest of mankind from attaining the salvation of faith and religion?!

Oh, world, when shall you stop unleashing of your hate and anger?

Oh world, when shall you stop defaming men of faith and men of God and when shall you stop honouring men who abuse, groom, seduce and disrobe women and boys?!

Is not torturing them enough for you, oh demonic world, or has your appetite become more hungry and more greedy that you now seek to destroy their souls too?

How many more saints shall you torture and kill until no saints or sinless souls are left to uphold the faith of God and religion, and then can you finally devour the bodies and souls of billions of people through disbelief and sin and into eternal annihilation in your hellish abode of suffering torment and abuse for eternity!

We shall fight against you, O world, sinful as we are! We shall not allow you to seduce men into sin and then torture them when their protection of the heavens is gone!

We shall fight for faith, and champion for chastity and purity to reign so you cannot confuse men into sinning and destroying their own defence and then you cannot torture any more men into madness and becoming monsters or animals!

Helpless as we may be, sinful as we are, O world, we shall fight on, hand by hand, heart by heart until all men come into honour and faith and forgiveness! And then you can never torment them into madness or sinful acts or cruelty or torture!

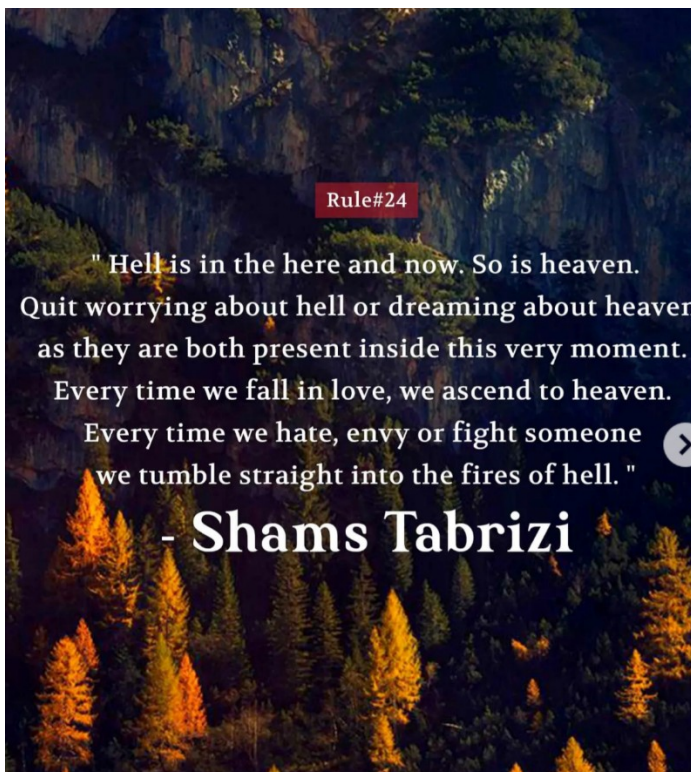


XII.

GOD MADEST MAN:

Who shall repeat those phrases,
 And who shall tell Thy praises?
 For Thou madest the Moon,
 The chief source whereby to calculate,
 Appointed times and seasons,
 To let trees and herbages resuscitate,
 And cycles and signs for the days and the years.
 Thou art wise, and One Who always hears,
 And from Thy wisdom and Knowledge to guide us,
 Thou hast set apart Thy appointed purpose,
 Like a craftsman and an artist in readiness,
 To draw up the films of being from Nothing-ness;
 As light is drawn that lights the sky,
 And that darteth from the eye:
 Without bucket from the fountain of light,
 Hath Thy workman drawn it up with fright,
 And without tool hath he wrought,
 Hewing, graving, refining the untaught,

Calling unto the void and it was cleft,
And unto existence it was left,
And to the universe and it was spread out;
Establishing the clouds of the heavens about,
And with his hand joining together,
The pavilions of the spheres in ether,
And fastening with the loops of power,
The tent-folds of creation in that Hour,
For the might of his hand extendeth to the
uttermost border,
Linking the uttermost ends to prevent disorder.
- SOLOMON GABIROL



A Lonely World:



The world felt lonely and I was afraid to live without knowing a God who could promise me more to life than death and decay!?

When emptiness of life surrounds me in the darkens of my lonely nights, I often dream of finding the strength in my soul to pray or find the courage and humility to stand in front of the Maker of my soul and cry into the endless silent heavens where my eternal journey shall end, but I find myself drowning in pity, for how could I be worthy enough to pray to a God so great and so perfect when I was incapable of even understanding the vastness of His endless miracles which shook the worlds?

I, who was unworthy to even look at her direction, how could my heart ever become as sinless as that saintly maiden? How could my heart become as pure as hers as to ascend to the heavens each time she stood in front of her Lord?

How could I ever dream to even dare to attain the loftiness of the dust below her feet?

God was pure and He chose the purest hearts to know Him.

Now Sleeps the Dead Leaves, Now the Tree.

**My heart weeps while I live in this world,
I long for the God Who gave us His Word;
O, my heart hungers for the high stars,
Glittering above human wealth and wars!**

Indeed, the saints had abandoned us to the sinful world of mad humans and our misery and sadness and the false pursuit of happiness, fame or love! The bodies of every knight, every emperor, every king, every soldier and agents and spies lay strewn across the vast world as stark reminders of our curse of life in this world, and that all love and all ambition come to an abrupt end. This life appeared like a mental health clinic, where all men were and, in some way, are being tormented in ways that hurt the most to each person, and all the patients thought they'd live in this clinic of madmen forever.

For why did men fight and torture each other if they knew they'd all die and their graves and their worst rival's grave would be side by side?!

All the world wars that great men fought and killed their neighbours for and burned ancestral countries and tortured and killed others mercilessly and endlessly until they both died. I wished this saint lived longer amongst us and taught me more about my Lord, for she was chosen by God but was unknown to

human eyes for all saints appeared ordinary to us, but the power of the world was with them.

That feeling of terror that feeling of anticipation that fear of her powers and the reality of that heaven which I until then thought was a fairytale. God was a thought a concept and nothing more than that. The longer I stayed in her company and was a witness to her every action, the more she became real and the more God became real the more I became false the more the heaven became real the more the world became false.

The more her powers were manifested in front of me, the more the people of the world appeared powerless and flimsy false and fake. But I was not used to that power that fear of heaven that life after that death, that God of eternal universe. I could not wrap my mind around the fact that a young girl barely out of her teens could hold the power of the universe in the grasp of her hands. I could not understand how a girl so simple so pale and frail so meek and so innocent could be given by God, the powers over all the kings and emperors and spies and agents and trillionaires and billionaires and scientists and hackers. All the celebrities all the kings and queens all the rich billionaires and millionaires appeared like mayor mannequins or children who thought they were powerful. What power were their power compared with hers. it deeply disturbed me- it deeply affected me and I did not want any more of it. I became terrified- my young heart became sick and too afraid to witness any more of her miracles. Fear and anticipation of the future and what she could really be doing next made me too afraid to function properly.

I was not being able to answer any questions or function properly or talk with any of my mom's friends. I did not want to go shopping anymore I did not find any interest in the things, in the shopping list that my friends gave me to buy for them. I did not want to go back to my life nor did I want to stay here with her one moment longer. I wanted to forget it all- forget it all like it was a bad dream. That it was not happening to me. I wanted to go back to those days -to a world where I did not see these illogical senseless things which made heart so weak - I wanted to go back to a time where I was not forced with the terrifying reality of the power of God and heaven. I wanted to go back to believing that she was just a young civilian girl pale and frail and meek and innocent. My hands and feet became so heavy that I could not move it. Fatigue overcame my soul and my body-and physically I became too tired to even stand up properly. Too a terrified to sleep too tired to walk and too distracted to answer questions. Her terror and fear had plagued my heart until I could not even find the strength to weep out the fright of my heart.

No human being can attain sublimity and gain the power in which every human being shall be free from their harm, unless they free their hearts by forcing themselves to focus on heaven and on God and force their hearts to become free of every human thought, even if it was for one hour a day.

So, I tried desperately to purify my heart and attempt to become a likeness of even her shadow.

But I was a human being and it was as if she was an angel burst out and cast from the heavens to the unworthy world below.

Her virtue so deep and her piety so infectious that no women could go back into the world of lust and sin after being blessed with her company.

Events of unparalleled horror followed close on the death of this saint but when she was alive, I saw how her purity was so penetrating that it made all celebrities appear so sinful and so defiled. Even in her early teens, she prayed for the betterment of mankind, and when was scarcely twenty years old, impassioned an apostolate had destroyed her health; she was touching the limit of her virtual pilgrimage to God.

I tried my best to realise that the world had its way of living and that everyone had the right to do whatever they wanted to do.

But once introduced to someone whose piety was so infectious and so deep and so penetrating that my standard had changed for myself and for all those whom I saw and witnessed. I became afraid of unchaste people I became afraid of being defiled by their actions or being infected by the disease of human lust and worshipping, the entire ritual and rites of the social media and clubbing and makeup and networking and talk shows and podcasts and comments seemed suddenly to me as a ritual drowned in the sin of human lust and worshipping.

I became afraid to be friends with them to mix with them because I was afraid that they would make me like them and I would be destroyed forever and my heart once infected with the disease of human focus and attraction and impressions, I feared I would go so farther away from her goal -from my goal to become like her that there would be no coming back.

I wanted to become any version of her in any possible way; It was my only hope that perhaps perchance I too would get a position in the eyes of God in that heavenly realm and in that world- I would have some hope and in a life after death, I would find some reprieve had I followed her lifestyle _ step by step at least physically as much as I saw and heard and remembered from last recollections which were fading away with the fast passing by of life and time.

Whenever I think of her, tears come unbidden and flow from my eyes. My world as I know it disappears from my sight. Heaven - afterlife -God -and everything spiritual takes over my soul.

I suddenly find no strength to work to study- to live this passing life - working surviving in this worldly life. Sometimes a trance comes over me when I feel myself drowning in my own misery, my soul becomes insane and longs to go to a jungle or a forest or a place where there wouldn't be any human effect in miles and kilometres.

And then I could scream the pain of the repressed fear of my heart out and I could cry and weep until the heavenly God who loved her so much and gave her a share of His kingdom would perchance take pity on my tormented soul and give me a sign or a hope or a way out of this lonely world and ensure unto me a promise - a hope a sign of the afterlife so I could no longer have to fear death and the end as I fear it now.

As my world changed so drastically on, I was horrified to come back and see the lives of my friends steadily changed towards the other way. They became more ambitious more focused and more obsessed with human attention and human ambition. Me and my circle of acquaintances tried to save the world in our own ways, through awareness and charity and go fund me projects for the poor and the needy, we defeated the ones who spread hatred amongst people, despite how much the world tempted us to focus on our own gain, we fought against whom we thought were evil, until we became doomed to fight with our own selfish ego till our ends.

My friends had souls very much like mine, filled with a desperate ambition of justice, yet consumed with earthly wants, needs and passionate feelings.

Eventually with age and degrees and jobs, my friends became more obsessed with impressing people and they became more obsessed with human love and human lust and human networking partying and human connection and attraction. they became obsessed with the world of fame and power and ambition and education. Yes indeed, they also had good hearts, charitable hearts but their purpose and my purpose were now the difference between the skies and the earth below. My life my goal my world as I knew it was shattered and remade in a completely different path. While their life and their world of relationships and justification and self-absorbed -self-made laws of goodness and badness was spiralling downward into a direction I feared would make them misguided too deeply to ever recover from.

Every human being must find their purpose and find the purity of their soul by forcing their mind and their hearts away from the thoughts of human beings even for 1 hour in their life. Without freedom no man can stay human and every man is bound to become a beast and every beast is bound to become a domesticated pet of another free born human soul. Thus, it is severely important for all those who wants to attain the level of purity that would make them free and honourable enough never to become enslaved and trapped into the world and its intricate web of souls that are dead and enslaved and hearts that have gone insane by human love and hate.

I tried in vain to preach them to tell them about the falseness of the shortness of the world the forgetfulness of the people whose love they chased and destroyed their life and religious law for. I tried in vain to tell them that every wealth they earned, every spending every minute of their precious life which they squandered away will all be destroyed in one moment and be gone from them the moment their eyes were shut in death and that worldly wealth could not help them nor could it help their children.

It would only get enemies who would take that worldly wealth away from their children and harm them with it and hurt them for it. And all their lovers whom they worked so hard for and spent so much of their mind and intellect to keep to themselves and enjoy romance with, would take other wives and other spouses and enjoy their company in that same bed and in that same bedroom that they bought with their hard-earned money and decorated with their hopes and dreams.

And that their children would forget them and would go on living their own lives not even thinking of their parents even once in their entire year. And that all that they worked for in this world- the vacation and the expensive cars the - interior decorated houses and the people they tried so desperately to impress, would all begone any moment in any second and that it was all so false. It was all so fleeting so short and so utterly, utterly useless.

And that she who had no home to call her own and no lover to love her and no connections to praise her, had within the age of 20 - gained the power of all the heavens and all the angels and the world combined. She who never knew wealth, who never knew any Western education, who never knew how to impress people who never knew the look of a man, never saw a man in her life, nor did a man see her, nor did she know of no human love or lust, and she who was unaware of the evilness of people -unaware of the praise of people -unaware of their love or lust - unaware of wealth and power- unaware and uninterested in impressing people or being impressed by them.

How scarcely furnished her room, her beauty veiled, her life limited by the bonds of Faith and the laws of religion, her mind distracted and unaffected by the media and its madness, yet within the age of 20 she gained more than all the presidents and generals, she contained more within her than all the kings of the universe, then all the emperors of all the empires of the world. That she held within her within such a young age -such power- such unexplainable might and such honour that the heavens and the animals and the trees and the dead and the living and the sickness would all bow down to her on word one command.

That she was the yardstick and the epitome of success or what success should be. That she should be our goal, because she had become my goal. My ambition_ my aspiration and my obsession. From her life I learned that my life was false and more fake than the cartoons that children watch. From her life and her actions. I learned that God was real and that the heaven was real and that the power contained within them was so fierce and so vast and so unimaginably overwhelming, that all the soldiers and agents and spies of the world couldn't come together to even a speck of the power that she held within her - unaware even to herself.

Loved by God, honoured by God, tested by God, revered by God, and then become a part of God's world. Sometimes I regret desperately because I fear I was jealous of her relationship with God. I was jealous that that the heavens were enslaved to her and sickness itself was enslaved to her every wish and command. That she controlled our 21st century world unaware herself - that she was controlling it. That God had given her such power to cure the born sick- the born blind and the born deaf. She could make the dementia patients remember all his past memories and that her power was so severe her piety so penetrating her might so deep and her honour so revered her position so sublime that even the dead came to the living to ask for her help. She did not only help those who lived but she unbeknownst to herself helped the dead who were beyond life and lived in another world.

Perhaps it was jealousy that made me weep in mourning her existence, because I realized what I was next to her, what worlds we were apart, how foolish I had been up till that moment, and how blinded was my version of goodness in the modern world that I was fated to be from. Alas, we had become such sinners that amongst us, we couldn't even make a saintly sinless angel survive.

While movies and the sickest and the most vilest of videos and sinful acts consume humanity and destroy their human soul, I wallow in the madness of my own sorrow and grieve for mankind. Alas, we had almost attained success and absolution via this saintly woman's prayers, and had we been able to attain chastity and piety like her who ruled the stars and the milky

ways with her heavenly powers, then we would have been able to live in a better world!

The saints of old Europe who saved the world from Roman paganism, have become extinct, and the churches of Europe have turned into pagan and Buddhist temples, and the world has forgotten God and humanity in their slavery for lust and degradation of God's human slaves. But the sickness of human worshipping and the sickness of human lust and filth and hate and passion and anger and self-hate and self-disgust which made man hate each other and desperate to humiliate each other, to make themselves feel better, made humanity become accursed with an impending destruction. We shall remember the pious woman who lived her brief years, and we shall shed the hottest of tears in the bitterest of times when the world turns deaf to our cries and suffering, and death and starvation and sickness surrounds us from every side! The world shall rotate along, careless of the souls he takes and the bodies he torments!

But so long as the sun shines and the moon wanes, we shall mourn you, O fair and virtuous one!

The mind may forget but the heart shall not, and when all is gone and all is done, we shall still be grateful that you had come to our world, in our century and you have enlightened many hopeless souls. To have you in our world was an honour unmatched and to know you was the greatest privilege that could be given unto man.

Alas! Thou art Dead!

What madness and misery will avail earth,
Now that it had lost its saintly worth,
And the pious woman's untimely demise
Overflow with grief our unworthy eyes?
Yet can we ever begin to deem or surmise,
How this world shall last without a sunrise?
How we shall live and love and laugh,
When all joyous things are cut in half,
And this pious woman's miracles ceased,
Since the hour she had been deceased?
Who shall offer unto us justice and joy,
And ensure no bombs can ever destroy
Not any nuclear device nor radiation
Can ever cause our total annihilation?
For she who died was a saint and sage,
Whose prayers altered history's page,
Whose tears upended wars and illness,
Who never failed to rid nations of pestilence...
O my sad cry, which no one hears
Amidst these oceans of my tears-

As I retreat from this mystical land
My grief none could understand:
And alone with this burden of sadness
I weep in the day and in the darkness,
Lamenting the loss of a saintly woman
Who surpassed greatness of every man:
Oh, if I never had to retreat from this land
And offered eternal praises where I stand,
Still my cry, no one could echo,
Of my loneliness none would know,
For I lost my saint and my hero,
I now am struck with grief's arrow,
I shall dare with my burden leave,
But will forever - I shall grieve,
For this pain and loss feels so great,
As if I am hurled beneath a mountain's feet,
O beloved and beautiful saint and friend!
You too have abandoned us in the end!
O life! O death! O snatcher of hope and joy!
Must all happiness you always destroy?
Must every saint suffer the sword of death?
Must you steal even a mystic's health?
O how I struggle to live in frightful peace,
Amid this sadness that would never cease!
I weep and my eyes are still teary,
And nymphs of rivers bathe in my misery,
No wealth can make me forget to weep
Nor any song ever again sweeten my sleep.
My life is crushed, as I mourn the woman,
A saint who was cast away and forgotten,
Who is now buried under the dust of stars,
Whose beauty outshine the moon and Mars,
Who halted the horrors of all human wars,
Wielding more power than princes and czars.
I am weary of weeping, O weeping alone,
My sorrow and grief is much unknown
For none can see the sadness in my tears,
Save the quick pulse of the stars that stares,
Because earth had lost a saint and angel,
But heaven now holds her in godly cradle,
And my heroine dwells on the celestial throne
Living with her dear God in Paradise alone.
Though the fire of my grief consumes me,
Though my tears a hailstorm it could be,
I know the dear saint I lost is well and sound,
With God as the neighbour, in hallowed ground.
But bereft of this pious saint weary I stand,
Friendless and hopeless like grains of sand,
While the loveless and godless ones celebrate,
Earth forever will mourn this virgin celibate,
Who could draw water from stones and cloud,
Who raised the dead from their shroud,
And could sweeten the water of the sea,

Bestowing on fellow humans, miracle and mercy!
How can the waves of my life go on,
When the one I adored is gone?
No reason have I to murmur or smile,
For my tears outflows the mystical Nile!

Ah, she was dead and gone! I remembered my own sins of selfishness and my actions, what now appeared as my impurity if compared with her. And I could never get over it. I could never come to par with it. I could never forget her and I could never forget myself and what my life was compared to her.

O sublime saint! What suffering were you inflicted us with?!
What fear enveloped your heart?
Oh, if I were there to save you from those pitiful days of suffering that tormented your soul into a pain unimaginable by me!

May your death allow women to live with veil -covering and chastity and honour within the faith of your Almighty God!

Go forth angel of heaven! Go forth away from our world of sinful enslaved souls into the realm of the God who had honoured you and had given you power over His kingdom unknown to even your own self!

Go away darling of India and Arabia!
Fly away to the heaven from whence you came!
This faithless world broke your heart- and in silent suffering you beckoned death and he came: he came to snatch you away from the million souls that needed you most desperately!

How could the hearts of men become so cruel when fighting against the followers of God?

How could anger and vengeance burn down all pity and mercy from the hearts of men who despised Religion!?

Oh broken-hearted, tortured soul! Mankind owed it to you to attempt to save you! My heart shall blame your ignorant misguided father when the sound of the first bomb is heard! My soul shall blame and accuse your father when the first sighs of the children are heard across the war-stricken world and I shall never forgive him-when the wailing of the mothers and wives of soldiers reaches my ears! O, he took away our beacon of hope and our last chance at salvation!

Oh, faithful men and women! Your days of freedom and faith and honour are but numbered, and godless sexually enslaved men shall humiliate, defame, and destroy every last Abrahamic faith from our tormented world, and then when they shall drown all of mankind in their sins, then the curse of the hurt,

abused and groomed shall annihilate our universe and our every morsel of food and oxygen and water!

And she whose tears of purity and sinlessness could have saved us, cannot save us any more or give us any last hope.

Man shall suffer alone! Alone in the aftermath of the sins they earned; alone, suffering in a punishment with no reprieve and no hope.

I could not cease weeping for a long time!

Yes, maybe it was some deep closeted envy and hopelessness which made me weep so insanely sometimes in fits of pain that made me feel that one day my heart would burst in my desperate despondency. Especially when it rains, it reminds me of her until I feel fear in every hair follicle.

Sometimes I feel the terrible weight of a burden in my heart of that day which had extinguished all the Hope from our world. I sometimes thank God for taking her pure as the way she was, I sometimes thank God that she left the world, loving humans as she did; not ever knowing how evil some humans can be.

You may torture men of faith and pride and honour and men who take power from God but you can never destroy their souls with sin and hate and vengeance and slavery of lust!

Powerless as we are! Alone as we are! We shall not let you win! With her torment, you have destroyed every last right to curse or destroy any more souls into eternal doom! Our hearts shall find strength from her who defied your laws, yet fell a victim into your death, but death was victory for her for she left while she was sinless and you couldn't destroy her soul with sin or lust or slavery or madness or cruelty!

**When will your vengeance be gratified?
When will your hate be satisfied?
When will your bloodlust be quenched, O kingdom of the devil?**

Oh, world! Become appeased with the souls of all those who you have already devoured with sin, lust and cruelty! Let go off the faithful and the saints of God!

Oh, world! Oh, life, what can man do to save itself from your wrath and your hungry vengeful hunting of their innocence! How many more groaning, wailing and weeping and sufferings shall you require of mankind before mankind can finally be free from your wrath and live in faith and honour and happiness or is there no hope, because this world belongs to the devil and he shall make all children of Adam suffer, in one way or another? Then let God's heaven be true and let mankind never get manipulated by you into becoming unworthy of heaven or cursed to live in this hellish world even after death!

Rest in peace, O Saint, for no suffering shall avail thee and no pain shall hurt thee and no terror or betrayal of loved ones shall threaten thee, oh innocent heart!

Oh God, if Your heaven is real, then grant us patience and humility to bear the torture and suffering and humiliation of the world and its people, but let them not curse our souls with sin and disbelief and cause us to suffer in their midst even after death!

Let our virtue and goodness make our souls free from sin and the hellfire of eternity and allow us to become light and sinless enough to fly off to Your heaven immediately after our bodies are freed from this worldly abode!

How sometimes years of sinfulness makes a person so vicious and so bitterly vindictive and so insecure that they want to destroy every other pious person and every religious law and every religious country and continue claiming to be righteous and charitable and doing it all for the cause of justice (or at least that's what they tell themselves).

But seeing her, you realise that their hearts are deluded with false passion and all their notions of justice are based on hatred and insecurity and self-loathing.

If you want to know love, then it was only her who contained a heart incapable of hatred, purely made with mercy, it was her who was merciful without any justified hate, it was her who felt the pain of others without any judgment and without any anger. How can those claim to love someone by hating another person?

How can you claim to save a nation when you justify the murder of another nation. How can you claim to be just and merciful when you take one side and hate the other and blame the other.

How can you be just and merciful when you feel sorry only for the victims and not for those who are put in a situation by the world which made them a murderer?

I often wondered what was it like to live as a saint, and I noticed that to ease the pain of other hearts, even of those whom you cannot love, is the most holy action one could do, because life tormented them much more than it tormented you.

So, we must fight on to make mankind survive, and live with humanity and mercy and God's law to know the difference between sin and virtue, for this is what this beautiful saintly woman did during her short life. I dream of her returning and I dream of God blessing our sinful defiled world to be blessed by more pure hearted saintly beings like her whose purity and piety would give mankind some hope of survival amidst an upcoming all-consuming war of nuclear annihilation or massive starvation for the sickest sins our youngsters have earned through the prevalence of the internet.

That is the last of my hope after which there's no hope left, and no strength left for me to hold onto and no reason for me to hope for, and no happiness to wait for and no future to fight for.

I do not know how to go on living with the weight of the world on my shoulders and the burden of that life beyond ours, to fear.

We must live on because we do not have any choice or say in that matter.

We must fight on because giving up is not an option.

We must fight against the attack of cruelty, hate and passion that is infecting the soul of mankind and instead, we have to teach purity to everyone we possibly can, or else one day, our children will wake up to a world of monsters in human form.

With no saints amongst them to plead to the heavens for reprieve from demonic men, and no sinless pious ones amongst them to uphold the laws of a pure God with chastity and purity at its basic core, to stop the sacrifice of children and the assault of virgins and the killing of people for fun and the disrobing of all women and the marriage and legal molestation of all children by their own siblings and parents, that is the world our futures generations are going into with full speed.

We must fight on, even when we see assured death in front of us, and even when depression threatens to turn our hearts insane with the terrors of life and death and loneliness.

We must go on living this life that we were cursed with, so long as the heart beats, we must keep serving other hearts and help ease the pain of those whose pain we feel.

How could you love one human being and hate another and what surety it is there that one day you wouldn't also hate those whom you support now?

What guarantee is there that one day you wouldn't believe that the victim was also at fault and so you would hate the victim as the murderer and you would hate the genocide giver and those who were killed in the genocide and you would hate the doctor and the patient and eventually you would hate all human beings and love only yourself. That is what the people of world are fooling themselves into. People are fast to judge and fiercely so, they blame one side- they hate the other- they blame one religion -they hate the other- they love themselves - they hate others- everyone thinks themselves to be the best and everyone else at fault. They think themselves best for taking the side of one person and several years later they go against

that person. When passion is present in a person, they automatically become capable of violent hate- how can they ever be capable of love again?

Her love was different because her heart was incapable of hate. She could not even understand what hate meant. And so, God loved her and she loved her God and she loved His creation- never blaming anyone -never hating anyone after what her she faced towards the end of her life.

What heartbreak she was faced with and forced to endure. What she went through - what pain wrecked her soul -what avalanche of tears did burn her silent eyes. What suffering was forced for her innocent soul to endure before she felt death was the only option for her and so she prayed for it and her prayer was accepted by a God whom she never blamed while she suffered. Perhaps she never even prayed for her suffering to end or relieved, maybe she was too simple hearted to pray for her own relief; or maybe the old sage was true when he told me that the difference between the saint and the sorcerer is that the saint never prays for himself and never saves himself and that they themselves suffer unimaginably, and enjoy every suffering that comes to them, and happily so- they suffer they weep they endure- and they thank God after it. And they thank their torturer and they forgive their killers and they forgive their tormentors and give forgiveness without any hate. That is the difference between the saint and the sorcerer who only saves himself and does everything for selfish gain and is incapable of forgiveness and does everything for revenge.

A saint and a sinner both look the same to death, one more saint of this century had passed away in vain. Maybe none is left alive, maybe none survived, and no one to remember the hearts buried by time.

That is the world we are cursed to live in, hanging by the shortest noose waiting for the execution to take place. We were billions of tormented and condemned souls, whose last hope was she who went away without any warning or farewell. Oh life, oh torturous hateful life! Would not this world even pity the purest of souls?

Does not the world feel the splashing tears of the most sinless of soul that ever walked upon its ground?

The heart cannot find any language to lament in any longer, As the world torments mankind into madness and dependency, it finds pleasure on the hate and torment of people and it gets pleasure from their suffering and passionate desperation.

She found solace in God while I desperately sought human friendship in the bouts of depression which made me feel as though I would have cried myself into insanity had I found someone to speak with. But only through her did I find the strength to live with myself, to find the strength to look up into

the wilderness and into the vast strange unknown sky and find hope in the vastness of the universe.

At night she stood up anxiously in desperate prayers, sometimes as quiet as a graveyard and sometimes sobbing silently in her awe and prayers for humanity.

So, I tried to learn from her, to find the strength to look into the dark cloudless skies whenever sadness gripped me, and tried to drown me in its sea of untamed madness. I tried desperately to find solace from the heaven above and tried not to be afraid of graveyard and earth below, but to look up at the heavens and find hope in an eternal God who created the endless limitless unending universe only for us, and gifted us these planets with its stars and vastness. God created it for us while we confined ourselves to mortal love and wealth and short sightedness.

The Sorrow was Done:

**O Moon faced one, more beauteous than the day,
In thy piety's glow, earth and heavens sway,
Thy soul where paradise's roses could bloom,
Have left us to linger in an eternal doom!**

**What sorrow thou faced, what bitter pain,
Torments both inglorious and vain,
Thy eyes wert the stars in the endless sky,
But tear-filled, thou hast longed to die!**

Faithless hearts could never seek to admire,

**Nor ignorant humans ever dream to
aspire,
The piety and pain upon thy weary veil,
Where no hate or hypocrisy could dwell!**

**May no other women face this anguish,
In which thy soul was forced to languish,
To be dismissed and disliked by friend
and foe,
Oh, how thine kindred exacerbated thy
woe!**

**O let the winds carry thy hopes in silent
rhyme,
And echo thy legacy through the corridors
of time,
So, we may learn to cherish saintly souls
and heart,
And human folly never again shatters
thee apart!**

**This saint of our world who was a boundless ocean of light, had
indeed left us in the most grievous of times!**

**She had been too pure, too good for our world! Too pure for our
polluted planet! We deserved her not, and so we have lost her
forever! No wonder her heart was so pure and innocent, as no
human thought did ever distract her mind or pollute her heart,
and that was why she could love mankind and spend her nights
and days weeping and feeling and praying for their pain and
suffering, while all others of her age were obsessed with how
many likes or subscribers they got and who paid them attention
and how attractive they looked. With no singular human
thoughts to distract her from the love of all humanity, no
slavery of lust or hatred and anger of ego to blind her to the**

suffering of those of a different country or faith, her purity was the shield which made her so merciful and so pious and sublime and took her from the earth into the heavenly realm of God Almighty.

The tombstones stand as the silent witness against time and death and destruction itself boasting to man it's power, and the flowers and sunshine equally colludes with each other to torment a tormented human soul into breaking down into sheer madness and suffering.

Why hadn't the heavens wept when she left its shade and gone to the unattainable?

Why didn't the ocean waves swell in its bursting tears when she who was the friend of the mightiest Creator left us, and abandoned us to languish in the bitterest of climes and time.

Why couldn't she teach us how to live and survive without her prayers?

One in a billion specimen she was, while we wept in the deepest depth of our suffering, she stood afar from the heavens above the darkest sky leaving us to weep in our nightly routine of anguish and sin.

I was told by her aunt that into God's hands she commended her spirit, and expired with an angelic expression of countenance. Indeed, this sinless angel suffered a lonely and painful death, and had been persecuted by the world, and suffered in silence, but while tormented, and sorrowed, she never complained.

We stood at the edge of eternity looking out to our future and begging the world to spare our souls from its devious wrath which no one could control except she whose tears calmed the wrath of this wild violent world. Our hearts betrayed us, our souls wept and our mind became numb fear.

**Dedicated to my angelic niece,
Tanea Rahmah Barkatullah**